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ANTOINE FRANÇOIS PRÉVOST D'EXILES

(1697–1763)

IT IS difficult to regard the brilliant personality and erratic, checkered career of the Abbé Prévost with respect or admiration, even with allowance for the free spirit of the social epoch in which he lived. Now praying and preaching as a fashionable ecclesiastic, now bearing arms as a soldier, now a professor of theology or man of letters, and again wavering between the seclusion of a monastery and the frivolities of a drawing-room, the Abbé's personality seems a bundle of impulses and retractions. He is not ill described by Dryden's characterization of Buckingham as "everything by turns, and nothing long."

ABBÉ PRÉVOST

Prévost was born in Hesdin on the 1st of April, 1697. A mere lad, he was sent to Paris to study at the well-known Jesuit school known as the Harcourt. He did not persevere in it: he suddenly turned his back upon classics and theology to turn soldier in a royal regiment. He gave himself up to the beginnings of a military life with a full measure of the youthful vivacity hitherto repressed by ecclesiastical surroundings. But again was he unstable. The war ended; and the soldier hastened back to the amiable priests, who welcomed him as a prodigal son. He resumed his courses of study, and a certain degree of enthusiasm carried him this time as far as holy orders. This might surely be taken as a final self-commitment. Not so with Prévost: he acknowledged soon enough the error of even so formal a surrender of himself to the religious vocation—for which indeed his gift was more than doubtful. He returned to the army, to serve with activity and distinction. He had ample opportunity for being a gentleman of fashion and elegance; and at this period of his life the charms of person and manner which never left him were specially seductive, and in whatever society he saw fit to amuse himself, a host of friends male and female received his regard, enjoyed his gifts, and flattered his vanity. He became perhaps as complete a type of the nominal clergy

of the period as the tableau of his day presents. It need hardly be said that gallantry *à la mode* was no small fraction of his diversion. It brought about another shifting of his environment. An unhappy love affair disturbed him, drove him to renounce the world once more; and he entered the Church of the Benedictines of St. Maur. There was a more becoming semblance of permanence in this renunciation; for the following five or six years kept him absorbed in religion,—an esteemed professor and a brilliant preacher. But in the course of a few summers and winters, Prévost's everlasting hesitation between secular and religious life urged him to a new abandonment of the religious profession. A tangled affair with his ecclesiastical superiors decided him. He fled to Holland to take up—as seriously as he could take up anything—a new career, with which he had already trifled effectively; the career of a man of letters.

Prévost was thirty-one years old when during this self-exile, in Holland, England, and elsewhere, he fairly gave himself to writing; pouring forth that mass of literary work, grave or frivolous, long or short, now as author and now as translator, the products of which are forgotten—with a single exception. He was still young; he was blessed with a profound self-confidence; he was rich in the most diverse experiences of human nature, and in the study of various phases of society, French and foreign. He was a systematic student with a retentive memory, an accomplished linguist, and having an acquaintance with all forms of literature of a singularly practical sort. So qualified, he makes letters his third or fourth profession. It has been said of the abbé that the series of publications from his pen which now followed was a kind of flood,—hitherto repressed to the limit of any man's repression,—giving to the world at large every sort of souvenir, adventure, and sketch of mankind and womankind, in his brain during his vacillations and wanderings. It is unnecessary to speak at this date of his compilations; to discuss his romances, translations, polemics, his editorial labors, and his studies of special topics, more or less clever or thorough. After doing much literary work abroad, he returned in 1734 to Paris. Once more he renounced, at least in name and garb, the world: he took the habit of a secular priest, and became the almoner of the Prince de Conti for a time. It can be easily understood that whatever advantages his roving career had brought to him, they had not been permanent or substantial. He had sufficient money, however, to buy a small property in Saint Firmin, near Chantilly. There he spent what remained to be the last years of his life, in incessant literary composition and publication. There death came to him in 1763; came in society as curious and dramatic as any he might have described in his fictions. He was struck by a fit of apoplexy one day while being in the

forest of Chantilly. Ignorant peasants found him stretched at the foot of a tree; a rural surgeon, whose ignorance was more than culpable, under the impression that a crime had been committed, proceeded to an immediate autopsy, instead of merely bleeding the unfortunate patient; and the luckless abbé died under the examination.

Of the two hundred works that Prévost left behind him, the novelette 'Manon Lescaut' has alone survived. But it is enough to perpetuate his name. It has taken a classical place in French literature; more than that, it has passed into the emotional literature of the world, perhaps for as nearly all time as can be predicted for any story. Not by virtue of great literary art in it, much less by any ethical charm in its material, has the story lived. 'Manon Lescaut' morally is always as repulsive a love story (though told with a grace and skill that disguises offense) as it is pathetic. For the persons in its drama no reader can have a sentiment of admiration. Their history is the narrative of a young woman in whom frivolity is the least of her shortcomings. The hero, her infatuated lover, is a young man perverted by temperament and by a master-passion to the career of a professional blackguard and debauchee. But through the tale shines the light of such sincerity of feeling and of delineation, such truth to human nature, and above all, such a glow of a love becoming strangely disinterested and even purifying, that the characters of the protagonists seem to us redeemed, and even glorified, by it. Complete, tragic too, is their expiation. Literally a world lies between the gambling-houses in Paris, where Manon and Des Grieux are habitués, and the sands of Louisiana, in which the transported criminal scoops the shallow grave of her whom he has followed into exile. The book is not a defiance to virtue. It is rather a lesson drawn from vice and from weakness of human nature. Its force not only lies in the simple straightforward treatment of character and of situation in it, but in the fact that one is disposed to take it as a confession, as something that is autobiographic; not merely a little novel elaborated out of a man's imagination. There was a good deal of the Chevalier des Grieux in Prévost's own self and career. In the heroine is realized a French type such as no one else has as well expressed; and as has been said by Saint Victor, the reader of Manon's story is apt to make an exception of it from all works more or less of the same complexion, inasmuch as he would not have her other than she is. The story belongs in the class of such brief and concentrated studies in weak and somehow pitiable human nature as are Mérimée's 'Carmen' and 'Don José.' It has been made the subject of drama and opera, of statuary and of paintings innumerable; and however we may repudiate the corruption of human nature which it

paints in such uncompromising color, we lay down Prévost's little book impressed by its truth and dramatic effectiveness to a degree such as few stories of equally small compass give us, even in French literature, always abundant in the impressive trifle. It has a far deeper moral than the question of Byron's couplet:—

«Why did he love her? Curious fool, be still!
Is human love the fruit of human will?»

EXILE AND DEATH

From 'Manon Lescaut'

After a passage of two months we at length reached the banks of the desired river. The country offered at first sight nothing agreeable. We saw only sterile and uninhabited plains covered with rushes, and some trees rooted up by the wind: no trace either of men or animals. However, the captain having discharged some pieces of artillery, we presently observed a group of the inhabitants of New Orleans, who approached us with evident signs of joy. We had not perceived the town: it is concealed upon the side on which we approached it by a hill. We were received as persons dropt from the clouds.

The poor inhabitants hastened to put a thousand questions to us upon the state of France, and of the different provinces in which they were born. They embraced us as brothers, and as beloved companions, who had come to share their pains and their solitude. We turned towards the town with them; but we were astonished to perceive, as we advanced, that what we had hitherto heard spoken of as a respectable town was nothing more than a collection of miserable huts. They were inhabited by five or six hundred persons. The governor's house was a little distinguished from the rest by its height and its position. It was surrounded by some earthen ramparts and a deep ditch.

We were first presented to him. He continued for some time in conversation with the captain; and then advancing towards us, he looked attentively at the women one after another; there were thirty of them, for another troop of convicts had joined us at Havre. After having thus inspected them, he sent for several young men of the colony who were desirous to marry. He assigned the handsomest women to the principal of these, and the remainder were disposed of by lot. He had not yet addressed

Manon; but having ordered the others to depart, he made us remain. «I learn from the captain,» said he, «that you are married; and he is convinced by your conduct on the passage that you are both persons of merit and of education. I have nothing to do with the cause of your misfortunes; but if it be true that you are as conversant with the world and society as your appearance would indicate, I shall spare no pains to soften the severity of your lot, and you may on your part contribute towards rendering this savage and desert abode less disagreeable to me.»

I replied in a manner which I thought best calculated to confirm the opinion he had formed of us. He gave orders to have a habitation prepared for us in the town, and detained us to supper. I was really surprised to find so much politeness in a governor of transported convicts. In the presence of others he abstained from inquiring about our past adventures. The conversation was general; and in spite of our degradation, Manon and I exerted ourselves to make it lively and agreeable.

At night we were conducted to the lodging prepared for us. We found a wretched hovel composed of planks and mud, containing three rooms on the ground, and a loft overhead. He had sent there six chairs, and some few necessaries of life.

Manon appeared frightened by the first view of this melancholy dwelling. It was on my account, much more than upon her own, that she distressed herself. When we were left to ourselves, she sat down and wept bitterly. I attempted at first to console her; but when she enabled me to understand that it was for my sake she deplored our privations, and that in our common afflictions she only considered me as the sufferer, I put on an air of resolution, and even of content, sufficient to encourage her.

«What is there in my lot to lament?» said I: «I possess all that I have ever desired. You love me, Manon, do you not? What happiness beyond this have I ever longed for? Let us leave to Providence the direction of our destiny; it by no means appears to me so desperate. The governor is civil and obliging; he has already given us marks of his consideration; he will not allow us to want for necessaries. As to our rude hut and the squalidness of our furniture, you might have noticed that there are few persons in the colony better lodged or more comfortably furnished than we are: and then you are an admirable chemist,» added I, embracing her; «you transform everything into gold.»

"In that case," she answered, "you shall be the richest man in the universe; for as there never was love surpassing yours, so it is impossible for man to be loved more tenderly than you are by me. I well know," she continued, "that I have never merited the almost incredible fidelity and attachment which you have shown for me. I have often caused you annoyances which nothing but excessive fondness could have induced you to pardon. I have been thoughtless and volatile; and even while loving you, as I have always done to distraction, I was never free from a consciousness of ingratitude. But you cannot believe how much my nature is altered; those tears which you have so frequently seen me shed since quitting the French shore have not been caused by my own misfortunes. Since you began to share them with me, I have been a stranger to selfishness: I only wept from tenderness and compassion for you. I am inconsolable at the thought of having given you one instant's pain during my past life. I never cease upbraiding myself with my former inconstancy, and wondering at the sacrifices which love has induced you to make for a miserable and unworthy wretch, who could not, with the last drop of her blood, compensate for half the torments she has caused you."

Her grief, the language and the tone in which she expressed herself, made such an impression that I felt my heart ready to break within me. "Take care," said I to her, "take care, dear Manon: I have not strength to endure such exciting marks of your affection; I am little accustomed to the rapturous sensations which you now kindle in my heart. O Heaven!" cried I, "I have now nothing further to ask of you. I am sure of Manon's love. That has been alone wanting to complete my happiness; I can now never cease to be happy: my felicity is well secured."

"It is indeed," she replied, "if it depends upon me; and I well know where I can be ever certain of finding my own happiness centred."

With these ideas, capable of turning my hut into a palace worthy of earth's proudest monarch, I lay down to rest. America appeared to my view the true land of milk and honey, the abode of contentment and delight. "People should come to New Orleans," I often said to Manon, "who wish to enjoy the real rapture of love! It is here that love is divested of all selfishness, all jealousy, all inconstancy. Our countrymen come here

in search of gold; they little think that we have discovered treasures of inestimably greater value.»

We carefully cultivated the governor's friendship. He bestowed upon me, a few weeks after our arrival, a small appointment which became vacant in the fort. Although not one of any distinction, I gratefully accepted it as a gift of Providence, as it enabled me to live independently of others' aid. I took a servant for myself, and a woman for Manon. Our little establishment became settled: nothing could surpass the regularity of my conduct, or that of Manon; we lost no opportunity of serving or doing an act of kindness to our neighbors. This friendly disposition, and the mildness of our manners, secured us the confidence and affection of the whole colony. We soon became so respected that we ranked as the principal persons in the town after the governor.

The simplicity of our habits and occupations, and the perfect innocence in which we lived, revived insensibly our early feelings of devotion. Manon had never been an irreligious girl, and I was far from being one of those reckless libertines who delight in adding impiety and sacrilege to moral depravity: all the disorders of our lives might be fairly ascribed to the natural influences of youth and love. Experience had now begun with us to do the office of age; it produced the same effect upon us as years must have done. Our conversation, which was generally of a serious turn, by degrees engendered a longing for virtuous love. I first proposed this change to Manon. I knew the principles of her heart; she was frank and natural in all her sentiments, qualities which invariably predisposed to virtue. I said to her that there was but one thing wanting to complete our happiness: «It is,» said I, «to invoke upon our union the benediction of Heaven. We have both of us hearts too sensitive, and minds too refined, to continue voluntarily in the willful violation of so sacred a duty.» . . .

I waited upon the governor, as I had settled with Manon, to procure his consent to the ceremony of our marriage. I should have avoided speaking to him or to any other person upon the subject, if I had imagined that his chaplain, who was the only minister in the town, would have performed the office for me without his knowledge; but not daring to hope that he would do so privately, I determined to act ingenuously in the matter.

The governor had a nephew named Synnelet, of whom he was particularly fond. He was about thirty; brave, but of a

headstrong and violent disposition. He was not married. Manon's beauty had struck him on the first day of our arrival; and the numberless opportunities he had of seeing her during the last nine or ten months had so inflamed his passion that he was absolutely pining for her in secret. However, as he was convinced, in common with his uncle and the whole colony, that I was married, he put such a restraint upon his feelings that they remained generally unnoticed; and he lost no opportunity of showing the most disinterested friendship for me.

He happened to be with his uncle when I arrived at the government house. I had no reason for keeping my intention a secret from him, so that I explained myself without hesitation in his presence. The governor heard me with his usual kindness. I related to him a part of my history, to which he listened with evident interest; and when I requested his presence at the intended ceremony, he was so generous as to say that he must be permitted to defray the expenses of the succeeding entertainment. I retired perfectly satisfied.

In an hour after, the chaplain paid me a visit. I thought he was come to prepare me by religious instruction for the sacred ceremony; but after a cold salutation, he announced to me in two words that the governor desired I would relinquish all thoughts of such a thing, for that he had other views for Manon.

"Other views for Manon!" said I, as I felt my heart sink within me: "what views then can they be, chaplain?"

He replied that I must be of course aware that the governor was absolute master here; that Manon, having been transported from France to the colony, was entirely at his disposal; that hitherto he had not exercised his right, believing that she was a married woman; but that now, having learned from my own lips that it was not so, he had resolved to assign her to M. Synnelet, who was passionately in love with her.

My indignation overcame my prudence. I was so irritated that I ordered the chaplain instantly to quit my house, swearing at the same time that neither governor, Synnelet, nor the whole colony together, should lay hands upon my wife—or mistress if they chose so to call her.

I immediately told Manon of the distressing message I had just received. We conjectured that Synnelet had warped his uncle's mind after my departure, and that it was all the effect of a premeditated design. They were unquestionably the stronger party. We found ourselves in New Orleans, as in the midst of

the ocean, separated from the rest of the world by an immense interval of space. In a country perfectly unknown, a desert,—or inhabited, if not by brutes, at least by savages quite as ferocious,—to what corner could we fly? I was respected in the town, but I could not hope to excite the people in my favor to such a degree as to derive assistance from them proportioned to the impending danger: money was requisite for that purpose, and I was poor. Besides, the success of a popular commotion was uncertain; and if we failed in the attempt, our doom would be inevitably sealed.

I revolved these thoughts in my mind; I mentioned them in part to Manon; I found new ones, without waiting for her replies; I determined upon one course, and then abandoned that to adopt another; I talked to myself, and answered my own thoughts aloud: at length I sunk into a kind of hysterical stupor that I can compare to nothing, because nothing ever equaled it. Manon observed my emotion, and from its violence judged how imminent was our danger; and apprehensive more on my account than on her own, the dear girl could not even venture to give expression to her fears.

After a multitude of reflections, I resolved to call upon the governor, and appeal to his feelings of honor, to the recollection of my unvarying respect for him, and the marks he had given of his own affection for us both. Manon endeavored to dissuade me from this attempt: she said, with tears in her eyes, "You are rushing into the jaws of death; they will murder you—I shall never again see you—I am determined to die before you." I had great difficulty in persuading her that it was absolutely necessary that I should go, and that she should remain at home. I promised that she should see me again in a few moments. She did not foresee, nor did I, that it was against herself that the whole anger of Heaven, and the rabid fury of our enemies, was about to be concentrated.

I went to the fort; the governor was there with his chaplain. I supplicated him in a tone of humble submission that I could have ill brooked under other circumstances. I invoked his clemency by every argument calculated to soften any heart less ferocious and cruel than a tiger's.

The barbarian made to all my prayers but two short answers, which he repeated over and over again. Manon, he said, was at his disposal, and he had given a promise to his nephew. I was

resolved to command my feelings to the last: I merely replied that I had imagined he was too sincerely my friend to desire my death, to which I would infinitely rather consent than to the loss of my mistress.

I felt persuaded, on quitting him, that it was folly to expect anything from the obstinate tyrant, who would have damned himself a hundred times over to please his nephew. However, I persevered in restraining my temper to the end; deeply resolved, if they persisted in such flagrant injustice, to make America the scene of one of the most horrible and bloody murders that even love had ever led to.

I was meditating upon this design on my return home, when Fate, as if impatient to expedite my ruin, threw Synnelet in my way. He read in my countenance a portion of my thoughts. I before said he was brave. He approached me.

"Are you not seeking me?" he inquired. "I know that my intentions have given you mortal offense, and that the death of one of us is indispensable: let us see who is to be the happy man."

I replied that such was unquestionably the fact; and that nothing but death could end the difference between us.

We retired about one hundred paces out of the town. We drew: I wounded and disarmed him at the first onset. He was so enraged that he peremptorily refused either to ask his life or renounce his claims to Manon. I might have been perhaps justified in ending both by a single blow; but noble blood ever vindicates its origin. I threw him back his sword. "Let us renew the struggle," said I to him, "and remember that there shall be now no quarter." He attacked me with redoubled fury. I must confess that I was not an accomplished swordsman, having had but three months' tuition at Paris. Love, however, guided my weapon. Synnelet pierced me through and through the left arm; but I caught him whilst thus engaged, and made so vigorous a thrust that I stretched him senseless at my feet.

In spite of the triumphant feeling that victory, after a mortal conflict, inspires, I was immediately horrified by the certain consequences of this death. There could not be the slightest hope of either pardon or respite from the vengeance I had thus incurred. I was so well aware of the affection of the governor for his nephew that I felt perfectly sure my death would not be delayed a single hour after his should become known. Urgent

as this apprehension was, it still was by no means the principal source of my uneasiness. Manon, the welfare of Manon, the peril that impended over her, and the certainty of my being now at length separated from her, afflicted me to such a degree that I was incapable of recognizing the place in which I stood. I regretted Synnelet's death; instant suicide seemed the only remedy for my woes.

However, it was this very thought that quickly restored me to my reason, and enabled me to form a resolution. "What!" said I to myself: "die, in order to end my pain? Then there is something I dread more than the loss of all I love! No, let me suffer the cruelest extremities in order to aid her; and when these prove of no avail, fly to death as a last resource!"

I returned towards the town; on my arrival at home I found Manon half dead with fright and anxiety; my presence restored her. I could not conceal from her the terrible accident that had happened. On my mentioning the death of Synnelet and my own wound, she fell in a state of insensibility into my arms. It was a quarter of an hour before I could bring her again to her senses.

I was myself in a most deplorable state of mind; I could not discern the slightest prospect of safety for either of us. "Manon," said I to her, when she had recovered a little, "what shall we do? Alas, what hope remains to us? I must necessarily fly. Will you remain in the town? Yes, dearest Manon, do remain; you may possibly still be happy here: while I, far away from you, may seek death and find it amongst the savages or the wild beasts."

She raised herself in spite of her weakness, and taking hold of my hand to lead me towards the door,—"Let us," said she, "fly together: we have not a moment to lose; Synnelet's body may be found by chance, and we shall then have no time to escape."

"But, dear Manon," replied I, "to what place can we fly? Do you perceive any resource? Would it not be better that you should endeavor to live on without me, and that I should go and voluntarily place my life in the governor's hands?"

This proposal had only the effect of making her more impatient for our departure. I had presence of mind enough, on going out, to take with me some strong liquors which I had in my chamber, and as much food as I could carry in my pockets. We told our servants, who were in the adjoining room, that we

were going to take our evening walk, as was our invariable habit; and we left the town behind us more rapidly than I had thought possible from Manon's delicate state of health.

Although I had not formed any resolve as to our future destination, I still cherished a hope, without which I should have infinitely preferred death to my suspense about Manon's safety. I had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the country, during nearly ten months which I had now passed in America, to know in what manner the natives should be approached. Death was not the necessary consequence of falling into their hands. I had learned a few words of their language, and some of their customs, having had many opportunities of seeing them.

Besides this sad resource, I derived some hopes from the fact that the English had, like ourselves, established colonies in this part of the New World. But the distance was terrific. In order to reach them we should have to traverse deserts of many days' journey, and more than one range of mountains so steep and vast as to seem almost impassable to the strongest man. I nevertheless flattered myself that we might derive partial relief from one or other of these sources: the savages might serve us as guides, and the English receive us in their settlements.

We journeyed on as long as Manon's strength would permit, —that is to say, about six miles; for this incomparable creature, with her usual absence of selfishness, refused my repeated entreaties to stop. Overpowered at length by fatigue, she acknowledged the utter impossibility of proceeding further. It was already night; we sat down in the midst of an extensive plain, where we could not even find a tree to shelter us. Her first care was to dress my wound, which she had bandaged before our departure. I in vain entreated her to desist from exertion; it would have only added to her distress if I had refused her the satisfaction of seeing me at ease and out of danger before her own wants were attended to. I allowed her therefore to gratify herself; and in shame and silence submitted to her delicate attentions.

But when she had completed her tender task, with what ardor did I not enter upon mine! I took off my clothes and stretched them under her, to render more endurable the hard and rugged ground on which she lay. I protected her delicate hands from the cold by my burning kisses and the warmth of my sighs. I passed the livelong night in watching over her as she slept,

and praying Heaven to refresh her with soft and undisturbed repose. Thou canst bear witness, just and all-seeing God! to the fervor and sincerity of those prayers, and thou alone knowest with what awful rigor they were rejected!

You will excuse me, if I now cut short a story which it distresses me beyond endurance to relate. It is, I believe, a calamity without parallel. I can never cease to deplore it. But although it continues, of course, deeply and indelibly impressed on my memory, yet my heart seems to shrink within me each time that I attempt the recital.

We had thus tranquilly passed the night. I had fondly imagined that my beloved mistress was in a profound sleep, and I hardly dared to breathe lest I should disturb her. As day broke, I observed that her hands were cold and trembling; I pressed them to my bosom in the hope of restoring animation. This movement roused her attention; and making an effort to grasp my hand, she said in a feeble voice that she thought her last moments had arrived.

I at first took this for a passing weakness, or the ordinary language of distress; and I answered with the usual consolations that love prompted. But her incessant sighs, her silence and inattention to my inquiries, the convulsive grasp of her hands in which she retained mine, soon convinced me that the crowning end of all my miseries was approaching.

Do not now expect me to attempt a description of my feelings, or to repeat her dying expressions. I lost her. I received the purest assurances of her love even at the very instant that her spirit fled. I have not nerve to say more upon this fatal and disastrous event.

My spirit was not destined to accompany Manon's. Doubtless Heaven did not as yet consider me sufficiently punished, and therefore ordained that I should continue to drag on a languid and joyless existence. I willingly renounced every hope of leading a happy one.

I remained for twenty-four hours without taking my lips from the still beauteous countenance and hands of my adored Manon. My intention was to await my own death in that position; but at the beginning of the second day I reflected that after I was gone, she must of necessity become the prey of wild beasts. I then determined to bury her, and wait my own doom upon her grave. I was already, indeed, so near my end from the combined

effect of long fasting and grief, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could support myself standing. I was obliged to have recourse to the liquors which I had brought with me, and these restored sufficient strength to enable me to set about my last sad office. From the sandy nature of the soil there was little trouble in opening the ground. I broke my sword and used it for the purpose; but my bare hands were of greater service. I dug a deep grave, and there deposited the idol of my heart, after having wrapped around her my clothes to prevent the sand from touching her. I kissed her ten thousand times with all the ardor of the most glowing love, before I laid her in this melancholy bed. I sat for some time upon the bank intently gazing on her, and could not command fortitude enough to close the grave over her. At length, feeling that my strength was giving way, and apprehensive of its being entirely exhausted before the completion of my task, I committed to the earth all that it had ever contained most perfect and peerless. I then laid myself with my face down upon the grave; and closing my eyes with the determination never again to open them, I invoked the mercy of Heaven, and ardently prayed for death.

You will find it difficult to believe that during the whole time of this protracted and distressing ceremony, not a tear or a sigh escaped to relieve my agony. The state of profound affliction in which I was, and the deep settled resolution I had taken to die, had silenced the sighs of despair, and effectually dried up the ordinary channels of grief. It was thus impossible for me, in this posture upon the grave, to continue for any time in possession of my faculties.

After what you have listened to, the remainder of my own history would ill repay the attention you seem inclined to bestow upon it. Synnelet having been carried into the town and skillfully examined, it was found that so far from being dead, he was not even dangerously wounded. He informed his uncle of the manner in which the affray had occurred between us, and he generously did justice to my conduct on the occasion. I was sent for; and as neither of us could be found, our flight was immediately suspected. It was then too late to attempt to trace me, but the next day and the following one were employed in the pursuit.

I was found, without any appearance of life, upon the grave of Manon; and the persons who discovered me in this situation,

seeing that I was almost naked, and bleeding from my wounds, naturally supposed that I had been robbed and assassinated. They carried me into the town. The motion restored me to my senses. The sighs I heaved on opening my eyes and finding myself still amongst the living, showed that I was not beyond the reach of art: they were but too successful in its application.

I was immediately confined as a close prisoner. My trial was ordered; and as Manon was not forthcoming, I was accused of having murdered her from rage and jealousy. I naturally related all that had occurred. Synnelet, though bitterly grieved and disappointed by what he heard, had the generosity to solicit my pardon: he obtained it.

I was so reduced that they were obliged to carry me from the prison to my bed, and there I suffered for three long months under severe illness. My aversion from life knew no diminution. I continually prayed for death, and obstinately for some time refused every remedy. But Providence, after having punished me with atoning rigor, saw fit to turn to my own use its chastisements and the memory of my multiplied sorrows.

WILLIAM COWPER PRIME

(1825–)

THE PRIME family in this country have always been prominent in scholarship and patriotism, distinguished in several professions for great intellectual virility and high character. William Cowper Prime was born in Cambridge, New York, October 31st, 1825. His father, Benjamin Young, was a physician in Huntington, Long Island, who had graduated at Princeton and finished his medical training at Leyden; was an unusual linguist, a finished classical scholar, and master of several modern languages which he spoke fluently. During the Revolutionary War he was distinguished by his patriotic zeal; and aided the cause by vigorous songs and ballads, which were widely circulated. His grandfather, Ebenezer, a Presbyterian clergyman at Huntington, Long Island,—a man of powerful mind and a preacher of renown,—suffered greatly during the early years of the war for his principles; at the age of seventy-eight he was driven from his home by British troops and Tories, who burned his church, occupied his house, and destroyed his library. He was pursued with hatred for his attachment to the cause of liberty even after his death: toward the close of the war a band of British under command of Colonel William Thompson (afterwards Count Rumford) heaped insults upon the grave of the «old rebel.»

WILLIAM C. PRIME

Mr. Prime inherited the aptness for scholarship and the linguistic ability of his ancestors. He was graduated at Princeton in 1843; studied law, was admitted to the bar, and practiced his profession in New York City with success and distinction, until he became one of the owners and the editor of the Journal of Commerce in 1861. His active editorship of the Journal continued till 1869, and his proprietorship till 1893. But even while he was a law student, and in active practice of his profession, he had obeyed the instincts of his family for literature. A series of country letters written to the Journal were afterwards collected in volumes,—'The Owl Creek Letters'

(1848). 'The Old House by the River' (1853), and 'Later Years' (1854). These papers are among the first of American essays which mingled the zest of the true sportsman with love of nature and human sympathy with her moods. They had a wide popularity, and were the forerunner of those charming books which so truly interpret New England,—'I Go A-Fishing' (1893), 'Along New England Roads' (1892), and 'Among the North Hills' (1895). In these books are the refined sentiment and keen observation of a lifetime.

In 1855–56 Mr. Prime made an extended tour in Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land, and another in 1869–70. The fruits of the first visit were 'Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia,' and 'Tent Life in the Holy Land' (1857); volumes which had great popularity, and were distinguished by fine descriptive quality, a philosophic temper, and profound sentiment. But foreign travel opened the door to still wider activities; namely, in the fields of art and archæology, both classic and mediæval. Mr. Prime's career is typically American in the variety of its interests, though it is rare in the virility and success with which he has pursued so many branches of literature and art. Blessed with an exceptional memory to utilize his quick acquisitions, he speedily became an authority in several specialties. His library of wood engraving and illustration is, historically, the most valuable in the country. His interest in this began with the study of Albrecht Dürer, and his monograph on the 'Little Passion' (1868) is the earliest in English on this subject. Among the monographs showing his wide and exact scholarship are 'O Mother Dear, Jerusalem' (1865), and 'Holy Cross; a Study' (1877).

Becoming interested in ceramics through the enthusiasm of his wife for this study, he laid aside his own specialty after her death, and devoted himself to the completion of her collection. It is deposited at Princeton in a museum erected for the purpose. It was by his influence that a department of Art History was established at this college, which had given him the degree of LL. D. in 1875, and now made him the first professor and lecturer in the new study. One of the most useful and successful books in any language on this topic was his 'Pottery and Porcelain of all Times and Nations' (1878).

This sketch does not at all give the measure of Mr. Prime's fertile literary activity during his professional life. No man has been more ready with his vigorous and lucid pen, and more adequate to all the demands on it. Besides his editorial work and his published volumes, there have been hundreds of sketches, essays, and short stories from time to time; and for years he was the legal and literary adviser of a great publishing house. In 1886, as literary executor of General George B. McClellan, he edited 'McClellan's Own Story.'

Perhaps Mr. Prime's greatest service to the public has been in connection with the Metropolitan Museum of Art. As a director, vice-president, and for many years acting president, he brought to the building-up of this institution, qualities indispensable to such an enterprise,—wide classic, art, and archæological knowledge, enthusiasm, the perfection of organizing and business methods, and sound common-sense. He gave to the work time without stint, and the experience of the scholar and the man of affairs. It is not too much to say that the great success of this splendid enterprise is largely due to the wise guidance of Dr. Prime.

As a writer Mr. Prime is always interesting, vigorous, lucid, convincing, equally facile in condensation and amplification, with a style that is marked by simplicity, and often rises to the charm of melodious periods. His versatility is shown in the rare combination of sentiment with the most practical and clear view of affairs.

THE OLD MAN AT THE WATER-WHEEL

From 'Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia.' Copyright 1857, by Harper & Brothers

LIFE in such a country has no great amount of variety, as one might well imagine.

There was an old man that I found one day on shore as I walked by the boat, whose history was strange and worth the hearing.

He was a puny, dried-up old fellow, whose weight, I think, might come within seventy pounds. He sat on the end of the pole of the water-wheel, immediately behind the tails of the bullocks, and followed them around the little circle which they walked, his knees up to his chin, which was buried between them, and his blear eyes gazing listlessly on the cattle and the outer wall of the *sakea*,—for it was inclosed in a stone-and-mud wall. The everlasting creaking of the wheels—that strange sound that no other machinery on earth emits—seemed, and was to him, the familiar music of his life.

I questioned him, and his story was simply this: He was born just there. It was long before the days of Mohammed Ali, when Hassan Kasheef was king, that he was a boy, sitting on the pole of the *sakea* and following the bullocks around. He sat there more years than he knew anything about, and grew to be a man. Life was to him still the same round. His view was bounded by

the mountains around him, and he never went beyond them. He rode the *sakea*, and at every circle he caught through the open doorway a vision of one mighty hill, with a grove of palms at its foot. In the night he saw it still and solemn among the stars, and sometimes he had seen tempests gathered around it. It was the one idea of his life; and it was something to find in such a brain one idea, though it was but a rock. He looked out at it as he told me of it, with a sort of affection that I well understood, but which surprised me none the less. But so he had lived. He grew heavier as he grew older, and then he could not ride the pole, but sat down in the doorway and watched his bullocks, looking behind him often at the hill; and so the years slipped along, and age came and he wasted away; and when his second childhood was on him, he mounted the pole again, and was riding to his grave.

He had been a great traveler. I know not how many thousand miles he had been carried around that centre-pin. Had he never been away from the valley? Yes, once: he climbed the hill yonder, and from its summit saw the dreary wastes of sand that stretched far away in all directions, and he came back contented. Did nothing occur in his lifetime that he now remembered as marking some one day more than another? Nothing. Yes! one day the wheel broke, and he was startled and frightened; but they came and mended it, and all went on as before.

I left him there to follow his weary round till death overtake him; and if I find life oppressive at any time hereafter, I shall know where to seek a hermitage and undisturbed calm.

THE DEFEAT OF THE CHRISTIAN HOST AT GALILEE, A. D. 1187

From 'Tent Life in the Holy Land.' Copyright 1857, by Harper & Brothers

REGINALD OF CHATILLON, a Knight of the Cross, had come to Palestine with Louis le Jeune, and joined the forces of Raymond of Poictiers, Prince of Antioch. Keen as a hawk and brave as a lion, the young soldier, nameless and of low origin, not only won a name, but on the death of Raymond won his widow Constance and his throne. The stories of his bravery and beauty, sung by the troubadours of those days, were countless; nor was any one more often mentioned, as stout knight and

valiant soldier, than Reginald of Chatillon. His career is the theme for a history. His arm never grew weary of battle, nor did his sword rust until he was taken prisoner by the Moslems, and kept in chains for years at Aleppo. Released at last, he found his wife dead and his son on his throne. He himself gathered around him the most daring and reckless of the Templars, and having by a second marriage obtained other castles and possessions, he made it the business of his life to harass and annoy the Saracens wherever he could find them; and at length, emboldened by his success, conceived the idea of marching to Medinah and Mecca, and plundering the holy Kaaba itself. With his hitherto invincible band of warriors he set out on this perilous enterprise. They surprised and captured the Egyptian caravan crossing the desert from India, and advanced in triumph to the valley of Rabid, scarcely thirty miles from Medinah, where they were met by an overwhelming force and routed with terrible slaughter.

Reginald escaped even here; but Salah-e'deen was aroused by this sacrilegious undertaking. He swore by an oath that could not be violated that the knight should die and Jerusalem should fall. . . .

It was the morning of July 4th, 1187, that the Christians advanced over the plain. Annoyed by the shafts of the Saracens and their constant sallies on both flanks, they yet advanced steadily to the middle of the plain, intending to cut their way through the ranks of the enemy and gain the shore of the sea.

It was here that Salah-e'deen came down on them like a thunderbolt, at the head of twenty thousand horsemen. It was one of the most terrible charges on record. But the Christians, closing up their ranks, received it as the rock receives the sea, and it went back like the foam.

Now high up among the Christian host, the Holy Cross itself was elevated, and men knew for what they were to fight and die. Around it, to use the words of Salah-e'deen himself, they gathered with the utmost bravery and devotion, as if they believed it their greatest blessing, strongest bond of union, and sure defense. The battle became general. On all sides the foe pressed the brave knights and their followers. The latter fell by hundreds, from exhaustion and thirst; for they had been short of bread and water for a week.

Twice did Salah-e'deen repeat that tremendous charge, penetrating into the ranks of his enemies, and fighting his way out again without breaking their array

Night came down on the battle-field while its fate was yet undetermined, and they rested for the morrow.

What wild, despairing prayers went up to God before the Cross of Christ that night, we may not know until those vials of the elders shall be opened.

Long before day, by the admirable disposition of his army, Salah-e'deen had decided the battle even before it was fought.

But he had not decided how many of his host were to be slain on the soil of Galilee by the swords of the Christians.

As the day advanced, the two armies beheld each other. Salah-e'deen waited till the sun was up, and then "the sons of heaven and the children of fire fought their great battle."

The Christians fought as they were accustomed. Their heat and thirst were terrible, and increased by the enemy setting fire to the dry brush and grass, from which the strong wind blew a dense smoke toward them, nearly suffocating them.

The scene was like a very hell; knights and devils contending among flames. Again and again the bands of Templars threw themselves on the Saracen front, and endeavored to pierce their way through its steel wall to reach the citadel of Tiberias, but in vain. The cry of the battle-field went up, among smoke and flame, before God, and he permitted the end to come. "Holy Cross!" shouted the grand-master of the Templars, as he fought his way toward the banner of the Kalif, followed by his brave knights. "Raymond for the Sepulchre!" rang over the clash of steel in the front of the battle. "Ha! Ha! Renaud—Renaud—Chatillon—Carrac—No rescue! Strike, strike!" shouted the proud retainers of the old knight, who were reveling in the blood of the conflict.

By this time, in the centre of the field, the fight had grown thickest and most fierce around the True Cross, which was upheld on a slight eminence by the bishop of Ptolemais. Around it the bravest knights were collected. There Geoffrey of Lusignan, brother to the King, performed miracles of valor; and the Knights of the Temple and the Knights of St. John vied with each other in bravery. As the fray grew darker, and shafts flew swifter around them, and one by one they fell down before the holy wood, the stern, calm voice of the bishop was heard, chanting,

«De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine; Domine, exaudi vocem meam!» in tones that overpowered the din of battle, and reached the ears of the dying even as they departed. Nearest of all to the Cross was a man wielding a sword which had already done fearful work on the Saracens. The sign on his back was not sufficient to distinguish him from other soldiers; but they who fought by his side well knew the brave precentor of the Sepulchre, bishop of Lydda, the city of St. George. How many souls he had sent to hell that day it is impossible to relate. He and four others remained around the old bishop of Ptolemais, who was fainting for loss of blood; for many arrows had pierced him, and his life was fast failing. «Bohemond for the Cross!» shouted the young Prince of Antioch, as he swept the Paynims down by scores. «St. George! St. George!» shouted the holy bishop, his bright eye flashing around him. He caught sight of the tottering Cross, as the bishop of Ptolemais went down dead. Springing toward it, he seized it with his left arm, and with prodigious strength threw himself into the faces of the foe. The lightning is not more fierce and fast than were the blows of his sword, as he hewed his way along, followed by Bohemond of Antioch, and Renaud of Sidon, and one unknown Knight of the Temple. The latter pressed forward to the side of the brave bishop. Bohemond and Renaud were separated from them, but the two fought on alone, in the midst of thousands of their enemies.

At length the unequal contest was well-nigh over.

The eye of Salah-e'deen was fixed on the dense mass that surrounded the Cross. He smiled bitterly as he saw it trembling and ready to fall from the hands of the gallant bishop, who held it with his left arm, while with his right he cursed the Infidels with the curse of steel, that damned them then, there, and forever. Well might the Soldan believe that as long as he held that holy wood, so long his mighty arm would remain strong, and blood replace in his brave heart the floods that issued from his wounds. But he grew faint at length, and yet shouting in clear tones, «St. George! St. George!» knelt down by the Cross, shielded by the stout arm of the brave Templar, who fought above him, unwounded and undaunted, though he now found himself last knight at the Cross of his Lord.

One glance of his eye over the plain told him that all was lost; and nothing now remained for him but to die bravely for God and for Jerusalem. Far over the field, above the summit of

the Mount of Transfiguration, he beheld the heavens opened, and saw the gates of pearl. Clear and distinct above the clash of arms and loud cries of the field of blood, he heard the voices of the angels singing triumphant songs. So he took courage as the darkness of the battle gathered blacker around him.

For now, as the bishop of Lydda fell prostrate on the ground, the Cross had nearly fallen, and the Paynims, raising a shout of triumph, rushed in on their solitary foe. But they rushed through the gates of hell, sheer down the depths of death, to everlasting perdition. Down came the flashing axe on head and shoulder and limb; down through eyes and chin and breast; so that when they went to Hades in that plight, their prophet had difficulty in recognizing them even as of mortal shape.

The dead lay all around him. He trod down his iron heel in their faces, and crushed it in their chests, and laughed as he dealt those more than human blows with cool, calm aim, but lightning force and velocity. No sound but the clashing steel was heard in this part of the plain, where for a while it appeared as if the saint of the fallen bishop were standing over him in arms for the cause of the Sepulchre.

But every inch of his armor bristled with arrows that were drinking his blood; a well-sped javelin had made a hideous opening in his throat, and the foam from his lips was dropping red on his steel breastplate.

Looking up once more, far over hill and plain, he saw again the battlements of heaven, and a shining company that were approaching even to his very front. The battle-field was visible no longer; but close beside him, the Divine eyes of the Virgin Mother were fixed on him with the same look that she of old fixed on that Cross when holier blood than his ran down its beam. But that was not all that he saw.

There was a hideous sin on the soul of the Knight of the Cross. To expiate that sin he had long ago left the fair land of France, where he had lordly possessions, to become an unknown brother of the order of the Temple. And now through the fast-gathering gloom he saw the face of that one so beloved and so wronged, as she lay on the very breast of the matchless Virgin; and the radiance of her countenance was the smile of heaven. Though he saw all this, the gallant knight fought on, and his swift falchion flashed steadfastly above the mêlée. But then there was a sudden pause: his lost love lay warm and close on

his breast, lay clasped in his arms, on his heart of hearts! He murmured a name long forbidden to his priestly lips, and then, waking one instant to the scene around him, he sprang at the throat of a Saracen, grasped it with his stiffening fingers, and the soul of the Paynim went out with his, as he departed to join the great assembly of the soldiers of the Cross. So the Cross was lost on the field of Galilee.

Guy of Lusignan, eighth and last King of Jerusalem, with a small band of faithful knights, still held his ground on the hill of Hattin. When the Cross vanished from the field, a wail of anguish rose from all the plain, and quivered in the air at the very gates of the celestial city. Raymond of Tripoli and Renaud of Sidon cut their way through the ranks of Saracens, and escaped around the foot of Mount Tabor to Ptolemais. All the rest that were living fell into the hands of Salah-e'deen; and the next day, with his own sword, he executed his threatened vengeance on Reginald of Chatillon, hewing him down to the ground and leaving him to be dispatched by his followers. The fearful sacrifice which he then made of the Templars; how they crowded to it, and others sought to be included in the martyrdom, is a well-known page of history. Not so the statement of an old chronicler, that "during the three following nights, when the bodies of the holy martyrs were lying still unburied, a ray of celestial light shone over them from above."

The Cross which was lost on this field was never regained by Christians. It remained for some time in the custody of Salah-e'deen; and a few years later — that is, in A. D. 1192 — the same chronicler describes the visits of pilgrims to Jerusalem, where they were allowed by the Kalif "to have a sight of the Holy Cross."

A NEW ENGLAND AUCTION: THE LONELY CHURCH IN THE VALLEY

From 'Along New England Roads.' Copyright 1892, by Harper and Brothers

IT WAS in May. The forests further north had been just tinged with that delicious mauve color which is caused by the swelling buds of the maples, and which from day to day changes into pink and hazy sky-blue, and at length, when the buds burst, into green. But here the green had won the day; and the view

in all directions, as I drove along, was fresh and full of promise. When the road led through forest, both sides were luxuriant with the close-packed masses of ferns just commencing summer life; and in the woods were hosts of purple and striped blossoms of the trilium, the glory of our northern forests in the early season. I came out from a piece of woods on a plain where the road went straight ahead in full view for a half-mile. Nearly that distance ahead stood a farm-house, with its barns and outbuildings. The house stood back from the road among fruit-trees, some of which were in blossom. But what especially attracted attention was a large number of horses and wagons, vehicles of various descriptions, which made the front yard and the road near the house look black.

Only two events in the country life are likely to cause such a gathering around a house. When you see it, you are quite safe in thinking that there is a funeral or an auction sale. Either is sure to bring together all the wagons of a very wide-spread population. There is this difference, however,—that to the funeral men and women and children come, but to the "vandue" only men.

As I approached the house, I began to pass horses tied to fences and small trees. Everything in the shape of a hitching-post, everything to which a halter could be tied, was in use; and when I reached the front gate there were groups of men so occupied here and there that no doubt could exist that this was an auction sale. It was undoubtedly a funeral in one sense,—not of any one dead, but of a home. It was the extinguishment of a fire that had been burning on a hearth a great many years. It took but a little while to learn from those who were grouped near the gate the reasons for the auction. This group consisted of men who had come only because it was an occasion for meeting people; a chance for general talk and exchange of little news, a break in the monotony of country life. Near the barn was another group inspecting cows. They had no interest in the sale of furniture in the house. On the front lawn was another group. I fancied they were discussing the value of the farm, whether it was worth the mortgage on it, whether any one was likely to bid on it. As I walked in towards the door I saw that there were people in all parts of the house, most of them in the large kitchen, whence the voice of the auctioneer was audible. As I entered he was selling cooking utensils, getting from a

cent to six cents apiece, rarely as much as ten cents for any article.

I confess that as I looked around this kitchen, on this scene, I felt very much as if it were a funeral, and began to think that I had an interest in, a personal acquaintance with, the departed. It had been for a long lifetime the home of an honest, respected farmer, who had recently died; an old man whose work was ended. His children, all but one daughter, had gone to distant parts of the country. His wife had died a year before. The property must be sold to settle his small estate, pay his funeral expenses and perhaps other claims. There was to be also an attempt to find a purchaser for the farm, but it was thought the holder of a mortgage on it would be the only possible bidder.

That life was to be closed out forever. Wherein much of it had consisted was here visible. It was displayed for public view, and any stranger was free to rove from room to room and see the record; for nothing was reserved,—not even the clothing, or the old man's silver watch, or his wife's work-basket with knitting-needles and scissors, and a knife with a broken blade, and a ball of blue yarn and a half-knit woolen stocking.

Here was a summing-up of the total reward in this world's valuables which a long, laborious life had earned. I can never cease to feel indignation at the preachers about labor and its rewards, who imagine that workmen in the trades are the only laborers to be considered; who are deceived by the idea that the various societies of "working-men" represent one-tenth of the hard-working men of our country; who imagine that the labor question relates only to that small number of persons who work for fixed pay, eight or ten hours a day.

The life of this man from his childhood had been one of incessant labor, hard work; beginning daily long before daylight, ending so wearily after dark that he welcomed sleep as the only rest he knew. Your ten-hour city laborer does not know what work means; and never will know till he acquires a farm, and has to support life by digging for himself, paying himself for his work, and finding that to the vast body of American farmers, fourteen hours a day of labor earns bare subsistence.

The life labor in this house and on this farm showed in the end, as the laborer's pay when all work was done, just nothing beyond the bare support of the life. Less, indeed, than that; for there was a mortgage on the farm, which represented a demand

of some pressing need, or a steady, slow falling behind, from year to year.

The home furniture was not luxurious; far otherwise. But it was not altogether without interest. There was an old chest of drawers in one room, which probably belonged to the mother; possibly came from her mother when she was married. It was made of solid cherry-wood; and the old brass mountings were, for a wonder, brilliant as if new. There was a small looking-glass hanging on a wall, in a frame once of great beauty, the relief ornaments on it being ears of golden grain. There were some pictures in black-pine frames, without glass. None had any money value, but each had higher than money value, because they had been the delights of that family life. Children had grown up looking at them daily, their young imaginations wandering far away under the guiding influence of art. Mark you, my friend, art brings its blessings not alone by the power of renowned artists, by the works of great masters. There are very rude pictures, pictures which provoke the derision of ignorant critics, pictures which have had mighty influence in swaying human minds. There was a fifteenth-century artist in Cologne whose Bible pictures, in rough, hard outlines, were the educators of millions of people for a century and more after he was dead. It is the thought written in the picture which is its power; not the execution, which is of account to very few who see it. There is no possible doubt that that old painted print of Ruth gleaning, and that other of the raising of the Widow's Son, of Nain, had impressed lessons on young minds not to be effaced in this world's experiences, perhaps not in any other world.

The old kitchen seemed to be the place wherein the life had left its strongest marks. And yet they were not many. There was a little printed calendar of a long year ago pasted on the side of the chimney. There was a clock (not worth your purchasing, my friend) standing high up on a wooden shelf. There was a dresser whereon the family crockery was piled for sale. Having in mind friends who want old crockery, I looked over the pieces, one by one; but found nothing worth a stranger's purchasing, except perhaps one English plate, with a blue print, —the rich dark blue wherein the cheap Staffordshire wares surpassed all other, Oriental and Occidental, potteries or porcelains. But the table was there,—a very old square table, made of black ash, with four solid legs. It had no claim to notice for

any beauty about it. But around it the family had been gathered, morning, noon, and evening. First the young man and his wife had sat there alone, happy, hopeful. Years had fulfilled all they had hoped for, had brought little heads to the sides of the table, and years had changed them into older and perhaps wiser heads. All the troubles and all the happiness of every one of them had been brought to the assemblies at that kitchen table. Christmases, Thanksgiving days, wedding days of daughters, days when the minister was to make his annual visit,— all the gala days of life had loaded the table with unusual feasts. And always, with unfailing humility and gratitude, the voice of the father had been heard at the head of the board, thanking God as sincerely as if the farm had been a gold mine instead of slow-yielding soil.

I was in the house but a few minutes. As I drove rapidly down the road, I overtook a man going home from the sale. I am not fond of "buying bargains" in such cases. If there had been anything to tempt me, I could not comfortably own a purchase out of that household at the poor prices things were bringing. But this man was carrying home something. As I turned out and drove by him he held it up for me to see. We went along side by side.

"What have you got there?"

"I don't know. I think it's an old pitcher they used in a church."

"What did you buy it for?"

"I don't know. I s'pose I can sell it to some one."

"How much do you want for it?"

"I don't know what it's worth."

"Well, speak quick, if you want to sell," and my horses were pulling ahead hard.

"I don't know as I care to sell it."

"All right," and I went ahead rapidly.

"Will you give two dollars?" came in a shout after me.

"Will you take it?"

"Yes."

He came up alongside of me, and I took my purchase. It was never church property; quite otherwise. It was a fine, tall old two-quart pewter mug with cover. It had done duty in times when men sat together while the pewter, filled with foaming beer, went around from hand to hand and lip to lip. It was in

perfect order, but there was nothing about it which seemed in keeping with the old farm-house. When, four miles on, I stopped to feed my horses, the landlord, looking in my carriage, exclaimed, "Hello, did you buy Jake's pewter pitcher?" and then said Jake had bought it at another sale years ago, on speculation, and had carried it afterwards to every "vandue," trying to find a purchaser.

In the autumn of that year I drove again through the same country, sometimes on the same, mostly on other roads. The aspect of the hills and valleys was now very different. October is a golden month for carriage travel; on some accounts more pleasant than any other month in the year, both for horses and travelers.

The road passed through a forest, unbroken for half a mile. On the right a stream wandered over rocks, and under little bluffs of moss, bright green miniature copies of mountain bluffs along the courses of mighty rivers. Now and then, where the stream fell into a pool, the lower end of the pool was dammed with autumn leaves, yellow and red and brown, and in the whirl of the pool you could see the same colored leaves going around and around, and the water looked as if it were clearer and colder for their presence. The road was covered over with leaves, — a yellow carpet, — and every few minutes the light breeze would freshen up a little and shake the higher branches of the trees, and send down a shower of leaves, which flitted and darted to and fro, flashing in the sunshine, and falling on our laps and all around us.

At length the road, which going up a gentle ascent left the brook away in the woods, emerged into open country, and we found ourselves on the top of a hill. Before us spread one of those beautiful landscapes in which New England is richer than any other part of the world that I know of. The road descended into an oval basin, some three miles long and a mile broad, the bottom and sides of which were, or had been, cultivated farm lands, except where a small lake slept motionless. It was surrounded by low hills, up the sides of which the fields extended, here and there one of them glowing with the buff and gold of corn stubble and scattered pumpkins. Along the ridges, where the fields did not go over them, were groves of maple and birch whose autumn colors were intensely bright, while down the slopes lay many abandoned fields gone to brush, — mauve,

maroon, crimson, and purple-colored with their dense growth of bushes, scarlet-lined along the fences by rows of sumac.

If you can show me anywhere in the world landscapes which are as rich and varied in color as our northern landscapes in America, or which are more beautiful in the form and contrast of valley and hill, I will go far with you to see them. Autumnal foliage with many is thought to be the changed color of the forest leaves, and few have observed the wonderful painting of landscapes in the autumnal colors of the low bushes. Many of our New England rivers, in October, flow between banks and around low gravel islands which are unbroken masses of crimson, from a plant not a foot high, covering every inch for acres. And the shades are even more beautiful than the intense colors, — soft, rich, and delicate as old embroideries.

There was no village in the valley. As I drove along the road which led nearly through the middle of it, I came, at a cross-road, to a grave-yard of an old church. That it was once a church, the remains of a tower or spire indicated, and its location, — a hundred feet from both roads, in the grave-yard, — demonstrated. There had never been any fence around the lot except the rough-laid loose stone wall which serves for fence in all parts of our country where stone is plenty. And no better or more picturesque fencing can be, especially if people will plant along such walls any of the many beautiful vines which abound everywhere, and thrive luxuriantly in just such places. But no vines had ever been planted here. Not a solitary bush or tree grew in the grave-yard. Even grass seemed to have run out from lonesomeness and neglect, so that the ground looked like an old worn-out pasture lot; the only break in the desolate aspect being a stunted sprig of golden-rod which gleamed in front of the church door.

I passed it, careful not to tread on it, and tried the door, found it open, and went in. The interior was a sad ruin, through which the breeze was free to blow; for there was no glass in any window, nor indeed now any need of glass, since it was plain enough that there had not been for long time any assembling of people here to worship. The pulpit, nearly round and high up, backed by a large win low, had once been reached by a winding stairway, now broken down. The pews, which were built of pine without paint, were in fair preservation. The plaster on the walls and flat ceiling had mostly fallen off.

and lay in the pews and on the floor of the aisles. I could see the blue sky through one great rift overhead, where the roof timber had fallen in and crushed down the ceiling.

No places are filled with such profound interest to thoughtful men as those spots in which their fellow-men of former generations were accustomed to assemble for the worship of God. And places of Christian worship are more deeply interesting, because of the characteristics of that worship which distinguish it from all others. In no other have men approached Deity with the sense of personal unworthiness which only their God can remove, and with faith in his fatherhood and brotherhood, his personal presence among them, and his love for them. From the early ages of the Christian Church this immediate and close relationship between God and man has been a distinguishing characteristic of old Christian art; whose earliest representations of his personality are as the Good Shepherd, carrying home a lost and found lamb of his flock. If that faith which directs their prayers be indeed the substance of the things hoped for, then the place where men meet their God is so truly the house of God that one is at a loss to understand those who deny any special sanctity in it. But however irreverent be their regard for the church which they themselves frequent, I think there are very few who can without some serious emotion enter an old church, in which generations of men and women and children have worshiped, who are now lying in silent graves around it.

I don't think you, my friend, whatever your creed or your sympathies, could have sat with me in one of those plain pine pews, seeing the sunshine of that autumn falling through the shattered building on the ruined interior, and have failed to appreciate something of the sanctity of the old place of prayer. It was early noon. Through the broken roof one broad stream of golden light fell on the open place between the front pew and the pulpit. There the table used to stand which they called their Lord's Table, and from which they received, as their catechism expressed it, "by faith,"—that is, by the highest assurance men can have,—unhesitating belief, the body and blood of Him they worshiped. There one by one, when the work and worry, the sorrow and sin, of this life were ended, they were laid with closed eyes and calm faces, and thence carried out to the gathering-place of the dead. Where are they now, strong men and matrons, young men and maidens, little children and patriarchs? As I asked myself the question, I walked across the floor

to a window and looked out. Yes, they were all lying there, as so many millions of the Christian dead all over the world lie, in circles that sweep over the surface of the globe, ever-widening circles as their faith has extended among men, all with their faces heavenward and their feet towards Jerusalem.

We spent more than a half-hour in the old church. I climbed by the wrecked stairway into the pulpit. Its interior casing was falling to pieces, and in a recess within were some scraps of paper, which had slipped between the boards from the shelf under the desk. On one was a memorandum of the minister for notices to be given of the weekly prayer-meeting at Mr. ——'s house, and a Thursday night lecture at the school-house on the mountain. On another was a funeral notice. There was nothing else legible, except a torn scrap, the lower part of a leaf of a hymn-book, and on this was a stanza not unfitting the associations of the place. So, for the moment, I assumed the position of the erstwhile minister, and said from the pulpit, "Let us sing:—

"'Oh, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill
And spread the triumphs of their King!'"

There were only three of us, but one was leader of a choir in an up-country church; and we sang a good old tune, which perhaps they who were now silent around the church used to sing to the same words—and perhaps will some day sing again.

And while we were singing I saw a vision; not supernatural, but as lovely for the moment as any imagination. In the open doorway, at the other end of the church, was standing a little child, a girl of five years old, dressed in white, with masses of red-gold hair, which the wind, coming in from behind her, was waving and shaking. Her great blue eyes were looking with wonderment while she listened. As the sound ceased she vanished. We might have thought it an apparition, but that, going to the door, we saw her running down the road as fast as her little feet would carry her, towards a large farm-house nearly a half-mile off. Her story told at the house might have been the foundation of a midday ghost story for the neighborhood,—the coming back of old-time people to sing an old hymn in the ruined church. But they could hardly suppose that ghosts would come in a traveling carriage drawn by a very solid pair of gray horses.

MATTHEW PRIOR

(1664–1721)

No one is better qualified to speak of Matthew Prior than the accomplished writer of *vers de société* (and work of a higher order), Austin Dobson, who brought out in 1889 an edition of 'Prior's Selected Poems,' with an introduction containing several corrections of generally accepted data. He concludes his introductory essay with the words: "Prior has left behind him not a few pieces which have never yet been equaled for grace, ease, good-humor, and spontaneity; and which are certain of immortality so long as there is any saving virtue in 'fame's great antiseptic — Style.'"

MATTHEW PRIOR

There is doubt regarding the place of Prior's birth, on July 21st, 1664; but the evidence points to Wimborne Minster in East Dorset, England. His father is thought to have been a joiner, who removed to London, and sent his son to Westminster. After his parents' early death, young Matt was adopted by his uncle, a vintner, who lived in Channel (now Cannon) Row; and it was here behind the bar that he attracted the attention of the Earl of Dorset, who found him reading Horace and Ovid. Aided by this rich patron, he returned to Westminster school, forming a friendship with Charles and James Montagu (the former afterwards founder of the Bank of England, and Earl of Halifax,—dubitably Pope's "Bufo" in the 'Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot'), and going with them to Cambridge, where he took his bachelor's degree in 1686. His first piece of clever writing, a parody of Dryden's poem 'The Hind and the Panther,' was executed at this period in collaboration with Charles Montagu, who, like Prior, was freshly wearing his college honors. The greater part was Prior's, and the *jeu d'esprit* was published as 'The Hind and the Panther Transvers'd to the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse' (London, 1687), and bore such mottoes as "Much Malice mingled with a little Wit." It has no great merit aside from boyish animal spirits, but may be accepted as a prophecy of better work now that we know the better

work to have been accomplished. Some idea of the style of its humor — exceedingly like that of the stock newspaper humorist in the American press of to-day — may be appreciated by comparing Dryden's lines,—

> «A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
> Fed on the lawns, and o'er the forest ranged;
> Without unspotted, innocent within,
> She feared no danger, for she knew no sin,» —

with Prior's corresponding ones, ridiculing the idea of a quadruped guiltless of sin: —

> «A milk-white mouse, immortal and unchanged,
> Fed on soft cheese, and o'er the dairy ranged;
> Without unspotted, innocent within,
> She feared no danger, for she knew no gin.»

In 1688 Prior obtained a fellowship, and was also made tutor to Lord Exeter's sons; and having won distinguished patronage, was appointed secretary to the ambassador to Holland. After spending three years at The Hague, he was sent to France in the same capacity. Returning to England in 1701, he entered Parliament, became a Tory, and in 1711 was sent on a secret mission to Paris, where he attracted the favor of Louis XIV. A letter from *le Grand Monarque* to Queen Anne said at its close: «I expect with impatience the return of Mr. Prior, whose conduct is very agreeable to me;» and the English Queen replied: «I send back Mr. Prior to Versailles, who, in continuing to conduct himself in the manner that shall be entirely agreeable to you, does no more than execute, to a tittle, the orders which I have given him.» Bolingbroke and Swift greatly admired his diplomatic qualities (although Pope sneered at them), and archives exist in Paris that attest his faithful service. One of Prior's favorite sayings was, «I had rather be thought a good Englishman than be the best poet or greatest scholar that ever wrote.» When the Whigs came into power, Prior returned to England in 1715 to suffer imprisonment; and when discharged he settled at Down-Hall, Essex, on an estate that he had purchased. He died at Lord Harley's country-seat of Wimpole, Cambridge, September 18th, 1721, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Prior considered a long poem, 'Solomon, or the Vanity of the World,' his most important work. It was greatly admired by Cowper, but is seldom read to-day. 'Alma, or the Progress of the Mind,' is also long, but contains many witty Hudibrastic passages. The 'Tales' are rather coarse for modern taste, and Prior's fame rests upon his

lyrics, epigrams, and playful poems. In 'An English Padlock' occur the often quoted lines as advice to a husband:—

> «Be to her virtues very kind;
> Be to her faults a little blind;
> Let all her ways be unconfined,
> And clap your Padlock—on her mind.»

Prior has always been a favorite with men of letters. Gay said that he «was beloved by every Muse»; Allan Ramsay wrote a pastoral on his death, beginning «Dear, sweet-tongued Matt! thousands shall greet for thee;» Swift was extremely fond of him, and took great trouble to find subscribers for his poems; and Thackeray in his 'English Humorists' calls him «a world-philosopher of no small genius, good-nature, and acumen,» and considers his «among the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poems. Horace is always in his mind,» he continues; «and his song, and his philosophy, his good sense, his happy, easy turns and melody, his loves, and his epicureanism bear a great resemblance to that most delightful and accomplished master.» His poem 'To a Child of Quality' Swinburne calls «the most adorable of nursery idyls that ever was or will be in our language.» His own estimation of himself may be learned by the following verses from his poem entitled 'For my Own Monument':—

> «Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,
> His virtue and vice were as other men's are;
> High hopes he conceived, and he smothered great fears,
> In a life particolored, half pleasure, half care.
>
> «Not to business a drudge, not to faction a slave,
> He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree;
> In public employments industrious and grave,
> And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he!
>
> «Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
> Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
> And whirled in the round, as the wheel turned about,
> He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.»

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY

LORDS, knights, and squires, the numerous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen among the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality nor reputation
Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
Dear five-year-old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For while she makes her silkworms beds
With all the tender things I swear,
Whilst all the house my passion reads
In papers round her baby's hair,

She may receive and own my flame;
For though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then, too, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained, (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love
When she begins to comprehend it.

SONG

IN VAIN you tell your parting lover,
You wish fair winds may waft him over;—
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain
From slighted vows and cold disdain?

Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempests loose;
That thrown again upon the coast,
Where first my shipwrecked heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain;
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

TO A LADY

She Refusing to Continue a Dispute with Me, and Leaving Me in the Argument

SPARE, generous Victor, spare the slave,
Who did unequal war pursue;
That more than triumph he might have,
In being overcome by you.

In the dispute whate'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue belied;
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your side.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustained an open fight:
For seldom your opinions err;
Your eyes are always in the right.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
On Reason's force with Beauty's joined?
Could I their prevalence deny,
I must at once be deaf and blind.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspired;
To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I desired.

But she, howe'er of victory sure,
Contemns the wreath too long delayed;
And armed with more immediate power,
Calls cruel silence to her aid.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight;
She drops her arms, to gain the field;
Secures her conquest by her flight,
And triumphs when she seems to yield.

So when the Parthian turned his steed,
And from the hostile camp withdrew,
With cruel skill the backward reed
He sent; and as he fled he slew.

AN ODE

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay:
When Chloe noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play,

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise;
But with my numbers mix my sighs:
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blushed; Euphelia frowned;
I sung and gazed; I played and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remarked, how ill we all dissembled.

CUPID MISTAKEN

AS AFTER noon, one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river,
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, new filled his quiver.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
With all his might his bow he drew;
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well guided arrow flew.

I faint! I die! the goddess cried;
O cruel, couldst thou find none other
To wreck thy spleen on? Parricide!
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.

Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak:
Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye;
Alas! how easy my mistake,—
I took you for your likeness Chloe.

A BETTER ANSWER

DEAR Chloe, how blubbered is that pretty face;
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurled:
Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaff says)
Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.

How canst thou presume thou hast leave to destroy
The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Those looks were designed to inspire love and joy:
More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vexed at a trifle or two that I writ:
Your judgment at once, and my passion you wrong;
You take that for fact, which will scarce be found wit:
'Ods life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write, shows
The difference there is betwixt nature and art:
I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose;
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse-men,—you know, child,—the sun,
How after his journeys he sets up his rest;
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come;
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war;
And let us, like Horace and Lydia, agree:
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

A SIMILE

DEAR Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tinman's shop?
There, Thomas, didst thou never see—
'Tis but by way of simile—
A squirrel spend his little rage
In jumping round a rolling cage?

The cage, as either side turned up,
Striking a ring of bells a-top?—
Moved in the orb, pleased with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks he climbs;
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with those merry blades
That frisk it under Pindus's shades:
In noble songs and lofty odes,
They tread on stars and talk with gods;
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleased with their own verses' sound:
Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,
Always aspiring, always low.

THE SECRETARY

WRITTEN AT THE HAGUE, MDCXCVI.

WHILE with labor assiduous due pleasure I mix,
And in one day atone for the business of six,
In a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night,
On my left hand my Horace, a nymph on my right;
No memoirs to compose, and no postboy to move,
That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love;
For her, neither visits, nor parties at tea,
Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee.
This night and the next shall be hers and be mine,
To good or ill fortune the third we resign:
Thus scorning the world, and superior to fate,
I drive on my car in processional state.
So with Phia through Athens Pisistratus rode;
Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.
But why should I stories of Athens rehearse,
Where people knew love, and were partial to verse;
Since none can with justice my pleasures oppose,
In Holland half drownèd in interest and prose?
By Greece and past ages what need I be tried,
When The Hague and the present are both on my side?
And is it enough for the joys of the day,
To think what Anacreon or Sappho would say?
When good Vandergoes and his provident Vrow,
As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,
That search all the provinco, you'll find no man dar is
So blest as the Englishon Heer Secretar' is.

A TEST OF LOVE

From 'Henry and Emma'

HENRY

VAINLY thou tell'st me what the woman's care
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck,
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound;
No longer shall the bodice, aptly laced,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees and beautifully less;
Nor shall thy lower garment's artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double every charm they seek to hide.
Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair,
Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
Shall stand uncouth; a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape and comeliness of side;
The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and knee,
Licentious and to common eyesight free:
And, with a bolder stride and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear. . . .
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view;
For such must be my friends, a hideous crew:
By adverse fortune mixed in social ill,
Trained to assault, and disciplined to kill;
Their common loves a lewd abandoned pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back,—
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want and prostitute for bread:
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence and divide their prey;
With such she must return at setting light,—
Though not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inured to charitable sounds
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question and the lewd reply;

Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,—
That latest weapon of the wretches' war,—
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.
Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou wouldst follow, what thou must forsake:
By our ill-omened stars and adverse Heaven,
No middle object to thy choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue to attain thy love,
Or leave a banished man, condemned in woods to rove.

EMMA

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honor hates:
Mix thee amongst the bad, or make thee run
Too near the paths which virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe:
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there. . . .
For thee alone these little charms I drest;
Condemned them or absolved them by thy test.
In comely figure ranged my jewels shone,
Or negligently placed, for thee alone;
For thee again they shall be laid aside:
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
For thee; my clothes, my sex, exchanged for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee,—
Oh, line extreme of human infamy!
Wanting the scissors, with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.
Black soot, or yellow walnut, shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
Lest by my look or color be expressed
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dressed.
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes;
Lost to the world, let me to him be known:
My fate I can absolve, if he shall own
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK IDYLLIUM

CELIA and I the other day
Walked o'er the sand-hills to the sea:
The setting sun adorned the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost;
And on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay only not asleep:
The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair;
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.
But, oh the change! The winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies; the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frightened shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head and wings her flight;
And trembling vows she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore or view the main.
"Once more at least look back," said I;
"Thyself in that large glass descry:
When thou art in good-humor drest,
When gentle reason rules thy breast,
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love;
I bless my chain, I hand my oar,
Nor think on all I left on shore.
"But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip and wat'ry eye
Tell me the rising storm is nigh,—
'Tis then thou art yon angry main,
Deformed by winds and dashed by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labors less than I.
"Shipwrecked, in vain to land I make,
While Love and Fate still drive me back;

Forced to dote on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vexed when nigh,
I with thee or without thee die.»

THE FEMALE PHAETON

THUS Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as a colt untamed,
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflamed:

Inflamed with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordained;
And sorely vext to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reigned:—

«Shall I thumb holy books, confined
With Abigails forsaken?
Kitty's for other things designed,
Or I am much mistaken.

«Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

«What has she better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast?

«Dearest mamma! for once let me
Unchained my fortune try:
I'll have my earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.

«I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loosed before;
She, I was loosed at all.»

Fondness prevailed; mamma gave way:
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

(1787–1874)

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

(1825–1864)

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER was born in London, England, November 21st, 1787, according to his biographers, though he himself put the date two years later. He came of good farmer stock in Yorkshire; and, his father having accumulated considerable fortune, he was sent to Harrow, where he was the contemporary of Byron and Peel. At twenty he was bound to a solicitor at Calne, came up to London in 1807 to live, and for the next eight years was sufficiently occupied in doing it. It was not until he was twenty-eight that he began to write, "attracted," as he says of himself, "to literature as a refined amusement."

BRYAN W. PROCTER

Meanwhile he had formed the friendships which were to influence his life; his own personality and his excellent judgment having their effect on his associates. Hazlitt, who put himself out for few people, thought so highly of his talents that he always talked his best when Procter was present. Talfourd says, "Charles Lamb regarded Procter as the spirit most congenial with his own in its most serious moods;" and in his celebrated letter to Southey in the London Magazine for October, 1823, Lamb speaks of him as "Procter, candid and affectionate as his own poetry." Rogers introduced him to Moore as "well worth cultivating"; and his friendship with Leigh Hunt was maintained unclouded throughout Hunt's long life. His father having bequeathed him a comfortable property, Procter's first poems were written during years of freedom and enjoyment. From 1819 to 1823 he wrote the 'Dramatic Scenes and Other Poems,' 'Marcia Colonna,' 'The Sicilian Story,' metrical tales from Boccaccio's themes, 'Mirandola' (which Macready produced at Covent Garden with great success), and 'The Flood of Thessaly.' Then too he laid the foundation of the lyrical

collection which, published in 1832, continued to receive additions for many years.

Meantime he had become engaged to Miss Skepper, the daughter of Mrs. Basil Montagu. But his health had failed; the lady was an invalid also; and somebody described the lovers as supping together at nine o'clock on water gruel. In 1825 Lamb wrote to Leigh Hunt, «Barry Cornwall has at last carried off the pretty A. S. They are just in the treacle moon. Hope it won't clog his wings,—'gaum,' as we used to say at school.»

Mrs. Procter was beloved and admired by all who knew her; her house was the most popular rendezvous for literary men in London. She had a sort of divination as to genius, recognizing it however disguised. Monckton Milnes dedicated his life of Keats to her as «A poet's wife, a poet's mother, and herself of many poets the frequent theme and valued friend.» The admirable pen-and-ink sketch of Keats in Milnes's 'Life' is by Mrs. Procter, who had as acute a perception of likeness as she had of character.

Literature had been the pastime of Procter's leisure. He had published all his poems under the pen-name of «Barry Cornwall»; not, as Moore somewhat maliciously quotes, «because he was a gentleman of fortune, and did not like to have his name free in the reviews,» but because of that intellectual reserve and sensitiveness that influenced his whole life, and of a curious underestimate of his talent. After his marriage, when his partial loss of fortune made it necessary to add to his income, he had neither strength nor ambition to pursue literature in the intervals of business, but returned with energy to his conveyancing. His idealism in verse contrasts strangely with the cautious prudence of his external life. He sat up two nights in the week to do his professional work; he took pupils, among whom were Eliot Warburton and Kinglake; and he was a commissioner of lunacy for many years.

His life was full of happiness and success; and during his age the devotion of John Kenyon, of Dickens, of Thackeray (who dedicated 'Vanity Fair' to him), and after their deaths, the friendship of Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Lord Houghton, and a host of others, made an Indian summer around the old man's hearth. In person he greatly resembled Walter Scott; and he was not unlike Scott in his genius, with its union of romance and practicality. «Everybody loves him,» wrote Crabb Robinson. «The beloved and honored Barry Cornwall, whose minstrel name I venture to speak,» says Hawthorne. He died in London, October 4th, 1874.

Procter's early verse was greatly influenced by his contemporaries. Lamb was his guide in the fields of Elizabethan drama, Leigh Hunt taught him poetic methods (as he in turn afterwards taught Poe),

and Keats appealed to his æsthetic side. But Keats, infinitely richer and more fertile, wrote of what he imagined; Procter of what he had seen and read, not of what he had felt or experienced. On the other hand, he was already a finished workman when at twenty-eight he began to write, with a nature sensuous indeed but sane.

Among the 'Dramatic Sketches,' the 'Return of Mark Antony,' 'Julian the Apostate,' and 'The Way to Conquer,' are simple and passionate; and the poem 'The Flower,' from the last named, has the flavor and the picturesque detail of Shakespeare. Charles Lamb said that there was not one of the 'Dramatic Sketches' which he would not have placed in his collection if he had found it in the Garrick plays at the British Museum. Even Carlyle pressed Procter to continue his dramatic writings, as the best expression of his gift. But while the modern reader has an acute pleasure in recognizing how perfectly he has caught the spirit of the Elizabethan, or rather the Jacobean drama, the quality of that pleasure soon reveals the quality of Procter's talent. The interest in the 'Dramatic Scenes' is purely literary; and 'Mirandola,' which was acted for sixteen nights, and for which the author got six hundred and thirty pounds, owes its popularity to the judgment of his literary contemporaries, who with it have passed away.

Throughout his tragedies were scattered little lyric songs, in which we see the groundwork of his later eminence; for he was to find his place as a lyric poet. The dramatic quality, which in his 'Sketches' excites a mere literary interest, perfectly expressed itself in musical outbursts of thought, sorrow, and delight. They include all poetic feelings "from sweetest melancholy to glad animal joy." Not Prospero's tricksy spirit has more glorious liberty than 'The Stormy Petrel'; the virile barytone quality, as Mr. Stedman describes it, of 'The Hunting Song,' wakes the lusty morn; 'Drink and Fill the Night with Mirth' has the lightness of Anacreon; 'King Death' is as fantastic as one of Doré's paintings; and perhaps the most perfect lyric ever addressed by a poet to his wife is the little song set to Neukomm's music:—

"How many summers, Love,
Have I been thine?"

The delicate perfume of a flower is in the melody,

"Sit down, sad soul,
The moment's flying;"

and such songs as 'Touch us gently, Time,' 'The Sea, the Sea, the Open Sea,' and the dirge, 'Peace, what can tears avail?' have touched three generations of readers, some of whom, like Miss Martineau,—

whose brilliant sketch of Procter has best preserved his personality, —are not easily moved.

Early in his career he wrote much prose for the Literary Gazette, showing great satirical power,—a faculty he rarely exercised. It was this characteristic, perhaps, that induced Jeffrey to try to secure him for the Edinburgh; and perhaps the consciousness that he possessed it decided him to decline. His 'Life of Lamb' was written after he was seventy-seven years old; but although it is the most entertaining of books, it fails to leave on the reader the impression of a character. Lamb's personality had a piquancy which must be suggested,—not explained, as is Procter's straightforward way.

What he failed to do for Lamb, Coventry Patmore did for him, in his admirable 'Life of Bryan Waller Procter' (1877); a portrait conceived as a whole, and suffused with its hero's indefinite charm.

ADELAIDE PROCTER, the daughter of Bryan Waller Procter, was born in London in 1825. A shy and gentle girl, "my golden-tressèd Adelaide," as he called her, she was her father's intimate companion almost from her birth, when he addressed to her the lovely lines beginning "Child of my heart." She wrote her first poems for Dickens's Household Words; but, afraid that the editor might accept them on account of his friendship for the family, sent them under the pen-name of Mary Berwick. Mr. James T. Fields, in his 'Barry Cornwall and his Friends,' gives a charming description of Dickens's dining with the Procters, and launching into enthusiastic praise of "Mary Berwick" in Mrs. Procter's presence, who, in the secret, revealed with tears the real name of the author.

The 'Lyrics' were collected and published in 1853; and in seven years had reached their ninth edition,—Tennyson's poems not exceeding them in popularity. They take single emotional themes, usually permeated by a gentle piety. "It is like telling one's beads," says Mr. Stedman, "or reading a prayer-book, to turn over her pure pages." Miss Procter became a Catholic in her later life, and was devoted to works of charity and philanthropy. She died in London, February 3d, 1864.

THE SEA

THE Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh! *how* I love) to ride
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southwest blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore
But I loved the great Sea more and more;
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest:
And a mother she was and is to me
For I was born on the open Sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,—
But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
And death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wide unbounded Sea!

A PETITION TO TIME

TOUCH us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three.
(One is lost,—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings:
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er Life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime:
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

LIFE

WE ARE born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O life! is *all* thy song
"Endure and—die"?

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN

REST! This little Fountain runs
Thus for aye: it never stays
For the look of summer suns,
Nor the cold of winter days.
Whosoe'er shall wander near,
When the Syrian heat is worst,
Let him hither come, nor fear
Lest he may not slake his thirst:
He will find this little river
Running still, as bright as ever.
Let him drink and onward hie,
Bearing but in thought that I,
EROTAS, bade the Naiad fall,
And thank the great god Pan for all!

«SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL»

SIT down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying:
Come — tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing!
How many smiles? — a score?
Then laugh, and count no more;
For day is dying.

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of Time, nor weep
The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
Of starry treasure.

We dream — do thou the same;
We love — forever;
We laugh, yet few we shame, —
The gentle, never.
Stay, then, till Sorrow dies;
Then — hope and happy skies
Are thine forever!

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE

How many summers, Love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours.

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears — a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;
All else is flown.

Ah! with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look where our children start,
Like sudden Spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and Time!

«PEACE! WHAT DO TEARS AVAIL?»

Peace! what do tears avail?
She lies all dumb and pale;
And from her eye
The spirit of lovely life is fading,
And she must die!
Why looks the lover wroth? the friend upbraiding?
Reply, reply!

Hath she not dwelt too long
'Midst pain and grief and wrong?
Then why not die?

Why suffer again her doom of sorrow,
And hopeless lie?
Why nurse the trembling dream until to-morrow?
Reply, reply!

Death! Take her to thine arms,
In all her stainless charms,
And with her fly
To heavenly haunts, where, clad in brightness,
The Angels lie.
Wilt bear her there, O Death, in all her whiteness?
Reply, reply!

THE STORMY PETREL

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds;
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds;
The mighty cables and iron chains,
The hull which all earthly strength disdains,—
They strain and they crack; and hearts like stone
Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down! up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
The stormy petrel finds a home;
A home, if such a place may be
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the deep! o'er the deep!
Where the whale and the shark and the sword-fish sleep—
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale—in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard!

Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;
Yet he ne'er falters—so, petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

[The three poems immediately following are by Adelaide Anne Procter.]

A DOUBTING HEART

WHERE are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
Thy sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,—
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfill?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day,
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake,—
Not thou,—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*,—I dare not hear:
The words would come too late;

Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my Fate:
Whatever on my heart may fall,—remember, I *would* risk it all!

A LOST CHORD

SEATED one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

SEXTUS PROPERTIUS

(50?–15? B. C.)

BY GEORGE MEASON WHICHER

LITTLE is known of Propertius beyond the scanty information to be gleaned from his own works. He was a provincial, like so many prominent literary men of the day; of a good Umbrian family. Most of his life seems to have been passed in Rome, where he came to complete his education; but scarcely an event in it can be dated with certainty. The latest allusion in his works seems to refer to events of the year 16 B. C., and it is surmised that he was born about the year 50. It is a matter of comparative indifference, however, whether these and other conjectures are correct or not. His five short books, mostly love poems, sufficiently reveal the man; and there is little in them which we could read with greater interest for knowing who walked behind lictors when it was written.

SEXTUS PROPERTIUS

Propertius was one of that group of poets who enjoyed the friendship and patronage of Mæcenas, and who undertook to create a new school of Latin poetry by following still more closely Greek models. While Virgil meditated "something greater than the Iliad," and Horace wedded Æolian song to Italian measures, the younger and more ardent Propertius devoted himself to erotic poetry and the perfecting of the elegy. Gallus and Catullus had already naturalized this form of poetry at Rome; Tibullus was winning great applause with it at this very time; but with characteristic ambition and self-confidence Propertius claimed it as his own especial field. The success of his first volume, devoted to the praises of his mistress Cynthia, had won him the favor of the all-powerful Mæcenas. In the three or four succeeding books,—the division is uncertain,—he feels little doubt that he has vindicated his right to be called the Roman Callimachus, the "first initiate into the rites of Philetas's sacred grove," as he expresses it. It was only with much doubt that so good a critic as

Quintilian denied his pre-eminence; and modern readers are still more inclined to admit that with all his defects, Propertius is undoubtedly the master of the Latin elegy. It is an instrument of somewhat narrow compass at best; but Propertius, more than all his rivals, shows us its full range. Whether in the transcription of a national legend, or in celebrating the glory of Augustus, or writing the epitaph of Gallus or Marcellus, or most of all, in depicting the manifold phases of a lover's mind, his work reveals a vigor and a sincerity of spirit, a fertility of fancy, a pathos and a passion, which are unequaled by any other elegiac poet. Some of them may excel him in certain qualities, but none has his power and his variety combined.

Even his warmest admirers must admit that his work is marred by very grave defects. To begin with, he did not choose his models wisely. Like all of his contemporaries he was fascinated by Alexandrine erudition; but he did not learn, as did the greatest poets of his age, to correct this tendency by a close study of the earlier masters. Indeed it is surmised, in the absence of the poems of Callimachus, that Propertius has gone beyond his instruction. *Doctus* was a favorite adjective with which to compliment a poet of that age, and Propertius strove to merit it by displaying his learning in and out of season. He delights to refer to the most abstruse of myths, or to their least familiar characters. Never poet stood more in need of Corinna's advice; for his sack contained only the toughest nuts of the Greek legend. The obscurity created by this fondness for mythologic lore is too often increased by an abruptness of thought occasionally bordering on incoherence. Images are not always clearly conceived in his impetuous imagination; and there is not infrequently an awkwardness of phraseology, or an inexactness of expression. Sometimes one is faintly reminded of Persius and his verbal contortions, or of other poets who fancy they have made poetry when they have only written impossible prose.

All these are serious faults; and more likely to endear an author to schoolmasters and editors than to lovers of poetry. But the personality of Propertius is strong enough to dominate them all. Few writers win for themselves a more willing indulgence, or give a clearer impression of a talent greater than its best work. Sooner or later his readers come to believe that he might have done greater things had he so chosen. He chose, however, to lavish his power upon love elegies; and it is by them that he is usually judged. In intensity of passion, in utter simplicity and directness of its expression, Propertius is inferior to Catullus,—as who is not? But as a poet of love he may safely challenge comparison with any but Catullus. His Cynthia is never to be classed with the shadowy Chloes

and Leuconoës of Horace's bloodless affections. The genuineness of his love is undoubted. His delight in the charms and accomplishments of his mistress; the jealousy provoked by her infidelities; his sorrow at parting from her, even in fancy; the rapture of a reconciliation; these and many another aspect of love, and the "evil cares which it has," are depicted with unmistakable sincerity. For Cynthia's sake he will give up a career, and abandon his plans for travel abroad. At times he even refuses to write on any other subject: Cynthia is the first and will be the last of his songs.

The day came, however, when he could narrate his own infidelity, and picture Cynthia's successor filching jewelry from her funeral pyre. More and more throughout his later books, it is apparent that other themes were claiming part of his attention. To most men his great passion will hardly seem a less genuine experience because he too came to feel that life is greater than love. Believers in poetical fitness may insist that he died shortly after ceasing to write on the all-absorbing theme; but the man Propertius, though not the poet, is quite as likely to have lived to found the family which Pliny expressly ascribes to him.

Some of the most pleasing of the poems are among the number not concerned with Cynthia. The "queen of elegies," his noble epitaph on Cornelia, is deservedly famous, though marred by his characteristic faults. In the last book are found also a few poems, dealing with the legendary history of Rome. Whether we regard them as among his earliest, or as their metrical structure would seem to indicate, his latest works, they are an interesting evidence of the manner in which his intense nature responded to the appeal of national and patriotic themes. It has been surmised that they probably suggested to Ovid the plan of his 'Fasti.' Ovid mentions Propertius with warm admiration, and many imitations and echoes show clearly the impression made by Propertius upon the poets of the younger generation. By later Roman writers Propertius is seldom cited, and there are no selections from his works in the anthologies.

The extant manuscripts are for the most part late, and much interpolated, as might be expected in the case of a writer so often obscure. The same quality has caused the earlier editions of the elegies to be loaded with useless conjectures, and subjected to the most arbitrary re-arrangement.

It is only within recent times that the work of Propertius has received adequate attention and been brought within the reach of the ordinary classical student. The German edition of Hertzberg (1843), in four volumes with Latin notes, was the first important step in this direction. The recent editions are those of Rothstein (1898), Butler (1905), and Phillimore (1906).

The translations given below are from the works of Dr. James Cranstoun (Edinburgh, 1875). There are also translations by J. S. Phillimore (Oxford, 1906) and by H. E. Butler in the Loeb Classical Library (1912).

BEAUTY UNADORNED

WHY wear, my Life, when thou abroad dost stir,
A head trimmed up to fashion's latest laws?
A Coan vestment of transparent gauze,
And hair perfumed with Orontean myrrh?

Why deck thyself with gems and costly dress?
Why mar with trinkets Nature's form divine,
And not allow thy beauties forth to shine
In all their own, their matchless loveliness?

To thee such aids can add no charms — ah, no!
True love will aye disdain the artist's care.
See! the fair fields a thousand colors wear,
And ivy sprays far best spontaneous grow.

Fairer in lonely grots green arbutes rise,
Fairer the streamlet wends its wandering way,
Lovelier bright pebbles gem their native bay,
And birds sing sweetlier artless melodies.

TO TULLUS

DEAR Tullus, now I'd gladly plow wild Adria's waves with thee,
And fearlessly my canvas spread upon the Ægean sea;
Yea, by thy side I'd o'er the steep Rhipæan ridges roam,
Or wend my toilsome way beyond swart Memnon's distant home:
But me a maiden's pleading words and circling arms detain; [vain.
'Gainst her pale cheek and earnest prayers to strive, alas! were

Still of her ardent love for me she raves the weary night,
And swears there's not a god in heaven, if e'er I leave her sight;
Declares that she is not my love; nay more, the frantic girl
Vents every threat that peevish maids at heartless lovers hurl;

Against her plaints a single hour I cannot, cannot hold.
Ah! perish he, if such there be, whose bosom could be cold!

True, I should see fair Athens reared beneath Minerva's smile,
And Asia's grandeur famed of old; but is it worth the while
To make my Cynthia scream what time my vessel seeks the sea,
To see her tear her tender cheeks in frenzied agony,
And say that she will kiss the wind that balks her lover's plan,
And that no monster walks the earth so fell as faithless man?

Go, strive to earn a nobler wreath than e'er thine uncle wore,
And to our old allies their long-forgotten rights restore:
And may the unpitying Boy ne'er bring on thee my sorrows fell,
And all the tokens of a woe my tears too plainly tell;
For thou hast frittered not thy years on Beauty's fatal charms,
But aye been ready to assert thy country's cause in arms.

Here let me lie, as fortune aye hath willed it in the past;
And let me still devote my soul to folly to the last.
Many in tardy love have gladly spent their latest day,—
Then let me die with these, with these let earth conceal my clay:
For fame I was not nurtured, nor in arms would glorious prove;
The Fates decree my fields shall be the battle-plains of love.

Then whether thou shalt roam athwart Ionia's pleasant lands,
Or where Pactolus streaks the Lydian vales with golden sands;
Whether on foot thou'lt scour the plain or tempt with oars the sea,
And all the duties well discharge thine office claims from thee:
If thou shouldst chance to think of me in foreign climes afar,
Be well assured I'm living still beneath a baleful star.

TO CYNTHIA

SINCE from my love I had the heart to flee,
Justly to halcyons lone my wail I pour;
No more Cassiope my bark will see,
And all my vows fall fruitless on the shore.

The winds are leagued for thee now far away;
Hark to the threatening tempest's fitful gust!
Will no kind fortune this dread storm allay?
Must a few grains of sand conceal my dust?

Oh, let no more thy harsh upbraidings rise,
But say this night at sea my fault atones!

Or canst thou paint my fate with tearless eyes,
Nor in thy bosom bear to hold my bones?

Ah! perish he who first, with impious art,
In sail-rigged craft dared tempt the unwilling sea!
'Twere better I had soothed my mistress's heart—
Hard though she was, how peerless still to me!—

Than view this wild and forest-mantled shore,
And woo the longed-for Twins that calm the wave.
Then earth had veiled my woes, life's fever o'er,
And some small stone—love's tribute—marked my grave.

For me she might have shorn her cherished hair;
'Mid sweet-breath'd roses laid my bones at rest;
Called o'er my dust my name, and breathed a prayer
That earth might lightly lie upon my breast.

Fair Doris's daughters, who o'er ocean roam,
Speed our white sails with your auspicious band!
And oh, if Love e'er sought your azure home,
Grant one who loved like you, a sheltered strand!

TO CAIUS CILNIUS MÆCENAS

You ask me why love-elegy so frequently I follow,
And why my little book of tender trifles only sings:
It is not from Calliope, nor is it from Apollo,
But from my own sweet lady-love my inspiration springs.

If in resplendent purple robe of Cos my darling dresses,
I'll fill a portly volume with the Coan garment's praise;
Or if her truant tresses wreathe her forehead with caresses,
The tresses of her queenly brow demand her poet's lays.

Or if, perchance, she strike the speaking lyre with ivory fingers,
I marvel how those nimble fingers run the chords along;
Or if above her slumber-drooping eyes a shadow lingers,
My trancèd mind is sure to find a thousand themes of song.

Or if for love's delightful strife repose awhile be broken,
Oh, I could write an Iliad of our sallies and alarms;
If anything at all she's done—if any word she's spoken—
From out of nothing rise at once innumerable charms.

But if the Fates had given me the power, beloved Mæcenas,
To marshal hero-bands, I'd neither sing of Titan wars,
Nor Ossa on Olympus piled, that Terra's brood most heinous,
By aid of Pelion, might scale the everlasting stars;

Nor hoary Thebes, nor Pergamus in Homer's song undying;
Nor sea to sea by stern decree of haughty Xerxes brought;
The warlike Cimbri, nor the soul of Carthage death-defying;
Nor Remus's ancient realm, nor deeds of fame by Marius wrought;

But I would sing of Cæsar's might and Cæsar's martial glory,
And next to mighty Cæsar would my lyre for thee be strung:
For while of Mutina, or of Philippi fell and gory,
Or of the naval war and rout by Sicily I sung;

Or of Etruria's ancient hearths in ruin laid forever,
Or Ptolemæan Pharos with its subjugated shore,
Or Egypt and the Nile what time the broad seven-mantled river
In drear captivity to Rome our conquering armies bore;

Or kings with golden fetters bound, in gorgeous-hued apparel,
And trophied prows of Actium, whirled along the Sacred Way,
My Muse would ever twine around thy brow the wreath of laurel—
In time of peace, in time of war, a faithful subject aye.

TO THE MUSE

'Tis time to traverse Helicon in themes of higher strain,
'Tis time to spur my Thracian steed across a wider plain;
Now I would sing of mighty hosts and deeds of battle done,
And chronicle the Roman fields my general has won;
And if my powers of song should fail — to dare were surely fame:
Enough that I have had the will; no higher praise I claim.

Let hot youth sing the laughing loves — be war the theme of age;
Be war my theme — till now the dream of love has filled my page.
With sober mien and graver brow I now must walk along,
Now on another lyre my Muse essays another song.
Rise, O my Muse! from lowly themes; put on your strength, ye Nine
Who haunt the clear Pierian springs! — outpour the lofty line!

. . . . . .

As when we cannot reach the head of statues all too high,
We lay a chaplet at the feet, so now perforce do I;
Unfit to climb the giddy heights of epic song divine,
In humble adoration lay poor incense on thy shrine;
For not as yet my Muse hath known the wells of Ascra's grove:
Permessus's gentle wave alone hath laved the limbs of Love.

THE IMMORTALITY OF GENIUS

ORPHEUS, 'tis said, the Thracian lyre-strings sweeping,
Stayed the swift stream and soothed the savage brute.
Cithæron's rocks, to Thebes spontaneous leaping,
Rose into walls before Amphion's lute.

With dripping steeds did Galatea follow,
'Neath Ætna's crags, lone Polyphemus's song:
Is't strange the loved of Bacchus and Apollo
Leads captive with his lay the maiden throng?

Though no Tænarian blocks uphold my dwelling,
Nor ivory panels shine 'tween gilded beams;
No orchards mine Phæacia's woods excelling,
No chiseled grots where Marcian water streams,—

Yet Song is mine; my strain the heart engages;
Faint from the dance sinks the lithe Muse with me:
O happy maid whose name adorns my pages!
Each lay a lasting monument to thee!

The pyramids that cleave heaven's jeweled portal;
Eléan Jove's star-spangled dome; the tomb
Where rich Mausolus sleeps,—are not immortal,
Nor shall escape inevitable doom.

Devouring fire and rains will mar their splendor;
The weight of years will drag the marble down:
Genius alone a name can deathless render,
And round the forehead wreathe the unfading crown.

CORNELIA

O PAULUS! vex my grave with tears no more:
No prayers unlock the portals of the tomb;
When once the dead have trod the infernal floor,
Barred stand the adamantine doors of doom.

Though the dark hall's dread king would hear thy prayer,
'Twere vain: dead shores will drink thy tears the while.
Prayers move high heaven; but pay the boatman's fare,
The drear gate closes on the shadowy pile. . . .

I doffed the maiden's dress;—I was a bride;
The matron's coif confined my braided hair:
Too soon, O Paulus! doomed to leave thy side;
I was but thine, my tombstone shall declare. . . .

Years changed me not; a blameless life I spent,
From wedlock to its close our fame secure:
Nature my blood with inborn virtue blent;
No fears could make my guileless heart more pure. . . .

My meed—a mother's tears; the city's woe;
Even Cæsar's sorrow consecrates my bier:
Rome saw the mighty god a-weeping go,
And mourn his daughter's worthy sister-peer.

Though young, the matron's honored robe I wore;
Death from no barren dwelling bore his prize:
My boys! my solace when I live no more,
Ye held me in your hands and closed my eyes.

Twice had my brother filled the curule chair,
A consul ere his sister's days were run.
Thy censor-sire in mind, sweet daughter, bear:
Uphold his honor; wed, like me, but one;

With offspring prop our line.—The bark's afloat:
I gladly go, so many mourn my doom;
A wife's last triumph, and of fairest note,
Is fame's sweet incense rising o'er her tomb.

Paulus, our pledges I commend to thee;
Burnt in my bones still breathes a mother's care.
Discharge a mother's duties, then, for me;
For now thy shoulders all their load must bear.

Kiss them, and kiss them for their mother; dry
Their childish tears: thine all the burden now.
Ne'er let them see thee weep or hear thee sigh,
But with a smile thy sorrow disavow.

Enough that thou the weary nights shouldst moan,
And woo my semblance back in visions vain;
Yet whisper to my portrait when alone,
As if the lips could answer thee again.

If e'er these halls should own another queen,
And a new mother fill your mother's bed,—
My children, ne'er let frowning look be seen,
But honor her your father chose to wed.

So shall your manners win her tender grace,
And surely she will love for love return;
Nor praise too much your mother to her face,
For fear her breast with jealous feelings burn.

But should my image still his thoughts engage,
And Paulus dower my dust with love so rare,
Oh, learn to watch your father's failing age,
And shield his weary widowed heart from care!

Heaven add to yours the years I hoped in store,
And may your lives my aged Paulus cheer!
'Tis well: I ne'er the robes of mourning wore,
And all my children gathered round my bier.

My cause is plead. Each weeping witness, rise,
Since death's rewards life's losses well repay.
Heaven waits the pure in heart: be mine the prize
To soar triumphant to the realms of day.

PROVENCAL LITERATURE

(THE TROUBADOURS, 1090–1290)

BY HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

CURIOUS natural feature of Dalmatia — that long, narrow country straitened between the mountains and the Adriatic — is the number of rivers which come up suddenly from underground, or burst full-grown from the bases of the hills, and seek the sea with a force and velocity of current all the more impressive from the mystery of their origin. Just so the poetry of the Troubadours leaps abruptly, in full volume, out of the mirk of the unlettered ages, and spreads itself abroad in a laughing flood of which the superficial sparkle may sometimes deceive concerning the strength of the undercurrent passion on which it is upborne.

Gai Saber — the Gay Science — was the name bestowed by these gushing singers themselves upon their newly discovered art of verse-making; and the epithet was perfectly descriptive. To the serious, disciplined, and systematic nineteenth-century mind, there is something incongruous, not to say indecent, in the association of science and joy. Whatever else the science may be, in whose sign we are supposed to conquer, it is not gay. But the Troubadour did not even know the difference between science and art. His era in the life of modern Europe corresponds exactly with the *insouciant* season when "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." The Troubadour was palpitating, moreover, with the two masterful enthusiasms of his time: the religious enthusiasm of the Crusades, and the high-flown sentiments and noble chimeras of the lately formulated code of chivalry.

Seizing the instrument nearest to his hand, — a supple and still growing offshoot from the imperishable root of Latin speech, — he shaped his pipe, fashioned his stops, and blew his amorous blast; and was so overcome by amazement at the delightful result, that he was fain loudly to proclaim himself the happy *finder* (trobaire) of the verbal music he had achieved, rather than its *maker* or poet.

Lengua Romana, or *Romans*, was what he called his own language. To Dante, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, it was Provençal as distinguished from the *lengua materna*, or Italian: and Provençal it is, to this day, loosely called. But it was spoken in

substantially the same form, far outside the fluctuating limits of mediæval Provence; and one of the Troubadours themselves — Raimon Vidal — has in fact defined its limits very explicitly. "The only true language of poetry," he says, "is that of Limousin, Provence, Auvergne, and Quercy; . . . and every man born and brought up in those countries speaks the *natural and right speech.*"

The time at which the troubadour minstrelsy flourished is as distinctly marked as its locality. Two hundred years, from the last decade of the eleventh century to the last of the thirteenth, comprise it all. Fifty years for its rise, a hundred for its most exuberant period, fifty more for its decline,—and the brief but picturesque and exciting story is all told. The love of man for woman is its perpetual and almost exclusive theme; primarily that same "simple and sensuous" *motif* which was already old in the world when the all-knowing King of Israel sang,—"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away! For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land!" The special form of the tender passion to which the troubadour tuned his lay was, however, the love of chivalry: theoretically a selfless and spiritual sentiment, having even a touch about it of religious exaltation. It involved the absolute devotion of life, wit, and prowess to the service of a formally chosen lady-love; and was as much a part of the sacramental obligations of a full-made knight as the service of God and of his feudal seigneur. The art in which this love found expression was thus essentially an aristocratic one; reserved for the practice of those who were either *élite* by birth and fortune, or ennobled by the possession of rare poetic gifts. Marriage was no part of its aim, and was never once, in the case of any well-known troubadour, its dénouement. The minstrel's lady was quite regularly the wife of another man; often of his feudal lord or sovereign ruler. The scope for tragedy and crime afforded by so fantastic a relation is obvious, and history has plenty to tell of the calamities which attended it in particular cases. Yet the austere ideal was never totally eclipsed; and that it survived the final disappearance of the troubadour as a court-minstrel and titular lover, we have abundant proof in the mystic lauds addressed by Dante to Beatrice and by Petrarch to Laura.

For the rest, the precocious perfection of form exhibited by some of the earliest troubadour songs which we possess, is not quite as miraculous as at first sight it appears. The main points in the mechanism of troubadour verse, both in its earlier and simpler, and in its later and highly elaborate developments, are two: strong tonic accents — mostly iambic, though sometimes of trochaic lines — and terminal rhymes. By these features it is radically distinguished from the

quantitative measures of classic Greece and Rome; and in these respects it has furnished the model for almost all modern European poetry. But the rustic and popular poetry of the Latin race had been, from the first, a poetry of accent: and the tradition of it had been handed down through the early hymns of the Christian Church, and the rude staves and ballads trolled from town to town and from castle to castle during the Dark Ages, by the *joculatores* or *jongleurs;* those vagrant mimes and minstrels who played so large a part afterwards, in diffusing and popularizing the more refined compositions of the troubadours. Rhyme, on the other hand, though it might well have occurred to anybody as a fitting ornament of song,—rhyming words and syllables being exactly as obvious and essential a form of harmony as musical chords,—was very probably borrowed immediately from that Arabian verse in which it is so lavishly employed, during the long sojourn of the Saracens in Southern Europe.

It seems a curious freak of philological fate whereby a literature so juvenile and impulsive as that of the troubadours, so destitute of connected thought, and at the same time so instinct with emotions, so that the very stress of feeling often renders its utterances vague, stammering, and all but unintelligible, should have become—largely by virtue of its important historical position midway between the written word of ancient Rome and that of modern France—a favorite and hard-trodden field for dry research, grammatical quibbling, and controversy on technical points. But so it is. Every sigh of the troubadour minstrel has been analyzed, and every trill conjugated. Yet when all has been said and read, the reader's appreciation of this unique body of song will have to depend rather more upon personal divination and temperamental sympathy than upon any laboriously acquired skill in interpretation. Even for the name and lineage of many of the most famous and successful *finders*, as well as for the incidents of their lives, we are mainly dependent upon two sets of brief biographies, compiled by nameless monks, one in the twelfth and one in the fourteenth century. Of these cloistered authors, the earlier was no doubt contemporary with a certain number of his subjects; but we may safely conclude that they both adorned their facts, to some extent, with fancy and with fable. In selecting, out of a hundred or two of these romantic lives, a few as typical of all, we may think ourselves fortunate if, as in the case of the name that heads all the lists, the poet be a sufficiently exalted personage to have had a place in general history, and to have borne a part in the leading events of his time.

William IX., Count of Poitiers and Duke of Aquitaine, was born in the year 1071, and succeeded in his fifteenth year to the sovereignty of a region comprising, besides Gascony and the southern half

of Aquitaine, Limousin, Berry, and Auvergne. Almost alone among the great lords of southern France, he resisted the call of Raymond of Toulouse to the First Crusade in 1095; but when in the last year of the century the great news arrived of the capture of Jerusalem, and an appeal was made for the reinforcement of the small garrison left in the Holy Land, William was overborne, and prepared, though still reluctantly, to go. His amours had been numerous, and he had already written love songs,—many of which are licentious to a degree, though some few reflect in sweet and simple strains the most refined ideals of chivalry.

Now, on the eve of his departure for the East, early in 1101, he composed a farewell to Provence, being haunted by a sad presentiment that he should see that fair land no more. His foreboding was not realized. He came back unscathed at the end of two years, after many wild adventures and narrow escapes, and wrote a burlesque account in verse (which has not survived) of his experiences in Palestine. He lived until 1127, and made ruthless war in his later years upon his young and defenseless neighbor, Alphonse Jourdain of Toulouse, for the sovereignty of that province. Alphonse was a son of the heroic Raymond, the leader of the first crusade, born in the Holy Land and baptized in the Jordan,—whence his surname. A daughter of his was distinguished by the tuneful homage of a troubadour named Guiraud le Roux, of knightly rank but poor, who had taken service at Alphonse's court. This Guiraud is remarkable as being the only troubadour on record who loved but one woman; and there is a quality about his whimsical and subtle but always irreproachable verses which reminds one a little of the Elizabethan lyric.

William IX. of Poitiers was succeeded by his son William X.; and he in turn was the father of one of the most illustrious women of her age,—a great patroness of the troubadours, and past-mistress of all that nebulous lore which was made the absurd matter of solemn discussion and adjudication in the so-called Courts of Love. This was no other than the beautiful and stately Eleanor,—Princess of Aquitaine and Duchess of Normandy, first married to Louis VII. of France, then divorced and married to Henry II. of England,—the merciless but by no means immaculate censor of the fair Rosamond Clifford, and the mother of Richard of the Lion Heart. She was already married to Henry, who was ten years her junior; but she had not yet visited England when she welcomed and installed as her formal worshiper at the Norman court one of the most famous and prolific of all the troubadours,—a true poet, though a light and inconstant lover,—Bernard of Ventadour. Very humbly born, the son in fact of the castle baker, Bernard's exquisite talent was early discovered by his master, Ebles III. of Ventadour, who is described

in the old chronicles as having «loved, even to old age, the *songs of alacrity*.» Ebles not only educated the boy, but permitted and even encouraged him, for a long time, to *afficher* himself as the adorer of his own youthful second wife, Adelaide of Montpellier. The day came, however, when the youth's homage was suddenly discovered to have passed the proper ceremonial bounds; and he was abruptly dismissed, to take new service in Normandy. It is next to impossible to separate, in his remains, the songs of the two periods: Adelaide or Eleanor, it is all virtually one. The limpid stream of babbling minstrelsy flows on for some forty years, always dulcet and delicate, sometimes lightly pathetic, but reflecting indifferently the image of either lady. Within the long period of Bernard's placid ascendency were comprised the rapid and fiery careers of two men of a very different stamp,—the most tragical figures in all the miscellaneous choir.

Jaufré Rudel, the Prince of Blaya, fell in love with a certain Countess of Tripoli on the mere rumor of her charms; assumed the cross for the sole and sacrilegious purpose of meeting her; fell ill upon the voyage, and on his arrival was recovered from a death-like trance by his lady's embrace, only to die almost immediately in her arms.

The horrible story of William of Cabestaing would seem quite beyond belief were it not given circumstantially, and with very slight variations, by an unusual number of writers. Himself a gallant and accomplished cavalier, William won such favor in the eyes of the Lady Margarida, wife of Raymond of Roussillon, that he aroused the savage jealousy of the latter, who waylaid and slew him, and then cut out his heart, which he ordered cooked and seasoned and set before his wife. The hapless lady partook of it; then, on being brutally told the ghastly truth, she swore that she would never eat again, sprang past her husband, who had drawn his sword, leaped from the high balcony of an open window, and perished. Both Raymond and William were vassals of Alphonse II. of Aragon, himself a troubadour, and a great patron of the art. He had Raymond arrested, and caused him to die in prison; while the tomb of the lovers before the door of the church at Perpignan was long a place of pious resort for the pilgrims of passion in those parts.

A different and less melodramatic interest attaches to the names of the two Arnauts,—Arnaut Daniel and Arnaut de Maroill: of whom the former, as we know from Canto xxvi. of the 'Purgatorio,' spoke in Provençal to Dante when he met him in the shades; while the latter is mentioned by Petrarch in a canzone as «the less famous Arnaut.» The distinction seems a strange one; for while the verses of the former are chiefly remarkable for an extraordinary artificiality and complexity of rhythm, the latter, who had vowed his devotions

to a certain lovely Viscountess of Béziers, was the author of some of the most exquisitely tender bits of Provençal song which we possess.

The laborious verbal conceits and metrical intricacies of Dante's Arnaut were imitated with great ingenuity, and even exaggerated, by Raimon de Miraval, who fought in the Albigensian war; during which so many of the local poets and their patrons fell, that a whole civilization seemed to perish with them. That cruel contest may be held to mark the beginning of the end of the Provençal school of song.

The name of a woman, the Countess Die,—who also, like the royal Eleanor, presided over a Court of Love,—remains attached to one plaintive lament much admired in its day; and another woman, though unnamed, was the author of the most artless and impassioned of all the peculiar class of poems known as *albas* or morning-songs.

Another very beautiful *alba* was written by Guiraut de Borneil, of whom it is said by his ancient biographer that he composed the first true *chanson*, all previous poets having made *verses* only. He won a weightier kind of renown by the virile force and fire of his *sirventes*, —didactic or satiric pieces,—in which he mourned the accumulated misfortunes of his country, or lashed the crimes and vices of the men who had brought her to the verge of ruin.

Contemporary with Guiraut was another intrepid censor of the corruptions of his time, Peire Cardinal; of whom we have a satire beginning with the burning words, "Who desires to hear a *sirventes* woven of grief and embroidered with anger? I have spun it already, and I can make its warp and woof!" Both these brave men died not far from the year 1230, and the course of Provençal literature after their day is one of steady deterioration.

Harriet Waters Preston

BIBLIOGRAPHY. — There is no adequate history in English of the elder Provençal literature; nothing to compare, for instance, with Friedrich Diez's 'Leben und Werke der Troubadours.' This has been brought quite up to date in the revision of Bartsch (1883), and includes also copious poetical versions. The chief general treatises in English are Rutherford's 'Troubadours' (London, 1873), and Hüffer's 'Troubadours' (London, 1878). More accessible and quite as trustworthy is the article in the 'Britannica' on Provençal literature.

The curiosity of the modern reader as to the social conditions which created and upheld the so-called Courts of Love, is best gratified by J. F. Rowbotham's 'The Troubadours and Courts of Love,'

one of the series entitled 'Social England' (Macmillan, New York, 1895). Another interesting and recent work is Ida Farnell's 'Lives of the Troubadours,' translated from Provençal sources. This little book is illustrated with poetical English versions. Miss Preston's own volume, 'Troubadours and Trouvères' (Roberts Brothers, Boston, 1876) is devoted, in spite of its title, chiefly to Jasmin and the more recent Provençal poets of this century. The chapter on the Troubadours (pages 151 to 231) is largely made up of spirited versions, which are in part repeated, in revised form, in the course of the present article.

For those who wish to study the Provençal texts in the original, the most convenient collection is Karl Appel's 'Chrestomathie' (Leipzig, 1895). There is an elementary introduction to the old Provençal language by Kitchin.

[The dates at the head of these pieces represent, approximately, the time within which the several authors wrote.]

GUILLAUME DE POITIERS

(1190–1227)

I

BEHOLD the meads are green again,
The orchard-bloom is seen again,
Of sky and stream the mien again
Is mild, is bright!
Now should each heart that loves obtain
Its own delight.

But I will say no ill of love,
However slight my guerdon prove;
Repining doth not me behove:
And yet—to know
How lightly she I fain would move
Might bliss bestow!

There are who hold my folly great,
Because with little hope I wait;
But one old saw doth animate
And me assure:
Their hearts are high, their might is great,
Who well endure.

Translation of H. W. P.

II

DESIRE of song hath taken me,
But sorrowful must my song be;
No more pay I my fealty
In Limousin or Poitiers.

Since I go forth to exile far,
And leave my son to stormy war,
To fear and peril; for they are
No friends who dwell about him there.

What wonder then my heart is sore
That Poitiers I see no more,
And Fulk of Anjou must implore
To guard his kinsman and my heir?

If he of Anjou shield him not,
And he who made me knight, I wot
Many against the boy will plot,
Deeming him well-nigh in despair.

Nay, if he be not wondrous wise,
And gay, and ready for emprise,
Gascons and Angevins will rise,
And him into the dust will bear.

Ah, I was brave and I had fame,
But we are sundered, all the same!
I go to Him in whose great name
Confide all sinners everywhere.

Surrendering all that did elate
My heart,—all pride of steed or state,—
To Him on whom the pilgrims wait,
Without more tarrying, I repair.

Forgive me, comrade most my own,
If aught of wrong I thee have done!
I lift to Jesus on his throne
In Latin and Románs my prayer.

Oh, I was gallant, I was glad,
Till my Lord spake, and me forbade;
But now the end is coming sad,
Nor can I more my burden bear.

Good friends, when that indeed I die,
Pay me due honor where I lie:
Tell how in love and luxury
I triumphed still,—or here or there.

But farewell now, love, luxury,
And silken robes and miniver!

Translation of H. W. P.

GUIRAUD LE ROUX

(1110–1147)

COME, lady, to my song incline,
The last that shall assail thine ear.
None other cares my strains to hear,
And scarce thou feign'st thyself therewith delighted!
Nor know I well if I am loved or slighted;
But this I know, thou radiant one and sweet,
That, loved or spurned, I die before thy feet!
Yea, I will yield this life of mine
In very deed, if cause appear,
Without another boon to cheer.
Honor it is to be by thee incited
To any deed; and I, when most benighted
By doubt, remind me that times change and fleet,
And brave men still do their occasion meet.

Translation of H. W. P.

BERNARD DE VENTADOUR

(1140–1195)

I

NO MARVEL is it if I sing
Better than other minstrels all,
For more than they am I love's thrall,
And all myself therein I fling:
Knowledge and sense, body and soul,
And whatso power I have beside:
The rein that doth my being guide
Impels me to this only goal!

His heart is dead whence doth not spring
Love's odor sweet and magical;
His life doth ever on him pall
Who knoweth not that blessèd thing:
Yea, God who doth my life control
Were cruel, did he bid me bide
A month or even a day, denied
The love whose rapture I extol.

How keen, how exquisite the sting
Of that sweet odor! At its call
An hundred times a day I fall
And faint; an hundred rise and sing!
So fair the semblance of my dole,
'Tis lovelier than another's pride:
If such the ill doth me betide,
Good hap were more than I could thole!

Yet haste, kind Heaven, the sundering
True swains from false, great hearts from small!
The traitor in the dust bid crawl,
The faithless to confession bring!
Ah, if I were the master sole
Of all earth's treasures multiplied,
To see my lady satisfied
Of my pure faith, I'd give the whole!

II

When I behold on eager wing
The skylark soaring to the sun,
Till e'en with rapture faltering
He sinks in glad oblivion,
Alas, how fain to seek were I
The same ecstatic fate of fire!
Yea, of a truth, I know not why
My heart melts not with its desire!

Methought that I knew everything
Of love. Alas, my lore was none!
For helpless now my praise I bring
To one who still that praise doth shun;
One who hath robbed me utterly
Of soul, of self, of life entire,
So that my heart can only cry
For that it ever shall require.

For ne'er have I of self been king
Since the first hour, so long agone,
When to thine eyes bewildering,
As to a mirror, I was drawn.
There let me gaze until I die;
So doth my soul of sighing tire,
As at the fount, in days gone by,
The fair Narcissus did expire.

III

When the sweet breeze comes blowing
From where thy country lies,
Meseems I am foreknowing
The airs of Paradise.
So is my heart o'erflowing
For that fair one and wise
Who hath the glad bestowing
Of life's whole energies;
For whom I agonize
Whithersoever going.

I mind the beauty glowing,
The fair and haughty eyes,
Which, all my will o'erthrowing,
Made me their sacrifice.
Whatever mien thou'rt showing,
Why should I this disguise?
Yet let me ne'er be ruing
One of thine old replies:—
"Man's daring wins the prize,
But fear is his undoing."

Translation of H. W. P.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION

(1169–1199)

Ah! certes will no prisoner tell his tale
Fitly, unless as one whom woes befall;
Still, as a solace, songs may much avail:
Friends I have many, yet the gifts are small,—
Shame! that because to ransom me they fail,
I've pined two years in thrall.

But all my liegemen in fair Normandy,
In England, Poitou, Gascony, know well
That not my meanest follower would I
Leave for gold's sake in prison-house to dwell;
Reproach I neither kinsman nor ally,—
Yet I am still in thrall.

Alas! I may as certain truth rehearse,
Nor kin nor friends have captives and the dead:
'Tis bad for me, but for my people worse,
If to desert me they through gold are led;
After my death, 'twill be to them a curse
If they leave me in thrall.

No marvel, then, if I am sad at heart
Each day my lord disturbs my country more;
Has he forgot that he too had a part
In the deep oath which before God we swore?
But yet in truth I know, I shall not smart
Much longer here in thrall.

Blackwood's Magazine, February 1836.

GUILLAUME DE CABESTAING

(1181–1196)

I

I SEE the days are long and glad;
On every tree are countless flowers,
And merry birds sing in the bowers,
Which bitter cold so long made sad:
But now upon the highest hills,
Each amid flowers and sparkling rills,
After his manner takes delight.

And therefore I rejoice once more
That joy of love should warm my breast,
And lay my sweet desires to rest.
As serpent from false sycamore,
I from false coldness speed me ever;
Yet for love's sake, which cheers me never,
All other joys seem vain and light.

Never since Adam plucked the fruit
Whence thousand woes our race oppress,
Was seen on earth such loveliness.
The body, formed that face to suit,
Is polished more than amethyst;
Her very beauty makes me tryst,
Since she of me takes little heed.

Ah, never shall there come a time
When love, that now inflames my heart,
Shall struggle from her to depart.
As plants, even in a wintry clime,
When the sun shines regain new life,
So her sweet smiles, with gladness rife,
Deck me with love, as plants with flower.

I love so madly, many die
From less, and now my hour seems near.
For though my love's to me most dear,
In vain for help or hope I sigh.
A fire upon my heart is fed,
The Nile could quench no more than thread
Of finest silk support a tower.

Alas that I must still lament
The pains that from love ever flow;
That baffled hope and ceaseless woe
All color from my cheek have sent.
But white as snow shall be my hair,
And I a trembling dotard, ere
Of my best lady I complain.

How oft, from lady's love we see
The fierce and wicked change their mood;
How oft is he most kind and good
Who, did he not love tenderly,
Would be each passion's wayward slave.
Thus am I meek with good and brave,
But haughty to the bad and vain.

Thus with delight each cherished woe I dree,
And sweet as manna seems slight joy to me.

Blackwood's Magazine, February 1856.

II

THERE is who spurns the leaf, and turns
The stateliest flower of all to cull:
So on life's topmost bough sojourns
My lady; the most beautiful!
Whom with his own nobility
Our Lord hath graced, so she may move
In glorious worth our lives above,
Yet soft with all humility.

Her pleading look my spirit shook,
And won my fealty long ago;
My heart's blood stronger impulse took,
Freshening my colors. And yet so,
No otherwise discovering
My love, I bode. Now, lady mine,
At last, before thy throngèd shrine,
I also lay my offering.

III

THE visions tender
Which thy love giveth me,
Still bid me render
My vows, in song, to thee;
Gracious and slender,
Thine image I can see,
Wherever I wend, or
What eyes do look on me.
Yea, in the frowning face
Of uttermost disgrace,
Proud would I take my place
Before thy feet,
Lady, whose aspect sweet
Doth my poor self efface,
And leave but joy and praise. . . .

Who shall deny me
The memory of thine eyes?
Evermore by me
Thy lithe white form doth rise.

If God were nigh me
Alway, in so sure wise,
Quick might I hie me
Into his Paradise!

Translations of H. W. P.

COMTESSE DE DIE

(TWELFTH CENTURY)

OF THAT I would not, I, alas! must sing,
He whom I love has caused me such deep pain:
For though I love him more than earthly thing,
My love and courtesy but meet disdain,
And beauty, merit, wit, are all in vain;
But I must mourn as hopelessly and long
As if I wittingly had done him wrong.

It comforts me, sweet friend, to think that never
Have I 'gainst you in word or deed transgressed:
More than Seguis Valens* I loved you ever,
And that my love surpasses yours I'm blessed;
For you are worthier far, O dearest, best.
You're proud to me in conduct, speech, and air,
But to all others kind and debonaire.

It marvels me, sweet friend, that you can feel
Towards me that pride that cuts me to the heart:
All wrong it were that any dame should steal
Your love from me, whate'er may be her art;
And never let the memory depart
Of what our love once was. Mother divine!
Forbid that coldness sprang from fault of mine.

Your prowess which all others hold so dear,
Your fame, disquiet me with their bright shine;
For not a lady, whether far or near,
But will, if e'er she love, to you incline.
But you, sweet friend, ah! well might you divine
Where beats the heart more tender than them all:
Forget not former vows, whate'er befall.

*Seguis and Valens were the hero and heroine of a romance of that day.

Much should pure fame, much should desert avail,
My beauty much, but truth and love far more;
Therefore send I this song to bid you hail,
And in your ear my thoughts and hopes to pour.
I fain would know, O friend that I adore!
Why you to me are ever harsh and cold:
Is't pride or hate, or think you me too bold?
All this my message bears, and this beside,
That many suffer from excess of pride.

Blackwood's Magazine, February 1836.

ARNAUT DE MAROILL

(1170–1200)

SOFTLY sighs the April air
With the coming of the May;
Of the tranquil night aware,
Murmur nightingale and jay;
Then, when dewy dawn doth rise,
Every bird, in his own tongue,
Wakes his mate with happy cries,—
All their joy abroad is flung.

Gladness, lo, is everywhere,
When the first leaf sees the day:
And shall I alone despair,
Turning from sweet love away?
Something to my heart replies
Thou too wast for rapture strung:
Wherefore else the dreams that rise
Round thee, when the year is young?

One than Helen yet more fair,
Loveliest blossom of the May,
Rose tints hath and sunny hair,
And a gracious mien and gay;
Heart that scorneth all disguise,
Lips where pearls of truth are hung:
God who gives all sovereignties
Knows her like was never sung.

Though she lead through long despair,
I would never say her nay,

If one kiss—reward how rare!—
Each new trial might repay.
Swift returns I'd then devise,
Many laborers but not long;
Following so fair a prize,
I could never more go wrong.

Translation of H. W. P.

RAIMON DE MIRAVAL

(1190–1200)

FAIR summer-time doth me delight,
And song of birds delights no less;
Meadows delight in their green dress,
Delight the trees in verdure bright;
And far, far more delights thy graciousness,
Lady, and I to do thy will, delight.
Yet be not this delight my final boon,
Or I of my desire shall perish soon!
For that desire most exquisite
Of all desires, I live in stress—
Desire of thy rich comeliness;
Oh, come, and my desire requite!
Though doubling that desire by each caress,
Is my desire not single in thy sight?
Let me not then, desiring sink undone;
To love's high joys, desire be rather prone!
No alien joy will I invite,
But joy in thee, to all excess:
Joy in thy grace, nor e'en confess
Whatso might do my joy despite.
So deep my joy, my lady, no distress
That joy shall master; for thy beauty's light
Such joy hath shed, for each day it hath shone,
Joyless I cannot be while I live on.

Translation of H. W. P.

ALBA—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

(TWELFTH CENTURY)

UNDER the hawthorns of an orchard lawn,
She laid her head her lover's breast upon,
Silent, until the guard should cry the dawn;—
Ah God! ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

I would the night might never have passed by!
So wouldst thou not have left me, at the cry
Of yonder warder to the whitening sky;—
Ah God! ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

One kiss more, sweetheart, ere the melodies
Of early birds from all the fields arise!
One more, without a thought of jealous eyes!—
Ah God! ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

And yet one more, under the garden wall,
For now the birds begin their festival,
And the day wakens at the warder's call;—
Ah God! ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

'Tis o'er! O dearest, noblest, knightliest,
The breeze that greets thy going fans my breast!
I quaff it, as thy breath, and I am blest!—
Ah God! ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

Fair was the lady, and her fame was wide;
And many knights for her dear favor sighed;
But leal the heart out of whose depths she cried,—
Ah God! ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

Translation of H. W. P.

ALBA—GUIRAUT DE BORNEIL

(1175–1230)

ALL-GLORIOUS King! True light of all below!
Thou who canst all! If it may please thee so,
The comrade of my soul from danger screen;
Whom all the darkling hours I have not seen,
And now the dawn is near.

Dear comrade, wakest thou, or sleepest yet?
Oh, sleep no more, but rouse thee, nor forget

The herald signal in the brightening east,
The star of day that I behold increased—
For now the dawn is near.

Dear comrade, hark my summons, I implore!
The little birds are waking,—sleep no more!
Through all the wood they clamor for the day;
Let not yon jealous foe thy steps waylay,
For now the dawn is near.

Dear comrade, rouse thee! Throw thy window wide!
See writ in heaven the harm that may betide:
A trusty guardian in thy comrade own,
Or else, alas, the woe will be thine own;
For now the dawn is near.

Dear comrade, since at nightfall we did part,
Slept have I none, but prayed with fervent heart
The son of holy Mary to restore
My loyal fellow to my side once more:
And now the day is near.

Dear comrade, yonder by the frowning keep,
Didst thou not warn me never once to sleep?
Now have I watched all night. Thou doest me wrong
Thus to disdain the singer and the song;
For now the dawn is near.

. . . . . .

Sweet comrade mine, I am so rich in bliss,
Naught reck I of the morns to follow this!
I clasp the loveliest one of mother born,
And care no longer, in my happy scorn,
If dawn or foe draw near!

Translation of H. W. P.

ALBA—BERTRAND D'AAMANON

(End of Twelfth Century)

A knight was sitting by her side
He loved more than aught else beside;
And as he kissed her, often sighed:—
Ah, dearest, now am I forlorn,
Night is away—alas, 'tis morn!
Ah, woe!

Already has the warder cried,
"Up and begone, 'tis now bright day—
The dawn has passed away."

Ah, dearest love! it were a thing
Sweet beyond all imagining,
If naught could day or dawning bring
There, where, caressing and caressed,
A lover clasps her he loves best.
Ah, woe!
Hark! what must end our communing!
"Up and begone, 'tis now bright day—
The dawn has passed away."

Dearest, whate'er you hear, believe
That nothing on the earth can grieve
Like him who must his true love leave:
This from myself I know aright.
Alas, how swiftly flies the night!
Ah, woe!
The warder's cry gives no reprieve:
"Up and begone, 'tis now bright day—
The dawn has passed away."

I go! Farewell, sweet love, to thee,
Yours I am still, where'er I be.
Oh, I beseech you think on me!
For here will dwell my heart of hearts,
Nor leave you till its life departs.
Ah, woe!
The warder cries impatiently,
"Up and begone! 'tis now bright day—
The dawn has passed away."

Unless I soon to you can fly,
Dearest, I'll lay me down and die;
So soon will love my heart's springs dry.
Ah! soon will I return again—
Life without you is only pain.
Ah, woe!
Hark to the warder's louder cry!
"Up and begone! 'tis now bright day—
The dawn is passed away."

Blackwood's Magazine, February 1896.

LUIGI PULCI

(1431–1486)

LITTLE creative work was done in Italian literature in the fifteenth century. Students loved rather to revive the ancient classics; and the Italian language came to be regarded as a tongue too plebeian for the expression of lofty conceptions. Luigi Pulci is one of the few poets of that century who held in honor the Tuscan dialect.

Pulci was born in 1431, and died (according to most authorities) in 1486. His life seems to have had no importance in the political history of his times; but in literature he prepared the way for Berni and for Ariosto, and established for himself a firm position as the author of 'Il Morgante Maggiore' (Morgante the Giant), a burlesque epic in twenty-eight cantos. He was a warm friend of Lorenzo de' Medici, the Magnificent,— whose mother, Lucrezia Tornabuoni, he says, urged and inspired him in the composition of this work. The romances of Carlovingian chivalry had acquired at the time wonderful popularity in Italy; by which popularity Pulci was half maddened, half amused. With infinite delight he gave his mocking imagination free play; and in 'Il Morgante Maggiore' he turns into good-natured ridicule the combats and exploits which form the scheme of the mediæval epic.

The poem has three heroes,— Roland, Rinaldo, and Charlemagne; and a *dramatis personæ* of such proportions that adventures become as numerous as are the sands of the sea. Time and space are here more successfully annihilated than in these days of steam and of electricity. The journey to France from Persia or Babylon is accomplished with a speed which staggers the modern world.

'Il Morgante Maggiore' treats of the time when Roland, enraged by the relations which have sprung up between Charlemagne and Gano di Maganza, leaves the court of the Emperor, to which he is bound as a paladin, and journeys in foreign lands. At the outset of his trip he comes to a monastery assaulted by three giants of fabulous proportions: Roland confronts two of these and kills them; the third, Morgante, he converts to Christianity, and carries with him as a companion. Though not its principal personage, this giant, Morgante, gives his name to the epic. He and Roland proceed together;

but in Persia, Roland is taken prisoner. On his liberation he becomes Sultan of Babylon, which empire he after a short time relinquishes, mastered by his old hatred of Gano, to fight whom he returns to France. Charlemagne, as soon as he learned of the flight of his dear Roland, sends in quest of him Rinaldo, Ulivieri, and Dodoni, each of whom has marvelous experiences. Ulivieri converts to Christianity a Saracen princess, Meridiana, who falls in love with him; Rinaldo wrests the throne from Charlemagne, and in deference to his advanced years, returns it to him,—forgiving, on the ground of senility, his faith in Gano. Morgante too has now set out in search of his lost Roland, taking with him a giant called Margutte. Their congenial companionship, however, is terminated by an unusual catastrophe. Margutte, after a lavish feast, falls into a heavy sleep. Morgante, for the sake of having a little sport when his companion wakes, takes off Margutte's boots and hides them; but they are found by a monkey, who, enchanted by this new toy, amuses herself by putting them on and drawing them off. She continues this amusement so long that Margutte wakes and sees her; at which he is attacked by such violent laughter that his body bursts open. Morgante dies a less hilarious death, occasioned by the bite of a crawfish on his heel. This poem, with the disconnected paths of its heroes and its isolated events, can scarcely claim any unity of conception. The moving power of the story is, however, the malignity of Gano di Maganza; and this holds together with a slender thread the arbitrary incidents of the story, weaving them into a fascinatingly bizarre pattern. The climax of the poem is the death of Roland in the narrow valley of Roncesvalles, and the death by torture of Gano, whose infidelity Charlemagne can no longer doubt.

In the midst of extravagant buffooneries, Pulci often pauses, and by a line of finest pathos reveals himself a true poet. While ridiculing the troubadours with grotesque humor, he suddenly brightens his descriptions by a gleam of human philosophy. He is the author of a series of sonnets, of a parody on a pastoral poem written by Lorenzo de' Medici, and also of a novel called 'A Confession to the Holy Virgin.' His reputation, however, lives entirely through his 'Morgante Maggiore'; which is interesting as being the first romantic poem which Italy produced, as well as through the variety of its incident and the fascination of its style.

THE CONVERSION OF THE GIANT MORGANTE

From the 'Morgante Maggiore'

BUT watchful Fortune, lurking, takes good heed
Ever some bar 'gainst our intents to bring.
While Charles reposed him thus, in word and deed
Orlando ruled court, Charles, and everything;
Curst Gan, with envy bursting, had such need
To vent his spite, that thus with Charles the King
One day he openly began to say,—
"Orlando must we always then obey?

"A thousand times I've been about to say,
Orlando too presumptuously goes on.
Here are we, counts, kings, dukes, to own thy sway;
Hamo and Otho, Ogier, Solomon,
Each have to honor thee and to obey:
But he has too much credit near the throne;
Which we won't suffer, but are quite decided
By such a boy to be no longer guided.

"And even at Aspramont thou didst begin
To let him know he was a gallant knight,
And by the fount did much the day to win;
But I know *who* that day had won the fight
If it had not for good Gherardo been:
The victory was Almonte's else; his sight
He kept upon the standard, and the laurels
In fact and fairness are his earning, Charles.

"If thou rememberest being in Gascony,
When there advanced the nations out of Spain,
The Christian cause had suffered shamefully,
Had not his valor driven them back again.
Best speak the truth when there's a reason why:
Know then, O Emperor! that all complain;
As for myself, I shall repass the mounts
O'er which I crossed with two-and-sixty counts.

"'Tis fit my grandeur should dispense relief,
So that each here may have his proper part,
For the whole court is more or less in grief:
Perhaps thou deem'st this lad a Mars in heart?"

Orlando one day heard this speech in brief,
As by himself it chanced he sat apart:
Displeased he was with Gan because he said it,
But much more still that Charles should give him credit.

And with the sword he would have murdered Gan,
But Oliver thrust in between the pair,
And from his hand extracted Durlindan,
And thus at length they separated were.
Orlando, angry too with Carloman,
Wanted but little to have slain him there;
Then forth alone from Paris went the chief,
And burst and maddened with disdain and grief. . . .

Then full of wrath departed from the place,
And far as pagan countries roamed astray,
And while he rode, yet still at every pace
The traitor Gan remembered by the way;
And wandering on in error a long space,
An abbey which in a lone desert lay,
'Midst glens obscure and distant lands, he found,
Which formed the Christian's and the pagan's bound.

The abbot was called Clermont, and by blood
Descended from Angrante; under cover
Of a great mountain's brow the abbey stood,
But certain savage giants looked him over:
One Passamont was foremost of the brood,
And Alabaster and Morgante hover
Second and third, with certain slings, and throw
In daily jeopardy the place below.

The monks could pass the convent gate no more,
Nor leave their cells for water or for wood.
Orlando knocked, but none would ope, before
Unto the prior it at length seemed good;
Entered, he said that he was taught to adore
Him who was born of Mary's holiest blood,
And was baptized a Christian; and then showed
How to the abbey he had found his road.

Said the abbot, "You are welcome; what is mine
We give you freely, since that you believe
With us in Mary Mother's son divine;
And that you may not, cavalier, conceive

The cause of our delay to let you in
To be rusticity, you shall receive
The reason why our gate was barred to you;—
Thus those who in suspicion live must do.

«When hither to inhabit first we came
These mountains, albeit that they are obscure,
As you perceive, yet without fear or blame
They seemed to promise an asylum sure;
From savage brutes alone, too fierce to tame,
'Twas fit our quiet dwelling to secure;
But now, if here we'd stay, we needs must guard
Against domestic beasts with watch and ward.

«These make us stand, in fact, upon the watch;
For late there have appeared three giants rough;
What nation or what kingdom bore the batch
I know not; but they are all of savage stuff.
When force and malice with some genius match,
You know they can do all—*we* are not enough;
And these so much our orisons derange,
I know not what to do till matters change.

«Our ancient fathers living the desert in,
For just and holy works were duly fed;
Think not they lived on locusts sole,—'tis certain
That manna was rained down from heaven instead:
But here tis fit we keep on the alert in [bread,
Our bounds, or taste the stones showered down for
From oft yon mountain daily raining faster,
And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.

«The third, Morgante, 's savagest by far: he
Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar-trees, and oaks,
And flings them, our community to bury;
And all that I can do but more provokes.»
While thus they parley in the cemetery,
A stone from one of their gigantic strokes,
Which nearly crushed Rondell, came tumbling over,
So that he took a long leap under cover.

«For God's sake, cavalier, come in with speed!
The manna's falling now,» the abbot cried.
«This fellow does not wish my horse should feed,
Dear abbot,» Roland unto him replied:

«Of restiveness he'd cure him had he need;
That stone seems with good will and aim applied.»
The holy father said, «I don't deceive:
They'll one day fling the mountain, I believe.»

Orlando bade them take care of Rondello,
And also made a breakfast of his own.
«Abbot,» he said, «I want to find that fellow
Who flung at my good horse yon corner-stone.»
Said the abbot, «Let not my advice seem shallow,—
As to a brother dear I speak alone:
I would dissuade you, baron, from this strife,
As knowing sure that you will lose your life.

«That Passamont has in his hand three darts,—
Such slings, clubs, ballast-stones, that yield you must;
You know that giants have much stouter hearts
Than we, with reason, in proportion just:
If go you will, guard well against their arts,
For these are very barbarous and robust.»
Orlando answered, «This I'll see, be sure,
And walk the wild on foot to be secure.»

The abbot signed the great cross on his front:
«Then go you with God's benison and mine!»
Orlando, after he had scaled the mount,
As the abbot had directed, kept the line
Right to the usual haunt of Passamont;
Who, seeing him alone in this design,
Surveyed him fore and aft with eyes observant,
Then asked him «if he wished to stay as servant?»

And promised him an office of great ease.
But said Orlando, «Saracen insane!
I come to kill you, if it shall so please
God, not to serve as footboy in your train:
You with his monks so oft have broke the peace—
Vile dog! 'tis past his patience to sustain.»
The giant ran to fetch his arms, quite furious,
When he received an answer so injurious:

And being returned to where Orlando stood,
Who had not moved him from the spot, and swinging
The cord, he hurled a stone with strength so rude
As showed a sample of his skill in slinging;

It rolled on Count Orlando's helmet good
And head, and set both head and helmet ringing,
So that he swooned with pain as if he died,
But more than dead, he seemed so stupefied.

Then Passamont, who thought him slain outright,
Said, "I will go; and while he lies along,
Disarm me: why such craven did I fight?"
But Christ his servants ne'er abandons long,
Especially Orlando, such a knight
As to desert would almost be a wrong.
While the giant goes to put off his defenses,
Orlando has recalled his force and senses.

And loud he shouted, "Giant, where dost go?
Thou thought'st me doubtless for the bier outlaid:
To the right about!—without wings thou'rt too slow
To fly my vengeance, currish renegade!
'Twas but by treachery thou laid'st me low."
The giant his astonishment betrayed,
And turned about, and stopped his journey on,
And then he stooped to pick up a great stone.

Orlando had Cortana bare in hand;
To split the head in twain was what he schemed.
Cortana clave the skull like a true brand,
And pagan Passamont died unredeemed;
Yet harsh and haughty, as he lay he banned,
And most devoutly Macon still blasphemed:
But while his crude, rude blasphemies he heard,
Orlando thanked the Father and the Word,—

Saying, "What grace to me thou'st given!
And I to thee, O Lord, am ever bound.
I know my life was saved by thee from heaven,
Since by the giant I was fairly downed.
All things by thee are measured just and even;
Our power without thine aid would naught be found.
I pray thee take heed of me, till I can
At least return once more to Carloman."

And having said thus much, he went his way;
And Alabaster he found out below,
Doing the very best that in him lay
To root from out a bank a rock or two.

Orlando, when he reached him, loud 'gan say,
"How think'st thou, glutton, such a stone to throw?"
When Alabaster heard his deep voice ring,
He suddenly betook him to his sling,

And hurled a fragment of a size so large,
That if it had in fact fulfilled its mission,
And Roland not availed him of his targe,
There would have been no need of a physician.
Orlando set himself in turn to charge,
And in his bulky bosom made incision
With all his sword. The lout fell; but, o'erthrown, he
However by no means forgot Macone.

Morgante had a palace in his mode,
Composed of branches, logs of wood, and earth;
And stretched himself at ease in this abode,
And shut himself at night within his berth.
Orlando knocked, and knocked again, to goad
The giant from his sleep; and he came forth,
The door to open, like a crazy thing,
For a rough dream had shook him slumbering.

He thought that a fierce serpent had attacked him,
And Mahomet he called; but Mahomet
Is nothing worth, and not an instant backed him;
But praying blessed Jesu, he was set
At liberty from all the fears which racked him.
And to the gate he came with great regret:
"Who knocks here?" grumbling all the while, said he.
"That," said Orlando, "you will quickly see.

"I come to preach to you, as to your brothers,
Sent by the miserable monks—repentance;
For Providence divine, in you and others,
Condemns the evil done by new acquaintance.
'Tis writ on high, your wrong must pay another's;
From heaven itself is issued out this sentence:
Know, then, that colder now than a pilaster
I left your Passamont and Alabaster."

Morgante said, "O gentle cavalier!
Now by thy God say me no villainy;
The favor of your name I fain would hear,
And if a Christian, speak for courtesy."

Replied Orlando, «So much to your ear
I by my faith disclose contentedly,
Christ I adore, who is the genuine Lord,
And if you please, by you may be adored.»

The Saracen rejoined in humble tone:—
«I have had an extraordinary vision;
A savage serpent fell on me alone,
And Macon would not pity my condition:
Hence to thy God, who for ye did atone
Upon the cross, preferred I my petition;
His timely succor set me safe and free,
And I a Christian am disposed to be.»

Orlando answered, «Baron just and pious,
If this good wish your heart can really move
To the true God, who will not then deny us
Eternal honor, you will go above.
And if you please, as friends we will ally us,
And I will love you with a perfect love.
Your idols are vain liars full of fraud;
The only true God is the Christian's God.

«The Lord descended to the virgin breast
Of Mary Mother, sinless and divine;
If you acknowledge the Redeemer, blest,
Without whom neither sun nor star can shine,
Abjure bad Macon's false and felon test,
Your renegado God, and worship mine,—
Baptize yourself with zeal, since you repent.»
To which Morgante answered, «I'm content.»

And then Orlando to embrace him flew,
And made much of his convert, as he cried,
«To the abbey I will gladly marshal you.»
To whom Morgante «Let us go» replied:
«I to the friars have for peace to sue.»
Which thing Orlando heard with inward pride,
Saying, «My brother, so devout and good,
Ask the abbot pardon, as I wish you would;

«Since God has granted your illumination,
Accepting you in mercy for his own,
Humility should be your first oblation.»
Morgante said, «For goodness's sake make known—

Since that your God is to be mine — your station,
And let your name in verity be shown;
Then will I everything at your command do.»
On which the other said, he was Orlando.

«Then,» quoth the giant, «blessed be Jesu,
A thousand times with gratitude and praise!
Oft, perfect baron! have I heard of you
Through all the different periods of my days;
And as I said, to be your vassal too
I wish, for your great gallantry always.»
Thus reasoning, they continued much to say,
And onwards to the abbey went their way. . . .

Then to the abbey they went on together,
Where waited them the abbot in great doubt.
The monks, who knew not yet the fact, ran thither
To their superior, all in breathless rout,
Saying, with tremor, «Please to tell us whether
You wish to have this person in or out?»
The abbot, looking through upon the giant,
Too greatly feared, at first, to be compliant.

Orlando, seeing him thus agitated,
Said quickly, «Abbot, be thou of good cheer:
He Christ believes, as Christian must be rated,
And hath renounced his Macon false;» which here
Morgante with the hands corroborated,—
A proof of both the giants' fate quite clear:
Thence, with due thanks, the abbot God adored,
Saying, «Thou hast contented me, O Lord!»

He gazed; Morgante's height he calculated,
And more than once contemplated his size:
And then he said, «O giant celebrated,
Know that no more my wonder will arise,
How you could tear and fling the trees you late did,
When I behold your form with my own eyes.» . . .

And thus great honor to Morgante paid
The abbot: many days they did repose.
One day, as with Orlando they both strayed,
And sauntered here and there where'er they chose,
The abbot showed a chamber where arrayed
Much armor was, and hung up certain bows;

And one of these Morgante for a whim
Girt on, though useless, he believed, to him.

There being a want of water in the place,
Orlando, like a worthy brother, said,
"Morgante, I could wish you in this case
To go for water." "You shall be obeyed
In all commands," was the reply, "straightway."
Upon his shoulder a great tub he laid,
And went out on his way unto a fountain,
Where he was wont to drink below the mountain.

Arrived there, a prodigious noise he hears,
Which suddenly along the forest spread;
Whereat from out his quiver he prepares
An arrow for his bow, and lifts his head:
And lo! a monstrous herd of swine appears,
And onward rushes with tempestuous tread,
And to the fountain's brink precisely pours,
So that the giant's joined by all the boars.

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,
Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,
And passed unto the other side quite through,
So that the boar, defunct, lay tripped up near.
Another, to revenge his fellow farrow,
Against the giant rushed in fierce career,
And reached the passage with so swift a foot,
Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

Perceiving that the pig was on him close,
He gave him such a punch upon the head
As floored him so that he no more arose,
Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead
Next to the other. Having seen such blows,
The other pigs along the valley fled;
Morgante on his neck the bucket took,
Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor shook.

The tun was on one shoulder and there were
The hogs on t'other, and he brushed apace
On to the abbey, though by no means near,
Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.
Orlando, seeing him so soon appear
With the dead boars, and with that brimful vase,

Marveled to see his strength so very great;
So did the abbot, and set wide the gate.

The monks, who saw the water fresh and good,
Rejoiced, but much more to perceive the pork.
All animals are glad at sight of food.
They lay their breviaries to sleep, and work
With greedy pleasure, and in such a mood
That the flesh needs no salt beneath their fork;
Of rankness and of rot there is no fear,
For all the fasts are now left in arrear.

As though they wished to burst at once, they ate;
And gorged so that, as if the bones had been
In water, sorely grieved the dog and cat,
Perceiving that they all were picked too clean.
The abbot, who to all did honor great,
A few days after this convivial scene
Gave to Morgante a fine horse well trained,
Which he long time had for himself maintained.

The horse Morgante to a meadow led,
To gallop, and to put him to the proof,
Thinking that he a back of iron had,
Or to skim eggs unbroke was light enough;
But the horse, sinking with the pain, fell dead,
And burst, while cold on earth lay head and hoof.
Morgante said, "Get up, thou sulky cur!"
And still continued pricking with the spur.

But finally he thought fit to dismount,
And said, "I am as light as any feather,
And he has burst: to this what say you, count?"
Orlando answered, "Like a ship's mast rather
You seem to me, and with the truck for front:
Let him go; fortune wills that we together
Should march, but you on foot, Morgante, still."
To which the giant answered, "So I will.

"When there shall be occasion, you shall see
How I approve my courage in the fight."
Orlando said, "I really think you'll be,
If it should prove God's will, a goodly knight;
Nor will you napping there discover me.
But never mind your horse, though out of sight

'Twere best to carry him into some wood,
If but the means or way I understood."

The giant said, "Then carry him I will,
Since that to carry me he was so slack,—
To render, as the gods do, good for ill;
But lend a hand to place him on my back."
Orlando answered, "If my counsel still
May weigh, Morgante, do not undertake
To lift or carry this dead courser, who
As you have done to him will do to you.

"Take care he don't revenge himself, though dead,
As Nessus did of old beyond all cure;
I don't know if the fact you've heard or read,
But he will make you burst, you may be sure."
"But help him on my back," Morgante said,
"And you shall see what weight I can endure.
In place, my gentle Roland, of this palfrey,
With all the bells, I'd carry yonder belfry."

The abbot said, "The steeple may do well,
But for the bells, you've broken them, I wot."
Morgante answered, "Let them pay in hell
The penalty, who lie dead in yon grot."
And hoisting up the horse from where he fell,
He said, "Now look if I the gout have got,
Orlando, in the legs—or if I have force;"—
And then he made two gambols with the horse.

Morgante was like any mountain framed;
So if he did this, 'tis no prodigy:
But secretly himself Orlando blamed,
Because he was one of his family;
And fearing that he might be hurt or maimed,
Once more he bade him lay his burthen by:
"Put down, nor bear him further the desert in."
Morgante said, "I'll carry him for certain."

He did; and stowed him in some nook away,
And to the abbey then returned with speed.
Orlando said, "Why longer do we stay,
Morgante? here is naught to do indeed."

Translation of Lord Byron.

ALEXANDER SERGYÉEVITCH PUSHKIN

(1799–1837)

BY ISABEL F. HAPGOOD

FOREIGNERS who begin their acquaintance with the modern Russian novelists, the generation of the «sixties,» and with no preliminary knowledge of Russian literature in the last century, will find it difficult to appreciate in due measure the services which Pushkin rendered to both language and literature. Pushkin may be said to have completed the task begun by Lomonosoff: of molding into an exquisite instrument, fitted for every service of poetry and prose, the hitherto unwieldy, uncouth forms of the language. That glory in a measure, therefore, he shares with Lomonosoff. In the realm for which Russian modern literature holds the palm,—simplicity, realism, absolute fidelity to life,—Pushkin was the forerunner of the great men whose names are synonyms for those qualities. In this domain he should share the fame of the acknowledged father of the school, Gogol. He was the first Russian writer to wage battle against the mock classicism of France which then ruled Europe, and against the translations and servile copies of foreign literature to which almost every writer who preceded him had been wholly devoted. He placed Russian literature firmly on Russian soil; utilizing her rich national traditions, sentiments, and life, in a manner which is as full of life and truth as it is of the highest art.

His powers were due possibly to the mixture of blood, added to a richly endowed nature. His early education most assuredly was not adapted to produce anything new, national, or profound. His father was the scion of a noble family, whose ancestors had occupied positions of importance under the father of Peter the Great, in the seventeenth century. His mother was the granddaughter of Abram Hannibal, the famous godchild and favorite of Peter the Great, of whom Pushkin wrote in 'Peter the Great's Arab.' Hannibal was in reality a negro. He was captured on the shores of Africa, and sent to Constantinople as a slave. The Russian Ambassador bought him and sent him to Peter the Great, who had him baptized. Later on, when Hannibal's brother came to St. Petersburg to ransom him, Peter refused to part with his friend. Peter sent him, at the age of eighteen, to France for his education; and on his return to Russia,

kept him constantly beside him. During the reign of the Empress Anna, Hannibal, as the personal enemy of Biron, was banished to Siberia; but he soon returned in secret, and hid himself on his estate until the accession to the throne of the Empress Elizabeth, who loaded him with favors. His son, Pushkin's grandfather, was a distinguished general of Katherine II.'s time, and died shortly after the poet's birth, which occurred on June 7th, 1799. Though Pushkin had blue eyes, a very fair skin, and in youth very light hair, his lips and the whole cast of his countenance betrayed the negro blood. His father, on retiring from the military service, settled in Moscow, and became a thorough exemplar of the gallicized Russian,—pleasure-loving, wholly devoted to society and amusement,—of which there were but too many instances in the Russia of that epoch. French was the language of the family, and of Alexander Sergyéevitch's education. His mother, who aimed at making of him a brilliant society man, on the pattern of his father, took him as a little boy everywhere with her in society, and he was well acquainted with the literary men of the time; Moscow being as yet the centre of that life. As a child he was neither clever nor studious, but he was an omnivorous reader. Had he been receptive, his French tutors would undoubtedly have deprived Russia of incalculable treasures.

At the age of ten he began to write amateur plays and imitations of French verse, all in French. At the age of twelve he was placed in the famous Lyceum of Tzarskoe Selo, then just opened; and it was the wise rule of that institution which saved him for his country. The aim of this Lyceum, which succeeded in turning out many distinguished men for its country's service, was to develop the individual powers of the pupil—especially in the line of independence and morals—to the highest degree. A great deal of liberty was allowed the boys out of school, and they used it for literary purposes; publishing several manuscript journals, and devoting their evenings to the intellectual amusement of story-telling. Under these auspices, Pushkin began to write in Russian, beginning with biting epigrams. At the public examination in 1815, he aroused the enthusiastic admiration of the aged poet Derzhavin by his wonderful facility and mastery of poetic forms, though there was very little originality of thought in his poem. Karamzin the historian, and Zhukovsky the poet, also divined the lad's wonderful gifts; and the latter soon began to submit his poems to Pushkin for the judgment of the boy's wonderfully developed taste. The admiration of the great literary lights at last convinced his parents that dissatisfaction with his school reports as to diligence and the acquisition of general knowledge must be set aside for pride in his future greatness. The important points about his poetry at this epoch were the marvelous

variety of subject and the astonishing delicacy with which he imitated various poetical forms and yielded to varying poetical moods. But at this very time, before he left the Lyceum, he had entered on the new path: he had begun to write his romantic-fantastic poem, 'Ruslan and Liudmila,' in which, for the first time in history, Russian poetry dealt with strictly national themes, on native soil, expressed in a free, natural, narrative style, which was utterly opposed to the prevailing rhetorical school, both in irregularity of movement and diversions from the theme. This no doubt was the fruit of his child's-fondness for popular tales, which his maternal grandmother had told him; and the startled critics were at a loss what to say when it was published later on in 1820.

Pushkin's talent, added to his birth and family connections, gave him immediate access to the gayest society of St. Petersburg, when he left the Lyceum; and he plunged so wildly into dissipation that many were seriously alarmed as to the possible effect on his literary future. Intoxicated by his gifts and admiration, he openly and sharply attacked, in clever epigrams, everybody and everything which did not please him. At last he was called to account by the governor of the city, and frankly furnished copies, from memory, of all the offensive couplets. Touched by this, the governor confined his punishment to measures which proved the salvation of the poet, in a literary sense. He was transferred from the ministry of Foreign Affairs (into which the students of the Lyceum all graduated) and sent to southern Russia, provided with traveling expenses, and given a suitable rank in another department of the service; and all possible precautions were taken to administer the lesson without injuring his feelings or dignity. During this period, between 1820 and 1824, he lived chiefly in the south,—first in Kishineff, then in Odessa; made a trip to the Caucasus, whose impressions are recorded in his 'Prisoner of the Caucasus'; visited the Crimea, which resulted in the rendition of the Tatar idyl in 'The Fountain of Baktchisarai'; and strolled for a time with the gypsies, imbibing ideas which he put into 'The Gypsies.' During this period he fell greatly under the influence of Byron, as the portions of 'Evgenie Onyegin' written in Odessa, as well as the poems just mentioned, and short lyric pieces like 'The Nereid,' plainly show. This influence ceased, however, in 1824, after which there is hardly a trace of it; the poet's return to the north being coincident with his return to his true national subjects and style, which he developed with increased power, and never again abandoned. The manner in which he was returned to the place and material which suited his talent is as amusing as it is instructive. He did not get on well with his chief in Odessa, Count M. S. Vorontzoff, whom he displeased by his mode of life, his sharp

utterances, and his heedlessness of public opinion. The end came when Pushkin launched his epigram on Vorontzoff: «Half my-lord, half trader, half wise man and half dunce; half rascal — but there are hopes of his becoming a whole one yet.» Count Vorontzoff dealt as gently as possible with his intractable subordinate, and made a curious report to the government, with the object of not prejudicing the authorities against him. «There are many people here,» ran the official document, — «and at the bathing season their number is greatly augmented, — who, being enthusiastic admirers of Pushkin's poetry, display their sympathy by exaggerated laudations, and thereby render him an inimical service; since they contribute to obscure his mind, and enhance his opinion of himself as a great author, while in reality he is only a weak imitator of a not very respectable model — Lord Byron.» The Count wound up by suggesting that only in some other government could less dangerous society, and the leisure for perfecting his rising talent, be assured to the young poet. As he had been guilty of another indiscretion at this precise moment, he was retired from the service, and ordered to live on the estate of Mikhailovskoe, Pskoff government, which belonged to his parents. His father was invited by the local authorities to undertake his surveillance, in order to obviate the appointment of any other superintendent; but he exercised his office in such an intolerably oppressive manner — as though his son were a criminal of the deepest dye — that Pushkin appealed to the poet Zhukovsky, who was powerful at court, to free him from this persecution. Thanks to Zhukovsky's intervention, matters were improved; the elder Pushkin withdrew in disgust from the estate, leaving his son to the care of the Marshal of Nobility, and to the peace of mind which he required for his work. His solitude was fruitful. Through the influence and folk-tales of his famous old nurse, Arina Rodionovna, he became more and more imbued with the spirit of his native land, more zealous in his studies of it, more enthusiastic in the artistic prosecution of his true vocation. He called listening to his nurse «making up for the defects in his accursed education,» — meaning thereby the French influence. All the folk-tales which he published were derived from Arina Rodionovna, and his study of Shakespeare, undertaken at this time, finally freed him from the influence of Byron.

He lived at Mikhailovskoe until the autumn of 1826, writing with fully matured talents, in the style which constitutes his chief merit. Harmony of versification which has never since been approached, except in a measure by Lermontoff; vivid delineation of character; simple but wonderfully truthful description of every-day life, which all Russian writers had scorned down to that time, — such

are Pushkin's indestructible claims to immortality. In the autumn of 1826 he was summoned to Moscow, to an interview with the Emperor Nikolas I., who thereafter undertook to be the censor of the poet's writings. This return to the society and dissipations of the capitals, in which the greater part of his remaining life was spent, acted as a whole unfavorably on his talent. Nevertheless, he wrote many fine things during his occasional retreats to the country, including 'Boris Godunóff,' which marked an epoch in Russian dramatic literature and historical treatment; 'Poltava'; and a mass of shorter pieces.

Early in 1831 he married Natalya Nikolaevna Gontcharoff, and what we may designate as his prose period began. He and his family were loaded with Imperial favors, pensions, and honors. But his own taste for aristocratic society, and lavish expenditure, coincided but too well with the thoughtless demands of his young and beautiful wife, who was a reigning belle. Anxiety about money haunted the poet during the brief remainder of his life; his father, whom he generously tried to aid, ungratefully accused him of dishonesty; debts accumulated; all inclination to write poetry fled before these disheartening facts, and he plunged into the study of historical documents in the State Archives, to which he was allowed access. This study resulted in 'The History of Pugatcheff's Rebellion'; and in his celebrated story from the same period (Katherine II.), 'The Captain's Daughter,' in which he, almost simultaneously with Gogol, laid the firm foundations of the modern, the true Russian school. In 1836 Petersburg society began to gossip about the lovely Madame Pushkin; and Baron George Hekkeren-Dantes, natural son of the minister from Holland to the Russian court, and a boastful officer in the Chevalier Guards, began to persecute her with his attentions. Pushkin, though he entirely absolved his wife from blame in the matter, felt compelled to challenge Dantes to a duel, because of the anonymous letters sent to him and his relatives. Dantes averted the duel by marrying Pushkin's sister, which offered an apparent excuse for his previous attentions. Nevertheless the gossip continued; Pushkin refused to receive his brother-in-law, and the latter, abetted by his father, persisted in their persecution of Madame Pushkin. At last Pushkin challenged the elder Hekkeren to a duel; the younger Hekkeren (Dantes) adopted the quarrel, and the duel resulted in the death of Pushkin (at St. Petersburg, January 29th, 1837). So great was public indignation against Dantes, that the authorities feared a riot at the poet's funeral, and a catastrophe to the Hekkerens. Accordingly the funeral was appointed to take place in secret, by night, and guards were stationed to insure safety. The Emperor assigned 150,000 rubles for the payment of the poet's debts and the publication of his works, and bestowed a generous pension on his family.

Pushkin cannot be regarded as having derived from abroad his inspiration to turn Russian literature into a new path, in spite of the admitted influence of Lord Byron and his later assiduous study of foreign writers. All the Continental literatures were striving to free themselves from the bonds of servitude to French pseudo-classicism by working out their several national themes; and that was the course which Pushkin instinctively adopted while still a schoolboy, in 'Ruslan and Liudmila.' Moreover, he was the first man who fully realized for Russians the poetic ideal, in his absolute freedom of relations to society and his own work, and in his character and temperament. For all these things, and for his appeal to their national sentiments, his fellow-countrymen adored him. The element of romanticism which complicated his realism in no wise hindered, but rather increased the adoration; though there came a time when it was considered rather blameworthy to read his poetry. But his incomparable union of inward force with beauty and elegance of outward expression was universally recognized by the name of "the Pushkin style of poetry." The special direction in which Pushkin surpasses all other Russian poets is in his marvelously harmonious blending of truth, beauty, delicate appreciation of the fundamental characteristics of the national life, unsurpassed clearness in setting them forth, with a simplicity which enhances but does not exclude the most satisfying completeness. Unfortunately for foreigners, it is impossible to reproduce the melody of his versification; and he suffers accordingly, as all poets must suffer, in any attempt to render his work into another language. It is unlikely that his work as a whole will ever be accessible to foreigners; though in all directions — lyrical pieces, historical and dramatic fragments, prose tales, and correspondence — it is invaluable to the student of the Russian literary movement in this century. 'Ruslan and Liudmila' was used as the libretto for an opera by Glinka, and Dargomishsky made a similar use of the dramatic fragment 'The Water Nymph' ('Rusalka'). Both operas are still included in the repertory of the Imperial Russian Theatre.

'Evgenie Onyegin' is rightly regarded as Pushkin's greatest work. The fact that it was written at intervals, during the period from 1822 to 1829, affords us an opportunity to watch the poet's growth from the days when he was willing to pose, in literature and life, as "the Russian Byron," to the epoch, which he herein inaugurated, of vigorous nationality in thought and expression. Evgenie begins as the Byronic young society man, recalled from his city dissipations and pleasures to the country by his father's death. Here he lives, for a long time avoiding all contact with his neighbors, whose social experiences and culture are not on the level of his sympathies.

Vladimir Lensky, a young poet, the son of one of these landed gentry families, returns from abroad, and a friendship of congenial minds and tastes springs up between him and Onyegin. Lensky has long been betrothed to Olga Larin, and induces Onyegin to call upon her family with him. Olga's elder sister, Tatyana, immediately falls in love with Onyegin, and writes him a letter which is a famous literary piece. Onyegin preaches her a fatherly sermon, and the incident remains unknown to every one except themselves and Tatyana's rather dull old nurse. Shortly afterwards, Lensky persuades Onyegin to go to the Larins on the occasion of Tatyana's Name-day festival. Onyegin, for the sake of keeping up appearances in that gossipy country district, yields and goes. He is placed, at dinner, directly opposite to Tatyana, by the innocent machinations of her family: and finds the situation so embarrassing that he determines, in full wrath, to revenge himself on the perfectly innocent Lensky by flirting with Olga, who is to become Lensky's wife within a fortnight. Olga, a pretty but weak-natured girl, accepts his attentions at dinner and the dance which follows, with such interest that Lensky sends Onyegin a challenge to fight a duel. Onyegin, appalled at the results of his momentary unjust anger, would gladly withdraw and apologize, were it not that Lensky has chosen as the bearer of his challenge a local fire-eater and tattler who would misrepresent his motives. Accordingly he accepts—and Lensky falls under his bullet. He then goes off on his travels; Olga soon consoles herself with a handsome officer, and goes with him to his regiment shortly after their marriage. Tatyana, who is of a reserved, intense character, pines under these conditions, refuses all offers of marriage, and is at last, by the advice of friends, taken to Moscow for the winter. There, as a wall-flower at her first ball, she captivates a prince from St. Petersburg, who is also a general, and of high social importance. She obeys the desire of her parents, and marries him. When Onyegin returns to the capital a couple of years later, he finds, to his intense astonishment, that the little country girl whom he has patronized, rejected, almost scorned, is one of the great ladies of the court and society. He falls madly in love with her, in his turn, but receives not the slightest sign of friendship from her. Driven to despair by her cold indifference, he writes her three letters, to which she does not reply; and then, entering her boudoir unexpectedly through the carelessness of her servants, he finds her reading his letter, in tears. To his confession of love, she replies that she loves him still, but will be true to her kind and noble husband. Tatyana, with her reserved power, her frank, deep expression of her passion, her fidelity in love and duty, is regarded as one of the noblest and most profoundly faithful pictures of the genuine Russian woman to be found in Russian

literature, as Onyegin, Lensky, and Olga are also considered typical in their several ways,—Onyegin ranking almost on a level with Tatyana in sympathy, quite on a level as a type. Tschaikovsky has used 'Evgenie Onyegin' for an opera, which is a favorite in Russia.

Pushkin's other epoch-making work, 'Boris Godunoff,' is a drama of the period which immediately followed the death of Ivan the Terrible's son, Feodor, and the ensuing troublous time. Boris Godunoff, brother to Tzar Feodor's wife, and favorite of the late Ivan the Terrible, has had the latter's youngest son, Dmitry, murdered, and is bent on seizing the throne. He forces the nobles, ecclesiastics, and populace of Moscow to entreat his acceptance of that coveted throne with tears. He reigns. In the Tchudoff (Miracles) Monastery, which stands near the Tzar's palace in the Kremlin, a young monk conceives the project of representing himself as the dead Tzarevitch Dmitry, escaped from his murderers, and of wresting the throne from the «usurper.» The idea is suggested to him by his conversation with an aged monk (who has written the Chronicles and seen the murdered Dmitry), wherein he learns that his age corresponds to that which Dmitry would have attained, and deplores his own lack of stirring adventure before he immured himself in the monastery. This Grigory Otrepieff, the first of the many Pretenders who racked Russia with suffering in their claims to be the dead Tzarevitch, makes good his escape to Poland; wins the support of the King and nobles, who do not believe in him, but grasp eagerly at the pretext to harass their ancient enemy; and eventually reigns for a short time in Moscow. To his betrothed, Marina Mnishek, the ambitious daughter of one of his noble Polish supporters, he confesses the falsity of his claims. Godunoff and his children naturally suffer at the hands of the fickle multitude which had besought him to rule over them; but this is hinted at, not shown, in the piece. This drama is not only of the greatest interest in itself, and as an absolute novelty,—the foundation of a style in Russian dramatic writing,—but also as showing the genesis of Count Alexei K. Tolstoy's famous 'Dramatic Trilogy' from the same historical epoch written forty years later.

Isabel F. Hapgood

FROM 'BORIS GODUNOFF'

Time, 1603. *Night. Scene: A cell in the Tchudoff* (*Miracles*) *Monastery.* Father Pimen, *and* Grigory *asleep.*

FATHER PIMEN — Only one more, one final narrative,
And then my chronicle is ended;
The duty laid on me, a sinful man,
By God, is done. Not vainly did the Lord
For many years set me as witness,
And give me understanding of the bookish art. . . .
I live a new, fresh life in ancient days;
The vanished past flits clear before my eyes:
Some men, a few, my memory hath retained,
Some words, few also, have come down to me;
The rest is lost, lost irretrievably.
But dawn draws nigh; my shrine-lamp waxes dim:
Now one last record, and the very last.

Grigory [*waking*] —
That dream again! Is't possible? For the third time
That cursèd dream! And still before his lamp
The old man sits and writes, and all the night
He has not closed an eye in doze or slumber.
How I do love his tranquil mien,
When, buried in the past, with all his soul
He writes his chronicles; and often, often
I have so longed to guess of what he writes.

. . . . . .

Pimen — Thou hast awakened, brother?
Grigory — Bless me, reverend father.
Pimen — May the Lord bless thee
Both now and ever and forever more. . . .
Grigory — Most reverend father, lo, this many a day
I have desired to ask thee of the death
Of Dmitry the Tzarévitch; at that time
'Tis said, thou wert in Uglitch.
Pimen — Ah, I remember: God let me see a crime,
A bloody deed. That day I was in Uglitch,
In distant Uglitch, sent upon a mission.
At night I came: at morn, when mass was due,
I heard the sudden bells; they pealed alarm:
Shouts, noise, — out ran the royal maidens;
Out ran I also; all the town was there.

I look: with gaping throat there lies
The dead Tzarévitch. Then the crowd pursued
The three assassins fleeing,
And brought them to the still, wan body of the child;
Whereon a marvel,—the dead body quivered.
"Repent, confess!" the people roared at them;
And in their terror, there beneath the axe,
The villains spoke and said Boris had sent them.

Grigory— What age had then the slain Dmitry?

Pimen— Seven years—he would be now—
(Ten years have passed since then—nay, more:
Twelve years)—he'd be about thy age,
And now would reign; but God willed otherwise.—
But I must rest,—'tis time,—
And quench my lamp. The bells are calling
To matin prayers. May the Lord bless
His servants. Give me my crutch, Grigory.

[*Exit.*

Grigory— Boris, Boris, all trembles now before thee,
And not one dares so much as hint to thee
The fate of that unhappy lad.
Yet here, in his dark cell, the anchorite
Records a fearful charge against thee,
And thou shalt not escape the blame of men,
As thou from God's just wrath shalt not escape. . . .

Scene: The Imperial Palace.

The Tsar [*entering*]—

I've reached the highest power;
'Tis six years now that I have reigned in peace;
But there's no happiness within my soul.
Is't not thus—in youth we thirst and crave
The joys of love; but once we've quenched
Our hungry heart with brief possession,
We're tired, and cold, and weary on the spot!
The sorcerers in vain predict long life,
And promise days of undisturbèd power.
Nor power, nor life, nor aught doth cheer my heart;
My soul forebodeth heaven's wrath and woe.
I am not happy. I did think to still
With plenty and with fame my people here;
To win for aye their love with bounties free.
But wasted are my cares and empty toils:

A living power is hated by the herd;
They love the dead alone, only the dead.
What fools we are when popular applause
Or the loud shout of masses thrills our heart!
God sent down famine on this land of ours;
The people howled, gave up the ghost in torture:
I threw the granaries open, and my gold
I showered upon them; sought out work for them:
Made mad by suffering, they turned and cursed me!
By conflagrations were their homes destroyed;
I built for them then dwellings fair and new;
And they accused me—said I set the fires!
That's the Lord's judgment;—seek its love who will!
Then thought I bliss in my own home to find;
I thought to make my daughter blest in wedlock:
Death, like a whirlwind, snatched her betrothed away,
And rumor craftily insinuates
That I am author of my child's widowhood,—
I, I, unhappy father that I am!
Let a man die—I am his secret slayer:
I hastened on the end of Feódor;
I gave my sister, the Tzaritza, poison;
I poisoned her, the lowly nun—still I!
Ah, I know it: naught can give us calm
Amid the sorrows of this present world;
Conscience alone, mayhap:
Thus, when 'tis pure it triumphs
O'er bitter malice, o'er dark calumny;
But if there be in it a single stain,
One, only one, by accident contracted,
Why then, alas! all's done; as with foul plague
The soul consumes, the heart is filled with gall,
Reproaches beat like hammers in the ears,
The man turns sick, his head whirls dizzily,
And bloody children float before my eyes.
I'd gladly flee—yet whither?—horrible!
Yea, sad his state whose conscience is not clean. . . .

Scene: Moscow, Schuisky's house. Present: Schuisky *and numerous guests.*

Pushkin— 'Tis wondrous news my nephew writes me here.
The son of our Tzar Terrible—but wait,—
[*Goes to the door and looks about.*]
The royal child slain by Tzar Boris' rage—

Schuisky—But that's no news.
Pushkin— Defer your judgment:
Dmitry lives.
Schuisky— Well, now, that's news!
The heir alive! That's marvelous, in sooth!
Is that all?
Pushkin— Wait till you hear the end:
Whoe'er he be,—the young Tzarévitch saved,
Or but a phantom in his semblance clad,
Or bold adventurer, aspirant without shame,—
The fact remains: Dmitry hath appeared—
. . . . . .
Schuisky—It cannot be!
Pushkin— Pushkin's own eyes have seen him,
When first he came there to the palace,
And entered in through ranks of Lithuanian nobles
Straight to the privy chamber of the King.
Schuisky—Whence comes the man? Who is he?
Pushkin— That none knows.
'Tis only known he was a serving-man
At Vishnevetzky's; on his bed of sickness
The menial told a priest, under confession's seal:
That haughty lord, learning this secret truth,
Went to him, raised him from his squalid bed,
And led him straight to Sigismund the King.
Schuisky—All this, my friend, is such a tangled web,
That, struggle as one will, the brain doth reel.
We cannot doubt this man is a Pretender;
But I admit, the danger is not small.
Most weighty news, in sooth! And if the herd
Once come to hear it, great will be the crash!
Pushkin—So great, indeed, that scarce can Tzar Boris
Retain the crown upon his clever head.
And serve him right: doth he not rule us now
Like Tzar Ivan? (mention him not near night!)
What matters it that public executions cease?
That we, before the world, on bloody stake, no more
To the Lord Christ chant canons of the Church?
That we're not burned upon the public square
While the Tzar stirs the ashes with his staff?
What safety have we yet for our poor lives?
Exile awaits us every day that dawns,
Siberia, prison, fetters or the cowl of monk;
Then, in the wilds, starvation or a noose. . . .

Scene: Castle of Voevod Mnishek, in Sambor. Night. A garden. A fountain. Present: The Pretender, Marina Mnishek.

Marina— Hour by hour your difficulties, dangers,
Become more dangerous, more difficult.
Already many doubtful rumors fly about:
One novelty usurps another's place,
And Godunoff is active, takes his measures—
Pretender— What's Godunoff to me? Has Boris power
Over thy love, my only source of bliss?
No, no! Indifferently now I look
Upon his throne, upon his royal state.
Thy love—what's life to me without it now,
And glory's halo and the Russian crown?
On the wild steppe, in poor mud-hovel, thou
Of royal diadem for me dost take the place;
Thy love—
Marina— Shame on thee! Dare not to forget
Thy lofty, holy, heavenly vocation!
Thy rank should be unto thee dearer far
Than any joy or flattering dreams of life.
With it there's nothing that thou mayest compare
Not to the youth with foolish passion burning,
Not to the captive of my beauty's power,
But to the heir of Moscow's royal throne,
To the Tzarévitch, saved from death by fate,
This hand I'll give. Then hear, and mark me well.
Pretender— Torture me not thus, my Marina fair;
Say not it is my rank and not myself
Which thou hast chosen! Dear, thou knowest not
How deeply thou dost wound my heart thereby.
What—what if—oh, cruel doubt most keen!—
Tell me: if something less than royal purple
Had Fate the blind bestowed on me at birth,
And were I not in truth the son of Ivan,
Not that young child, by all men long forgot,
Then—then—wouldst thou then love me still?
Marina— Thou art Dmitry and canst be no other;
None other can I love.
Pretender— Nay, 'tis enough!
I will not share my mistress with the dead,
The mistress who belongs in truth to him.
No, I have feigned enough. Now will I tell
The truth, the whole! Thy Dmitry, heed me well,

Is dead, is buried, will not rise again;
But wouldst thou know who I am?
So be it! hark! A poor monk, nothing more.
Tired of imprisonment, of monastery life,
A daring thought beneath my sombre cowl
Engendered; I prepared the world a marvel—
And fled from out my cell, fled forth at last.
Within their camp the riotous men of Ukraine
Taught me to ride a horse and wield the sword;
I came to you and called myself Dmitry,
And so did fool them all, these witless Poles.
Haughty Marina, what is thy verdict now?
Doth my confession satisfy thy heart?
Why art thou dumb?

Marina— Oh, shame and woe to me!

. . . . . .

What if to all I show thy insolent deceit?

Pretender— Think'st thou I fear thee?
That men will rather trust a Polish maid
Than Russian Tzarévitch? Nay, you must know
That neither king nor noble nor grandee
Careth one jot for truth of that I say.
I am Dmitry, or I'm not—what's that to them?
Still, I'm a pretext for their strife, for war:
That's all they need or reck; and as for you,
Trust me, rebellious maid, they'll silence you.
Farewell!

Marina— Nay, stay, Tzarévitch! Now
At last I hear the man speak, not the boy.
Heed me: awake! 'tis time; delay not!
Lead thy troops quickly into Moscow town,
Clear out the Kremlin, mount the Moscow throne—
Then send for me the wedding messenger;
But—God in heaven hears me—till thy foot
Upon the steps of that great throne doth rest,
And Godunoff hath been dethroned by thee,
I'll listen to no further word of love. Enough. [*Exit.*

EVGENY ONYEGIN

[As it is not possible to reproduce both sense and rhyme, I have attempted only to give a correct translation, and to preserve the simple rhythm where I could, in my lack of poetic powers. I have indicated the scheme of rhyme by numbers attached to the first stanza. — I F. H.]

. . . . . .

1. Another trouble I foresee:
2. To save the honor of my land
1. I shall be forced, without a doubt,
2. To translate Tatyana's letter.
3. She hardly knew her native Russian,
3. Our newspapers she never read,
4. And could express herself but badly
4. In her own mother tongue.
5. Accordingly, she wrote in French.—
6. Whats to be done, again I say?
6. Down to this day a lady's love
5. In Russian ne'er hath been expressed.
7. Down to this day our haughty tongue
7. To prose of letters is not used.

And God forbid that I should meet,
At ball, or parting on the porch,
A yellow-shawled seminarist,
Or Academic in a cap!
Like rosy lips without a smile,
Without grammatical mistakes
I do not love the Russian tongue.
And yet it may be, to my grief,
Of beauties a new generation,
Heeding entreaties of the journals,
To correct speech will make us used.

TATYANA'S LETTER TO ONYEGIN

I WRITE to you. — What can I more?
What is there left for me to say?
And now, I know, upon your will
Depends my chastisement with scorn.
But if to my unhappy lot
You but one drop of pity spare,
You will not now abandon me.

At first I vowed I would not speak:
Trust me, you ne'er had heard my shame,
Might I at least have had the hope
To see you rarely,—once a week,—
To see you in our village here;
If I might listen to your speech,
Utter a word to you, and then
Think, ever think, of but one thing,
Both day and night until we met.
But you love solitude, they say:
All's dull here in our rural wilds;
And we,—in no way do we shine,
Though truly glad to welcome you.
Why did you ever come to us?
In this remote, deserted spot
Forsaken, then I ne'er had known you,
Nor known this bitterness of pain,—
The tumult of a soul untaught.
I might have tamed, in time, no doubt;
Have found another to my heart
Perchance, and been a faithful wife,
A virtuous, loving mother.
Another! nay, to none on earth
Could I have given e'er my heart.
Heaven's counsel then hath thus decreed;
This is its will, and I am thine.
All, all my life hath been a pledge
Of faithful meeting thus with thee;
I know that God hath sent thee to me;
My guardian unto death art thou.
In dreams I long ago beheld thee,
And, still unseen, I found thee dear.
I languished 'neath thy wondrous glance,
Thy voice rang sweetly through my soul,
Long, long ago,—nay, 'twas no dream!—
Thou cam'st, and in a glance I knew thee;
I was benumbed, yet filled with flame.
My soul within me cried, "'Tis he!"
'Tis true, is't not? I listened to thee;
Thou spak'st with me in silent watches
When I to aid the needy sought,
Or sweetened, by my fervent prayers,
The languors of my troubled soul.
And was't not thou, beloved vision,

Who, at that instant as I prayed,
Didst flit in transparent darkness past me,
And to my pillow gently steal?
And didst thou not, in love and gladness,
Drop in my ear sweet words of hope?
Who art thou then? my guardian angel,
Or crafty tempter of my heart?
I pray thee now, disperse my doubts.
Perchance all this is but the empty
Deception of an untried soul,
And God hath willed quite otherwise:
So be it! From this hour my fate
I trustfully to thee commit;
Before thee burning tears I weep,
And for thy safeguard thee entreat.
Bethink thee, here I stand alone,
And no one here doth comprehend.
My judgment weakens, reason reels,
And I must perish dumb, unheard.
I wait for thee; I pray thee, quicken
With but a look of hope my heart,
Or break at least the numbing dream
With well-deserved reproof—alas!

I'm done! 'Tis terrible to read—
I faint with terror and with shame—
Your honor is my only pledge;
To it I boldly thus confide.
. . . . . .
For a brief space they stood in silence;
And then Onyegin, drawing near,
Spake thus:—
«A while agone you wrote me:
Deny it not, I pray. I read
That sweet outpour of innocent love,
Confession of confiding soul.
To me your frankness is most precious,
And it has roused within my heart
Feelings which long have sleeping lain:
But not for that will I extol you;
And yet for this I will requite
With a confession, artless too.
Accept, I pray, this my confession,
And sit in judgment over me.

«Had I desired my life to limit
Within the bounds of hearth and home;
Had kindly Fate to me dictated
Husband and father e'er to be;
Had family bliss, as a fair vision,
One moment e'er my sense beguiled:
Assuredly I should have chosen
No other bride than you, I vow.
Without a shade of flattery
I say, you'd be my only choice.
In you I'd find my sweet ideal
As partner of my gloomy life,
A pledge of all that is most fair;
And then be happy — if I could!

«But I for bliss was not created;
To that my soul is foreign still:
In vain, in vain are your perfections;
Of them I count myself unworthy.
Believe (I pledge my word upon it),
Marriage for us would torture be.
However much at first I loved you,
At once, with custom, I should hate;
Straightway you'd weep — but could not touch,
With all your tears, my hardened heart,
Which would but more inflame my hate.
Judge for yourself what kind of roses
Hymen would thus for us prepare,—
And, it might chance, for many a day!

«What can be worse in all creation
Than household where the wretched wife
Her thankless spouse doth mourn and grieve,
Sitting alone by day and night;
While weary husband, her worth knowing
(Yet cursing his untoward fate),
Is always taciturn and gloomy,
Enraged, yet coldly jealous still!
And such am I. Is't this thou soughtest
In the love-flame of thy pure soul,
When with such simple innocence
Thou wrot'st so cleverly to me?
And can it be that such a lot
Hath been assigned to thee by fate?

«Our dreams, our years we cannot call back;
My soul I never can renew;—
I love you with a love fraternal—
And tenderer yet, perchance: who knows?
Then listen to me without anger:
Often, I think, in young maids' minds,
Slight dreams succeed to dreams as slight,
As a young tree bears leaves in spring;
And this, it seems, is heaven's will.
Again you'll give your love—and yet
You'll learn of self-control the art.
Not every man will understand you;
And innocence oft leads to woe.»

. . . . . .

Oh, who could not, in that swift flash,
Have read the tale of her dumb pain?
Who, in the princess, could not see
Our Tanya of those former days?
In frantic grief of his compassion,
Onyegin fell low at her feet.
She trembled, but was silent still,
And fixed her eyes upon Onyegin
Without surprise, yet without wrath.
To her his dim and tortured gaze,
Beseeching mien and dumb reproach,
Made all things clear. The simple girl,
With dreams and heart of former days,
Had waked once more within her breast.

She did not raise him to his feet,
But with her eyes still fixed on him,
She lets her senseless fingers lie
Beneath his thirsting, burning lips.
What is it that she dreams of now?
A long, long silence follows then;
And at the last, she softly says:—
«Enough—arise: it is my part
To speak to you quite frankly now.
Onyegin—you recall the hour
When, in our garden in the walk,
Fate made us meet, how meekly I
Gave ear to all your lessons stern?
To-day it is my turn to speak.

"Onyegin, I was younger then;
I think that I was better, too;
I loved you truly. What of that?
What was't I found within your heart,
What answer? Sternness; naught but that.
'Tis true, is't not? 'Twas nothing new
To you, this love of maiden's heart?
How my blood curdles,—O my God!—
When I recall the chilling glance,
And that stern sermon which you gave.
But I blame not: in that dread hour
You acted nobly, for my good,
And honorably towards me then:
For that, receive my heartfelt thanks.

"In that far solitude, 'tis true,
Far from the noise of idle tongues,
I did not please you. Why then now
Do you thus persecute me here?
Why do you deign to heed at all?
Is't not because, at present, I
In loftiest circles must appear?
That I am rich and famous now;
That for the wounds my husband bore
In battle, we are loved at court?
Is't not because this my disgrace
Would now by all be known and seen,
And might, in social circles here,
Lend flattering honor to your name?

"I weep. If you have not forgot
Your Tanya till this present hour,
Then know, the sharpness of your chiding,
The coldness of your stern upbraiding,
Did but the choice lie in my power,
I would prefer to sullying passion,
And to your letters and your tears. . . .

"But list, Onyegin: all this splendor,
Illusion of a stupid life,
My triumphs in the social whirlpool,
My fashionable house and guests,—
What is there in them? I would gladly
Renounce this foolish masquerade,

This tumult all, incense and splendor,
For the wild park, a shelf of books,
And life in our poor, humble manse;—
For the old spots, in short, Onyegin,
Where the first time I met with thee;
Yes, for the quiet, peaceful church-yard,
Where now a cross and shady bough
Bend o'er the grave of my poor nurse.

«And happiness was so near to us,
So possible! But my sad fate
Was shaped already. Indiscreet,
Mayhap, was my behavior then:
My mother, bathed in tears, adjured me;
Poor Tanya felt all fates were one.
And so—I married. 'Tis your duty
To leave me now. I beg you will;
I know you—that your heart containeth
Firm pride and strenuous honor still.
I love you, (why should I conceal it?)
But I am now another's bride,
And I will ne'er betray his trust.»

JULES QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE

(1838–)

THE writer known in French literature under the pen-name of Jules Glouvet is a noble individuality, in addition to being a well-marked one, in contemporary French fiction. He was born at Saumur, July 2d, 1838; began his career as a magistrate in 1862; was a soldier in active service during the war of 1870; and in 1883 (after filling various important provincial positions, also a position as magistrate) he became the Prosecutor-General at Paris. Since then he has been a marked and honored man in his real profession. He has won peculiar distinction in connection with the efforts to repress the Anarchistic movement, and to punish the Anarchist criminals, in his country. He was a most important factor in the trial of General Boulanger; and was bravery itself in the check of that feeble, rash, and yet dangerous intrigue, which concluded in a tragedy. He has done his duty as a magistrate and lawyer at the risk of his life. M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire has been called the Father of his Country, as was Cicero proud to be styled when he had shattered the conspiracy of Catiline; and there is a likeness in the two careers.

From such labors at the bar, severe and even personally dangerous, M. de Beaurepaire has turned to writing stories that express peasant-life in certain districts of France, and certain types of French rural character, as no French novelist has done before him. In these stories it was evidently the intention of the writer to show that a novel of humble life could be produced without the grossness of so many of the French authors. The books were auxiliaries in the new campaign against «naturalism.» His scenes of the true rural world of France, his feeling for the relation of human nature and its natural environment, have been exhibited with great fidelity and interest in his books 'Le Forestier' (published in English under the title of 'The Woodman'), and 'Le Berger' (The Shepherd). In each instance, he shows us that he is not only a finished painter of real life, lived in simple conditions, but the possessor of that sort of literary sense which grasps, in part as an artist and in part as a realist, every essential detail of the temperament, course of existence, and scenery to be more or less minutely portrayed.

There is something of the quality of Thomas Hardy in the books of M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire; there is something of George Sand;

there is something of many novelists whose dramas of every-day out-of-door life are played in books full of a dramatic impressiveness, enhanced by a perfect scenic artist's skill. But there is likewise an inner moral quality and moral suggestiveness in M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire's books distinctly their own. He exhibits with singular beauty and naturalness the countryman in touch with his *milieu;* the finer elements in imperfect rustic character; the promptings of the heart that beats passionately and warmly in the breast of a humble shepherd, or an uneducated and not too honest woodlander. The author of 'The Woodman' and 'The Shepherd' does not carry his realism as far as Zola, even when verging on the same territory; and yet he is in much a truer realist. The pathos of the books impresses us, the simple course of their dramas enlists all our attention; and at the same time a sermon is suggested while none is directly preached—a sermon found, not in the stones and trees and running brooks which so exquisitely serve as background for the author's handful of peasant characters, but in their aspirations, their weaknesses, and all that is to them life and feeling and purpose day by day.

THE FOREST

From 'The Woodman.' Copyright 1892, by Harper & Brothers

THERE is no country more severe and striking in its aspect than the forest range uniting the Department of Maine to that of La Beauce, and extending from Montmirail to Authon. It is an immense extent of wood, intersected by narrow grassy paths, untouched by the hand of man, which have given to the whole region the picturesque name of Chemins-Verts (The Green-Road Country). Absolute solitude reigns; the villages are far off, scattered on the ridges of the hills; the principal hamlet is called Grez-sur-Roc (Stone-on-Rock). This name alone suffices to indicate the wild, rugged scenery of this remote district. In the foreground, on the slopes rising one above another, are a few detached cottages crouching amid the golden broom and furze; the paths between them wind upward toward the forest in sinuous lines that look like serpents springing from the hand of a sorcerer.

The dense forest begins half-way up, and widens as it reaches the valley on the other side; then climbs the opposite height, and stretches itself at its ease over the vast plateau of La Beauce

toward Chapelle Guillaume, where, reduced to brushwood, it follows the vast undulations of the plain, and is finally reflected in the stagnant waters of the surrounding marshes.

A stream, rising in the hills, falls into the ravine, and winds at its own sweet will among the trees; some of which, thrown across from one bank to the other, under hanging festoons of bryony and traveler's-joy, serve as bridges to the dwellers in the forest.

These are a robust, shy, and taciturn race. At the close of day some return to their homes on the distant plain, while others seek their cabins built among the brushwood. Charcoal-burners encamp near their work, the light of the smoldering fires playing over their dark faces; the makers of wooden sabots lie among the shavings in front of their workshops; the wood-cutters, bent with fatigue, hang up their wallets on the branches, trample the wild flowers with their sabots, and settle themselves comfortably on the sloping ground;—all these people live and work together without noise or outward expression. The wind sobbing in the high branches, the sun piercing at rare intervals the leafy roof and shedding a pale ray on the grass beneath, are the only tokens of life and light in the gloom of this vast crypt.

Singing is not in fashion among the foresters; none but the birds ever raise their voices in this solemn silence, and it is remarkable that even their song is sad.

The forest is unique in its aspect; but it may be compared with the sea in its grandeur, its infinitude, its rolling waves, its deep murmurs, and its wild tempests. Look at those venerable oaks: the tallest peasant is less than an ant at their feet. If a water-spout discharges on the Chemins-Verts, its progress is marked by a frightful disruption of these enormous trees, overthrown as easily as a bundle of twigs. Thus, in its calm and in its wrath, the forest lords it over man, and man in this imposing wilderness is driven to silence and contemplation. The inhabitants live exactly as their ancestors lived before them. It is not poverty, but contempt of comfort: their maxim is that the forest ought to provide all they want. Theft is considered lawful; the feeling of mine-and-thine does not exist: they do not steal, they take.

These strange notions of ownership, due to ancient tradition, seem justified by the astonishing fertility of these leafy regions.

The father carries on his back a sack filled with wild plums to make his drink, or loads his barrow with acorns for the pig,—the great resource in winter; the son brings home a block of ash-wood, out of which in the long winter evenings he carves cups and basins for the family; the mother returns with a load of fagots. Do they want an extra bed? she takes her sickle and cuts withes from the willows near the brook. That tall, bare-legged girl gathers mushrooms, with which her little sister fills the basket made over-night. The little boys are employed, after their dinner of nuts, in cleaning moss; and the old grandfather, with tottering step, hobbles towards the copse to cut a stick for his crutch.

The Chemins-Verts is so vast that all these people have elbow-room without disturbing its solitude. From time to time a faint tinkling of bells in the distance announces the arrival of a band of small horses belonging to the charcoal-burners, ambling along with bent knees and backs worn by the loads they carry. The noise of their shoes is muffled by the leafy carpet. No other sound is heard. As for the busy gatherers of the spoils of the forest, they are nowhere to be seen.

The inhabitants are in love with their forest—an unconscious but incurable passion. They can breathe freely only under the shade of their woods. It is true the men are willing to spend a few weeks every year during the harvest in La Beauce, to enable them to lay by a little sum sufficient for their frugal needs,—enough to buy a new blouse, and tobacco to last till the next summer. The forester's work in the plains is scarcely finished before he hastens to hide his money in a corner of his handkerchief, suspend his whetstone from his waistband, throw his scythe merrily over his shoulder, and return in all haste to his forest. As soon as he catches a glimpse of the tall trees he pauses; he is happy, he knows not why.

"Ha! here's the boy as has finished his August," says his old neighbor as soon as he sees him.

"Yes, I have done with La Beauce," he replies, looking slowly round him. "Here I am—no less."

"No less" is the regular expletive used as a superlative on all occasions.

This intense love for the forest is hereditary; it is instinctive in the child, grows with his growth, and never leaves him when

he becomes a man; when away from his woods it becomes a perfect nostalgia. It found its expression in mythology, which after all is only nature — nature symbolized and personified under the names of faun and hamadryad.

The woodman has perpetuated these myths; the Chemins-Verts have their own legends, of which Renaud the Poacher was the hero and type.

A MADWOMAN

From 'The Woodman.' Copyright 1892, by Harper & Brothers

[Jean Renaud, the central figure in the story, has been unjustly imprisoned for poaching; and an old woman, Mère Chauvin, of whom he had taken care, has also been incarcerated for supposed complicity in Renaud's work. His sentence served, Renaud returns to her lonely cottage, only to find the old woman crazy, and their forest life together broken up by tragedy.]

He was soon obliged to set to work again; for his money was exhausted. He presented himself at the saw-pit. His skill was well known to the heads of the trade, and they engaged him. It mattered little to them that he had been in prison. Marcel himself advised them to take him back, as it would be easier to keep an eye upon him when he was close at hand.

At first he was the butt of his companions, who invariably called him Renaud the Poacher. They did not always treat him as a pariah, however, for he knew how to make himself feared; and besides he was an object of admiration to some,—for the woodmen have all more or less a drop of poacher's blood in their veins. Others treated his crime as of little importance. "As long," they said, "as one is neither a murderer nor a thief, there's not much harm."

Determined to bear everything, he pretended not to hear, and by degrees he reconquered his position. The first to arrive, the last to leave, sad, taciturn, he lived apart. No fault could be found with him, and he was soon let alone.

The regularity of his life enabled him partly to recover. He rambled over the forest, found once more his favorite paths, and felt again the friendly branches meet over his head. He still was sad, but his apathy was gone. On Sundays the men who

came to pick up wood saw him at a distance, and said to one another:—

"There's Renaud the Poacher: he's finished his term."

When he had shaken off his torpor he became sensitive; his blood boiled with anger.

"Ah, they are all against me! They call me 'Poacher.' Well, I'll make my name good, and nothing shall prevent me poaching."

This thought awakened another: he stood still, quivering. His gun! had it been found? His grandfather's curse and his old friend's madness had absorbed him. But this fear, once presented to his mind, took entire possession of it. Intense curiosity was mingled with acute, overpowering terror. He longed for night that he might begin his search, and counted the trees meanwhile to distract his thoughts. After each number a loud voice sounded in his ear, repeating, "Has some one carried off your gun?"

At nightfall he stole out, took a circuitous route, and when nearer to the spot laid one ear to the ground to listen,—the frost had hardened the soil and made it sonorous: there was no one about. Then he crept into the bushes on his hands and knees.

When he reached the break in the ground caused by the ditch he felt among the brushwood. No gun was there! He broke into a sweat; he went back into the wood to where the stag had stood. Here was the holly behind which Jean was posted. He felt the trees, one after the other, to the path. What a pity that the night was so dark! He had made a miscalculation of several feet.

The next time he hit upon the place. The frosty leaves cracked; the earth crumbled; something harder opposed itself to his touch. It was the gun!

"My blessed old gun! I've got you at last! How they must have hunted for you! But you were so little hidden that I don't wonder they didn't find you."

This speech exactly describes the simple cunning of the peasant mind.

The gun, full of mold and more rusty than when it served as a pipe, could not have attracted the attention of the most suspicious keeper. Proud and joyful, he carried it away in his arms.

He spent three nights in taking it to pieces, oiling and furbishing it. A fresh hole in the left barrel necessitated a new patch. When he had set it to rights, the climber became thoughtful. He was afraid of everything now. If they came to search his hut? Marcel was too cunning,—the gun must be hidden. He took up a plank in the cellar, slipped the gun into its place as if into a case, with all the powder and ball he had left, hid the opening with a bit of wood covered with dust, cast a threatening glance in the direction of Le Plantis, and returned to put away his oil in the kitchen. He had an inward struggle. Should he go out shooting this very morning? The temptation was strong. But he reflected that it was better to go to see his old friend Mother Chauvin.

For some days the crazy woman had not spoken to him. A sort of shudder passed over her when she saw him, showing that she had a vague perception of his presence. But the recollection vanished before it became clear. She looked at him with astonished curiosity, touched his blouse, smiled as she followed him with her eyes round the room, because he brought food with him: this was the only reason. She often spoke of him just as she spoke of Marcel and the officials, believing him to be absent. Her incoherent, voluble utterances all related to the damaged fruit-trees, the prison, and her Chauvin's broken skull. Now and then she broke out into a fury; Jean was not always able to master her. Every night and morning he came to look after her, and brought food. Mélanie came at noon to make the soup.

When he entered her room this Wednesday morning she was madder than ever. She was pacing the room on tiptoe, uttering threatening sounds. In her hand was a burning log, which she threw upon the bed; it exhaled a sour smell of scorching rags, and a volume of black smoke rose up.

"Wretched woman!" exclaimed Renaud, rushing to the pallet, "do you want to set the place on fire?"

"Let be, Cinet," she cried, clapping her hands: "the house of the accursed must burn!"

Filled with horror, the youth threw the log into the fireplace, and pulled out the blankets already streaked with red. She rushed at him and bit his arm.

Jean put out the fire, hid the matches, did his best to make her sit down, set a basin of milk on her lap, and shut her in.

When he was out of the house he listened. «She will get hungry,» he thought: «that will quiet her fancies.»

He heard the basin crash upon the ground, and the sounds of her crutch showed that the widow was again wandering about the room. Jean was at his wits' end. It was impossible to leave this poor creature to herself. On the other hand, the sun was already high in the heavens, and Besnardeau was expecting him to fell a beech. It was not safe to be unpunctual with Marcel or Besnardeau.

«I have it,—I'll go and fetch Mélanie, and come back as soon as my work is done.»

He ran to call her.

«Mother Chauvin's head is quite turned this morning: most likely it's the new moon, but perhaps she is gone quite mad for good. Could you look after her till midday?»

«Why not? Give me time to feed my chickens, and I'll climb the hill.»

The girl made haste, put her knitting in her pocket and set out, the Little Parisian following her. The child got upon a stone, opened the latch, and passed first through the door. The widow had heard them, for they were talking as they approached. She was standing just behind the door, resting on her crutch. The white hairs on her chin stood on end; her eyes were staring wildly. She was drawing deep breaths at regular intervals, like a mother hushing an infant.

The moment the Little Parisian entered she seized him by the arm. The child, pale with fear and pain, gave a piercing cry.

«Here you are then, my little Marcel,» she said in a coaxing voice. «Your apple-trees must be in blossom by this time?»

She struck the cupboard with her crutch, and continued: «Well, then, you won't show my mitten to the law officers—you'll give it back to me.»

The Little Parisian, frightened almost out of his wits, struggled to get away from her horrible grasp. The madwoman screamed with anger.

«Won't you give it back to me?»

Mélanie got hold of the child's clothes at the back, and tried to draw him towards her. But the madwoman's claw-like fingers held him as tightly as if she had been a bird of prey.

The boy uttered despairing cries: «My 'Lanie! my 'Lanie!»

The strong girl darted forward, and stood suddenly in front of her adopted child. She threw her arms round the old woman, and cried, « Let him alone, or it'll be the worse for you! »

On seeing Mélanie's face so close to her own, the lunatic forgot the child. She was so surprised that no recollection was awakened. « I don't know you at all! Why won't you let Marcel give me back my mitten? »

« Mother Chauvin, listen to me. I am Mélanie. You ought to go to bed. »

But the old woman shook with rage.

« Ah, I know: it's you as had me locked up. You're a witch, and you've bewitched me! Chauvin, my love, make haste, the nightingale is singing at our wedding. We will dance with the keeper. »

She paced the room, her arms stretched over her head. Mélanie was frightened now, and tried to walk backward to the door, hiding the Little Parisian with her skirts.

As soon as they got out they set off running. Mother Chauvin caught sight of them and pursued them, shouting:—

« The witch is carrying off Marcel! Beware of the summons! »

« Come, come, Jacques! » Mélanie repeated, dragging along her little companion.

But he is overwhelmed by terror; his legs give way. He tries his utmost, but cannot stir, as if in a bad dream.

Mother Chauvin catches up to them at the end of the yard, with a triumphant yell. Mélanie again places herself before the child.

« Don't touch my boy, Mother Chauvin! »

« Wicked girl! it's you that drew away the rope from the falling tree, long ago, to make my husband fall! I have found you at last. I insist on your giving me back my mitten. »

« O God! » cried Mélanie: « what will become of us? »

The old woman had lost all trace of humanity. She held her crutch with her two hands,—the crutch was pointed, made out of a thorn hardened in the fire,—and waved it to and fro.

« Will you give it me back? »

She burst into hysterical laughter; and while Mélanie, moving backward, was looking on all sides for help, Mother Chauvin struck her a violent blow on the chest. She gave a deep sigh and fell like a shot.

The madwoman, forgetting the Little Parisian, sat down on the heath, singing:—

«My sweetest friend has begged of me
My breast-knot ribbon white and fair.»

Jean Renaud was kept by Besnardeau at the top of his tree till after three o'clock. He had left his old friend in a state which caused him great anxiety. He hastily unbuckled his cramp-hooks and carried his things into a shelter, as snow was beginning to fall. Some workmen from another felling-place were warming themselves on their way.

«Yonder's a dreadful business,» said one. «She almost crushed her with the blow.»

«Though she's old, her arms are strong; and then your mad folks are stronger than such as we,» added another.

The climber, although he did not know what they were talking about, shuddered. He was not in the habit of gossiping, but he could not refrain from questioning them.

«Who are you talking about, pray?»

«Don't you know? Mother Chauvin's gone crazy.»

«She has as good as killed Mélanie. The gendarmes have come,—the chief one, along with the new one who is pitted with small-pox: she's going to be shut up in the asylum, they say.»

«It's a great pity. The girl was a brave one, and not vicious at all. Nassiquet the widower was thinking of marrying her.»

Renaud had already set out, hoping that there might be some mistake. He kept on saying to himself, «No, no: it's impossible.» His head was on fire; he could hear his heart beating. The snow was falling in heaps and blinding him. Against his habit he turned into the path. He beheld a sad sight in the road below. Mother Chauvin was seated in an open cart between two gendarmes, one of whom held her wrists on either side. Wrapped in the black cloak, with a hood which is called a *capot* and worn by all old peasant women, she was rocking backward and forward with the movement of the vehicle, her mouth contracted by a hideous grimace. A villager in heavy nailed boots led the pony by the bridle.

Renaud gave a piercing cry on seeing the old friend who had loved him when first he became an orphan. Oh, the way in

which she looked back at the trees was not like a madwoman, for she seemed to be bidding adieu to the forest; and the cabin up there would soon be smothered in briers, never again to be the home of the poor, good old woman.

«Stop, stop!» he exclaimed: «I want to speak to her. I am sure she'll know my voice. I want to ask her to forgive me, for her misfortunes are partly my fault. Mother Chauvin, my Mother Chauvin!»

She looked at him with a glassy eye, and without moving a muscle, she said in a solemn voice:—

«It seems that the people are bewitched here!»

Her head fell heavily on her breast; prostration was setting in.

«Go on,» cried the gendarme.

The driver pushed Renaud aside with his whip, and the cart went on softly through the snow.

The climber let himself fall on the bank. Within him all was dark—all was over. No one in his own home—no grandfather—no Mother Chauvin. He was alone in the world; no one would smile on him or call him by his name again. Work as hard as he would, there was no one to give his earnings to. In the long evenings he would have no one moving on the other side of the fire. The owls are happier than he would be, for they have their nests; and when one hoots in the dark there is another to answer him. No doubt he still had his dear forest and its soft breezes, the sweet honeysuckles and green pine-trees; but a forester who goes home and finds no human creature is forlorn and pitiable.

Renaud, in despair, thought of his lost friends, and longed to die. It was getting late.

«To-morrow,» he said, «I will let go the rope, like Father Chauvin.»

At this moment he heard the faint sound of a bell at regular intervals. A boy in a surplice was ringing it, preceding an old priest who was hurrying along the path, dressed in full canonicals, and carrying, with both hands pressed against his chest, the holy sacrament, the cup covered by a square fringed cloth. They wended silently along the lonely path, their forms looking shadowy as seen through the soft-falling snow, on which no footstep was heard. Now and then they stumbled over a hidden stone; but the priest continued on his way, squaring his elbows to protect his charge.

The acolyte entered the forest. Renaud removed his cap.

"Where are you taking the sacrament?"

The boy rang his bell, and whispered:—

"To Mélanie."

"Ah," sighed the poacher, "I sent her to her death. Poor girl! I must at least bid her good-by."

He followed the priest who was bearing the last consolation to the dying woman through the dark night. . . .

Numbers of people had found their way into the yard. This always happens in the forest. At the slightest disturbance, and on the most deserted spot, a crowd collects. Whence they come and how the rumor reaches them, it is impossible to say. No doubt the sonorous echoes in the forest and the sagacity of its inhabitants are the real causes.—They were watching the priest vanishing through the snow, and talking together.

"Here's a funeral won't be worth much to the parson."

"She had a brother who's at work somewhere. Will *he* be her heir?"

"Ah, she was like me: she had only her bits of furniture, not worth paying duty on."

In the cottage the mother, with the ghastly eagerness of her class, had taken possession of the body to lay it out.

"It's a great loss," said the father with a sigh. "Poor girl!"

The Little Parisian was sobbing.

"Will that boy ever let us have any peace?" said the father.

After a pause he continued:—

"We must decide at once what to do with the bastard."

"I shall soon have done here. Do you mean to feed him?"

The forester gave them a look of extreme astonishment.

"Feed him? one must be able to. One poor girl brought him up with her own money: that was her affair. But I am growing old; my work is too much for me already. It's too much to be expected to bring up other folks' brats."

The mother replied in a low but bitter tone:—

"Well, then, it's best to decide at once. When you go to register the death, take this brat to the maire. He'll make his usher write to Paris."

"Is it possible that you mean to forsake your girl's adopted child?" protested Renaud.

"What right have you to meddle?" said the man; and the old woman grumbled between her teeth, "Prison leavings!"

The climber drew the Little Parisian out of the cabin. For a minute Jean walked on without speaking. The Little Parisian sank down, stupefied, on a stone. Night had come; there was nothing to be seen but the snow, covering the ground like a shroud; a leaden sky overhead. Renaud meditated. This poor little shivering creature was alone in the world like himself,—a bastard without shelter, together with a despised poacher! Mélanie had loved him; now he was to be turned out of the forest—to be taken before a lot of clerks with their pens behind their ears. He was so pretty—a darling—like Jean's little brother! Would he even have anything to eat next day? Poor, sad, deserted child! you have the same fate as Renaud; the deserted Renaud is your only friend.

"Isn't your name Jacques?" he asked at length.

"Yes, Jean, but they always call me the Little Parisian."

"Well then, Jacques, as they have sent you away from here, will you come to me in my home?"

The child opened great, wondering eyes.

"What for?"

"To be my brother. I will do my best for you. We'll talk about your 'Lanie. I'll make you a good fire. And in summer we'll go ever so far into the woods to gather raspberries."

"That I will," the boy replied; "but if my 'Lanie wakes up again I'll come back."

Jean made only one bound to the door. "Good people, don't bother about the Little Parisian,—I'm taking him off with me." He carried him away in his arms; the falling snow lulled the child to sleep.

BROTHERLY LOVE

From 'The Woodman': Copyright 1892, by Harper & Brothers

[The poacher Renaud takes pity on the delicate, friendless orphan lad before mentioned, and cares for him as far as his scanty forest resources and wild life permit.]

THIS adoption transformed our hero. Every morning and evening, instead of eating with the methodical deliberation characteristic of the peasant, he hastened his meal to have time to clean up his home. He swept away the dust, rubbed up the metals, and put everything in order. He turned himself into a woman to make his little charge comfortable.

When he reached the felling-place, with what a good heart he set to work! At the end of the week he was as keen as a miser after his pay. On Saturday evenings he came home by the town, in order to bring some fresh bread for the child, and almost always a beautiful sweetmeat tied on to a card, or even a red horse in barley-sugar. And how merrily he rubbed his hands when he opened the door! The urchin walked round him in delight, asking anxiously:—

«Have you got anything for little Jacques?»

«To be sure. Look in.»

The Little Parisian felt in Jean's pockets and wallet, and at length found the expected dainty, laughing and skipping round his big friend.

On fine days they went together to the felling-place. The little fellow carried the gourd with the comical solemnity peculiar to children when they think they are of use. Renaud carried his tools, and learned to think aloud to amuse his boy. He tried to limp less; for every species of love has its coquettish desire to please. But Jacques was no longer aware of his friend's infirmity,—thanks to habit, which had gradually turned what was at first a subject of astonishment into a matter of course. He would have been more likely to ask the other foresters why they did not limp like Jean.

They ate their dinner in a wooden shelter, with their feet on the grass; and while the climber was felling his tree the Little Parisian roamed about, stirring the ants' nests with a thin stick to see what would happen. On Sundays, when they left the

cemetery, they went into the forest. Jean taught the child how to make a way for himself through the thicket with his arm. The little fellow learned with astonishing facility to share the tastes and habits of his guide. He loved the forest; its sounds, far from frightening him, were sweet in his ears as the voice of a friend. When spring came, it was wonderful to see his interest in every new flower.

"You too like the covert?" the poacher asked, with some emotion.

"Oh yes: it's so amusing to run about in it,—one finds all sorts of things. I used to come sometimes with my 'Lanie, but not as far as this."

"The farther one goes, the more beautiful it seems."

"But, dear Jean, as you are so fond of the trees, why do you hurt them with your axe? You look quite angry when you hit at them."

"Oh no, I'm not angry. I've known those old fellows ever since I was born; and I love them, too; and when the wind whispers among them I can almost make out what the leaves are saying. But when I've got to strip one, and I see him standing up before me with his branches stretched out, he seems to say that I am too weakly. Then I get excited, and there's a singing in my ears. Sometimes when I reach the top, the tree shakes with passion, like a horse shaking off a fly. Then I strike so hard that my heart beats; the branch hits my head in falling, and I strike still harder; I don't know what I'm doing. But as soon as the top is down I'm sorry: the foot trembles so oddly one would think it was alive."

Jacques began to laugh: he was puzzled by a new idea.

"Don't laugh," said Jean: "be sure there's some life in their hearts. Look at my blouse: don't the spots the bark makes look like blood? and when we put a green log on the fire, doesn't it sob?"

"Well, then, we mustn't cut down any more trees."

"Nay, it's a kindness to cut them down when they are stag-headed,—they would rot. And there are the young ones stifled underneath that want to get up. Every one must have his turn."

As they proceed, the child questions Renaud on all the life around them. The poacher knows his forest by heart; he can tell its stories, from the largest beech to the smallest insect.

"What is it one hears in the hole in that tree?"

« It's a swarm of bees. We'll smoke them out to-morrow, and you shall have the honey. »

« And that bird with an acorn in its beak? »

« That's a jay. He's collecting his provisions for the winter; but as he's silly, he'll forget where he puts them, and will starve with the rest. »

« Have some creatures more sense than others? »

« Yes: it's just like us,— there are rascals and fools. Any one who notices their ways knows they understand. »

« But they can't talk like us? »

« You may be sure that they make each other understand in their own way. »

« And perhaps they're not so bad as us, for they don't want gendarmes. »

This last word reminded the child of the poacher's capture: 'Lanie's father had so often talked about it before him. He longed to question his friend, hesitated — at last said: —

« Tell me, Jean, is it true? »

« What? »

« Is it true that you had a sweetheart at Vibraye? »

The climber turned as red as a cherry.

« Stuff and nonsense! I've never set foot in the place. »

« I believe you — but I've heard it said — But tell me, what's the meaning of a sweetheart? »

« I've never had one; but from what they say, it's a sort of lass that one dances with at the assemblies, and takes home through the lanes, and kisses in the dusk. »

« Did you ever meet any in the forest? »

« No, never, because I get out of their way. Girls make too much noise with their chatter, and they make me feel quite silly when they fix their eyes on me. And then it's a waste of time, for what's the good of kissing the hussies? »

« But you had other company in the forest, Renaud. I'm told you went there with — »

« Little goose! with whom? »

« With a gun. »

Jean hung his head without answering.

« Is it true? Oh, how I should have liked to see it. You haven't got it any longer? »

The poacher stammered out: —

« Don't ever talk about that. I have no gun. »

« What a pity. I should have so liked to hear you make it say 'Bang!' We would have gone out together, and you would have shot some nice little creatures for me. »

Jean Renaud trembled all over. He had left off poaching, in order to devote himself to the child. He feared danger now that he had become a father, and the spiders spun their webs undisturbed over the plank which concealed his gun. He had given up thinking about it. The child's caresses had lulled the passion to sleep, and here was the boy awakening it! That gun is at home—actually under his hands. Oh, if he might take the good weapon out of its hiding-place, and aim at a bounding fawn, and smell powder once more! It all comes back to his memory; the fierce passion lights up again;—but no, the orphan has need of him; he must not be imprisoned now. He turns pale with the effort, but he masters himself.

« Let's be off, » he says sadly. « Those are all lies,—the gun was broken long ago. »

The Little Parisian asked every Sunday to be taken farther into the forest; but he was too weak for so much fatigue. Renaud made for him a sort of wheelbarrow with long arms, like those the milkmaids use to carry their milk. He lined it thickly with grass, and insisted on his dear Jacques sitting in it when they went a long way. He wheeled it all along the paths, carefully avoiding the stones and ruts so as not to shake the child.

« You will see quite as well, » he said, « and you won't get tired. »

Sometimes the little fellow, overcome by so much fresh air, would fall asleep in the midst of the woods. Renaud, his perception sharpened by love, would stop on some pretext or other; for it never does to tell a child he is sleepy. It was Jean, the indefatigable Jean, who complained of fatigue. He stretched himself, and said he wanted to go home.

« Oh, I'm not a bit tired, » said Jacques, pouting. And his little eyes closed in spite of his efforts. Jean would rest the curly head softly on his shoulder, lifting the little sleeper carefully, carry him to the barrow, and wheel him slowly home.

It was at this time that the forester learned to sew in order to mend the orphan's clothes. As soon as the little blouse got torn in the brushwood, this man, whose tenderness made a woman of him, might be seen sitting outside his door, gravely

and patiently using his needle with his awkward fingers. The white thread made strange figures on the mended hole. He was so busily engaged that he hardly gave himself time to breathe, he tried so hard to make his darn strong and neat. Often on a Sunday morning he was heard washing a child's shirt in the river, beating it with a wooden beetle.

The two companions lived in this way for about ten months. September had already reddened the first leaves of the maple. They met Mélanie's father at the stone quarry. His manner was never very pleasant; this time he only answered curtly:—

«Good-day.»

«Are you going for a walk?»

«Nay, I'm looking for my new spade that I've lost.»

«Shall we lend a hand?»

«I don't care much for your company.»

«And the child, won't you speak to him?»

«What should I say? I don't admire the way you're bringing him up.»

«Really, do you want him to go into the saw-pit at his age?»

«No—nonsense. I should like him to go to church. He's been trusted to you, and you misuse him. But as your grandfather said before me, you're more like a wolf than a man.»

Renaud had never thought on the subject. The voices of the forest, and another voice within himself, had whispered to him that there was something greater than the woods and the wood-cutters—up there where the stars were shining. But his faith, too abstract not to be vague, was not in any way connected with the Christian ceremonies, which he did not understand. His aspirations were religious, but ignorantly unbelieving when he tried to reason.

«I think I should be bored in heaven,» he used to say, «as they have nothing to do but sit still and sing psalms. I'd rather roam about in the woods.»

«'Lanie would have taken the boy to church,» resumed the old man, «and when he was old enough, to confirmation. You are no better than an *arquelier*.»

An *arquelier* means a mischievous vagabond. It is evidently a contemptuous diminutive of the word *arquebusier*, and has remained in use among our country-folk ever since the Middle Ages, when the peasantry suffered from the depredations of the hired soldiery.

« I don't hold much to such devout folks, » retorted Renaud. « Isn't every one free to do what he thinks right? But wherever Mélanie would have taken the boy I'll take him. »

From that day he took the Little Parisian every Sunday to mass. The two were to be seen standing, silent and motionless, at the entrance near the font. When the priest went up into the pulpit to preach, Jean coughed and spit in imitation of other people; the rest of the time he was perfectly quiet. When the blessed bread was distributed, he put his piece carefully into his cap, to give it to the little one when they left the church.

Jacques generally stood on tiptoe, looking into the choir. Jean remarked this, and looked in the same direction; but saw nothing except the schoolboys ranged in parallel lines, with the schoolmaster at their head. When the mass was over, the little band went out in single file, with a formidable clattering of sabots. Some pushed those in front or overturned a chair by mistake, then hid their mouths with their sleeves to laugh without noise.

« What were you looking at just now, Jacques? You were quite absorbed. »

« The schoolboys and the gentleman in spectacles. »

« There's nothing curious in them. In old times I too used to go to school. I found it very tiresome. »

« I shouldn't find it tiresome. Can you read, Jean? »

« Not a word. What's the good? »

« To know about things. They say that books explain all sorts of nice things. »

The climber shrugged his shoulders. But every time they met the schoolboys, Jacques looked at them with envy and talked of books with regret.

« You want, then, to be a scholar? »

« Yes, to be sure, dear Jean. I should be ever so glad to learn. »

Renaud considered that the expense would be small, and that the child would be better at school in bad weather than all alone in the woods.

« Well, then, we'll put you to school. »

He took the boy, eager and joyful, to the same master who had been the bugbear of his childhood.

« No offense, Jean Renaud, » said the latter — « but I hope the little fellow will not be as slow as you were. »

« Well now, master, boys are not all alike. This boy is clever. I never was. No offense—but I never was so bored in my life as when I was with you »

«All right: and is this little man your brother?»

Renaud replied, shyly and sadly:—

« Jacques was Mélanie's nursling.»

The good man asked no more questions; and the Little Parisian joined the class on the next day.

Renaud watched tenderly over the little scholar. He bought no winter waistcoat for himself, in order that Jacques might have a new suit of clothes. He washed his hands and face carefully every morning. The little wallet was filled with provisions to last all day. Jean made an enormous round to take the child half-way to school before going to his work. When he left him the little chap walked very steadily for fear of tearing his new blouse, and once in school astonished the master by his intelligence. And in the evening what a pleasure it was to follow the shady paths, and join his big brother in the midst of the forest, and then both go home by a short cut! When there, one would light the fire and the other set on the soup; then they pricked two lovely apples, and watched them frothing in the cinders.

Next year, when the Little Parisian had learned to read, Jean became uneasy.

« This boy's too clever for me. I fancy he'll get tired of my company.»

And he tried to think of something, besides providing for physical wants, to amuse his little companion. His unselfishness led him even to leave the forest, to frequent the *fêtes* in neighboring towns. He lifted the boy on to the merry-go-rounds, when the wooden horses turned slowly to the sound of a hand-organ; made him take shares in lotteries for macaroons and wine-glasses. They witnessed the rough sports of the young farmers, who drank all the more when they were not thirsty, and whose wit consisted in pinching the waists of the girls and making them scream without being found out. Vehicles filled with whole families drove in, raising a terrible dust. The violin squeaked in the place marked out by ropes for dancing The dentist « from Paris,» established with great pomp on his unhorsed carriage, a huge case of instruments in the front, held firmly on the seat a peasant adorned with a swelled face, and informed the public that he was going to extract the tooth with

the same instrument that he used for crowned heads. At a little distance long tables were spread under sheds, charged with cider and strong-smelling drinks. The landlord's assistant had to make way with his elbows to the billiard table, to separate two sabot-makers who were settling a doubtful game with a fight.

"Do you enjoy the fun, my little Jacques?" said Renaud, trying to look delighted.

"On the contrary, I am bored to death. My head aches, and I feel sick. I like the forest ever so much better."

But there were also *fêtes* in the forest. There they felt at home, and Renaud took his little friend to all of them.

First, there was gathering the lilies-of-the-valley about Ascension Day. The fields are celebrated for their profusion from Grez to St. Agert. Gentle and simple alike love these sweet flowers, whose milky whiteness gleams in the shade, against the deep green of their pointed leaves. All the idle population of the neighboring towns crowds the forest in the charming season when the lilies burst into flower. The woods change their aspect. Young men from town arrive with their great-coats under their arms; young ladies sing in high soprano voices the romances of Louisa Puget; some young men are exchanging words of love with their sweethearts, others pursuing the objects of their fancy. In the evening, nosegays pass from hand to hand. The mothers follow, large and imposing, their caps adorned with artificial flowers, the strings floating in the breeze. Greasy papers cover the ground in open spaces. One hears the bottles knock against each other in the baskets carried by means of a walking-stick passed through the handles by some happy couple.

On the Fête of St. Louis (August 15th) the nutting begins. The strangers come again, and once more fill the forest with noisy merriment. The nuts in their hairy envelopes cover the branches. The draper's wife has stuffed her pockets with them; the policeman has filled his basket. The priest's nephew, a corporal on leave, strikes them down with a quarter-staff; the collector's wife uses her yellow parasol to bend down the branches. Some of the young men get excited, and challenge each other to a gymnastic bout. Elsewhere they are dancing in a ring. No one but the barber, who was formerly a waiter in Courbevoie, refuses to take part, and replies scornfully, "I only care for regular dances."

The Little Parisian draws his friend on one side.

"I don't care for this either: let's be off, brother."

"My darling, you love the real forest, then, as much as I do?"

"Yes, I *do* love it. But you don't know how I wish that what the people said was true—that dear Jean had a gun, and we could hunt the game together."

Renaud the Poacher trembled.

What! again this longing! How often has he cherished it himself during the two years they have lived together!

"What are you talking about?" he broke out: "are you mad? My gun? I swear it's broken; but why—why are you always thinking of sport?"

The Little Parisian looks dreamily up at the green vault over his head; he inhales the scent of the woods; he has all sorts of wild thoughts. The mysterious thicket attracts him; he begins to understand why he loves the Chemins-Verts. He replies:—

"I don't know if I am thinking of sport, but I long to get deeper and deeper into the forest, to watch all that goes on, to catch the birds on the wing."

The dead leaves lay in heaps on the path, the wind had blown them into ridges like the waves of the sea. He stepped over them proudly, and threw back his head, thrilling with youthful excitement, and exclaimed:—

"The forest is ours! this delicious air is ours!"

Renaud saw himself in this enthusiastic child.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

(1863–)

THE fiction of the English writer who began by signing his literary work with the initial «Q.,» is among the most pleasing contemporaneous work possessing real literary merit. A. T. Quiller-Couch — the full name of this author — makes stories that are full of vigor and invention; romantic in treatment, yet realistic in their close observation, and in the understanding sympathy with which he studies the life of humble folk and the types and scenes of his native country. He is a Cornishman, and has given his main attention to the people of that locality, spending most of his time within the sound of the Cornish seas. His novels and short tales in spirit and method affiliate him with Barrie, Kipling, and Stevenson, and he is little inferior to them in strength and originality. Although his literary production includes criticism and poetry, his reputation is based substantially on his stories. 'Dead Man's Rock' in 1887 won him much favor, and other books followed in due course: 'The Astonishing History of Troy Town,' 'The Splendid Spur,' and 'The Blue Pavilions,' 'Naughts and Crosses,' 'I Saw Three Ships; and other Winter's Tales,' 'The Delectable Duchy,' 'Wandering Heath,' 'The Ship of Stars,' 'The Westcotes,' 'Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts,' 'Hocken and Hunken; a Tale of Troy,' and 'News from the Duchy.' Quiller-Couch's strongest novel is 'The Splendid Spur,' recognized by the critics as one of the most stirring romances by a contemporaneous English novelist. In 'The Delectable Duchy,' which is finely representative of his short-story work, are grouped a number of Cornish tales and sketches, exquisite for truth, pathos, and poetry, rich with feeling for the lights and shadows in the life of the Welsh poor. The writer thus ranges from the dramatic to the idyllic, and is successful in both veins. His fiction as a whole is thoroughly healthy and inspiriting. The unpleasant realism and the decadent pessimism of the day he stands quite apart from. Like R. L. Stevenson, he unites the power of making stories instinct with

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

adventurous interest, with a literary gift and an insight into character which have gained him the approval of captious critics, and made him a favorite with those who read a story for the story's sake. He completed Stevenson's unfinished ‹St. Ives› (1897).

In his personality and manner of life, Quiller-Couch seems a man of affairs and of outdoor sports rather than the traditional book-man. He was born November 21st, 1863. His family has lived in Cornwall for generations, and he comes of good stock; father, uncle, and grandfather being distinguished scientists in the fields of biology and medicine. He was educated in various Devonshire schools, then went up to Trinity College, Oxford. As an undergraduate he contributed clever verse to the college paper, adopting the pseudonym "Q." He was a notable athlete,—as one might infer from his books,—and in his day was stroke of the college boat. He took his degree in 1887, and was appointed classical lecturer at Trinity; but soon turned to fiction, went to London, and joined the staff of the Speaker—Barrie being a fellow-worker. This newspaper connection has been retained ever since, although the author long ago removed to a charming country house at Fowey in Cornwall. ‹Adventures in Criticism› and ‹From a Cornish Window› are volumes of essays representing his journalistic work, which is decidedly fresh and good. The Elizabethan anthology, ‹The Golden Pomp,› also testifies to his reading and scholarship.

He was knighted in 1910, and in 1912 appointed King Edward VII. Professor of English Literature at Cambridge University. His first course of lectures took permanent shape in a book entitled ‹The Art of Writing› (1914).

WHEN THE SAP ROSE: A FANTASIA

From ‹The Delectable Duchy.› Copyright 1893, by Macmillan & Co.

AN OLD yellow van, the "Comet," came jolting along the edge of the downs and shaking its occupants together like peas in a bladder. The bride and bridegroom did not mind this much; but the Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, who had bound them in wedlock at the Bible Christian Chapel two hours before, was discomforted by a pair of tight boots, that nipped cruelly whenever he stuck out his feet to keep his equilibrium.

Nevertheless, his mood was genial; for the young people had taken his suggestion and acquired a copy of their certificate

This meant five extra shillings in his pocket. Therefore, when the van drew up at the cross-roads for him to alight, he wished them long life and a multitude of children with quite a fatherly air.

"You can't guess where I'm bound for. It's to pay my old mother a visit. Ah, family life's the pretty life—that ever *I* should say it!"

They saw no reason why he should be cynical, more than other men. And the bride, in whose eyes this elderly gentleman with the tight boots appeared a rosy-winged Cupid, waved her handkerchief until the vehicle had sidled round the hill, resembling in its progress a very infirm crab in a hurry.

As a fact, the Registrar wore a silk hat, a suit of black West-of-England broadcloth, a watch-chain made out of his dead wife's hair, and two large seals that clashed together when he moved. His face was wide and round, with a sanguine complexion, gray side-whiskers, and a cicatrix across the chin. He had shaved in a hurry that morning; for the wedding was early, and took place on the extreme verge of his district. His is a beautiful office—recording day by day the solemnest and most mysterious events in nature. Yet, standing at the cross-roads, between down and woodland, under an April sky full of sun and southwest wind, he threw the ugliest shadow in the landscape.

The road towards the coast dipped—too steeply for tight boots—down a wooded coombe; and he followed it, treading delicately. The hollow of the V ahead, where the hills overlapped against the pale blue, was powdered with a faint brown bloom, soon to be green,—an infinity of bursting buds. The larches stretched their arms upwards, as men waking. The yellow was out on the gorse, with a heady scent like a pineapple's; and between the bushes spread the gray film of coming bluebells. High up, the pines sighed along the ridge, turning paler; and far down, where the brook ran, a mad duet was going on between thrush and chaffinch,—"*Cheer up, cheer up, Queen!*" "*Clip, clip, clip, and kiss me—Sweet!*"—one against the other.

Now, the behavior of the Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages changed as he descended the valley. At first he went from side to side, because the loose stones were sharp and lay unevenly; soon he zigzagged for another purpose,—to peer into the bank for violets, to find a gap between the trees where, by

bending down with a hand on each knee and his head tilted back, he could see the primroses stretching in broad sheets to the very edge of the pine woods. By frequent tilting, his collar broke from its stud and his silk hat settled far back on his neck. Next he unbuttoned his waistcoat and loosened his braces; but no, he could not skip,—his boots were too tight He looked at each tree as he passed. «If I could only see—» he muttered. «I'll swear there used to be one on the right, just here.»

But he could not find it here,—perhaps his memory misgave him; and presently turned with decision, climbed the low fence on his left, between him and the hollow of the coombe, and dropped into the plantation on the other side. Here the ground was white in patches with anemones; and as his feet crushed them, descending, the babel of the birds grew louder and louder.

He issued on a small clearing by the edge of the brook, where the grass was a delicate green, each blade pushing up straight as a spear-point from the crumbled earth. Here were more anemones, between patches of last year's bracken, and on the further slope a mass of daffodils. He pulled out a pocket-knife that had sharpened some hundreds of quill pens, and looking to his right, found what he wanted at once.

It was a sycamore, on which the buds were swelling. He cut a small twig, as big round as his middle finger, and sitting himself down on a barked log close by, began to measure and cut it to a span's length, avoiding all knots. Then, taking the knife by the blade between finger and thumb, he tapped the bark gently with the tortoise-shell handle. And as he tapped, his face went back to boyhood again, in spite of the side-whiskers, and his mouth was pursed up to a silent tune.

For ten minutes the tapping continued, the birds ceased their contention, and broke out restlessly at intervals. A rabbit across the brook paused and listened at the funnel-shaped mouth of his hole, which caught the sound and redoubled it.

«Confound these boots!» said the Registrar, and pulling them off, tossed them among the primroses. They were «elastic-sides.»

The tapping ceased. A breath of the landward breeze came up, combing out the tangle that winter had made in the grass, caught the brook on the edge of a tiny fall, and puffed it back six inches in a spray of small diamonds. It quickened the whole copse. The oak saplings rubbed their old leaves one on another,

as folks rub their hands, feeling life and warmth; the chestnut buds groped like an infant's fingers; and the chorus broke out again, the thrush leading,—"*Tiurru, tiurru, chippewee; tio-tee, tio-tee; queen, queen, que-een!*"

In a moment or two he broke off suddenly, and a honey-bee shot out of an anemone-bell like a shell from a mortar. For a new sound disconcerted them—a sound sharp and piercing. The Registrar had finished his whistle and was blowing like mad, moving his fingers up and down. Having proved his instrument, he dived a hand into his tail-pocket and drew out a roll, tied around with ribbon. It was the folded leather-bound volume in which he kept his blank certificates. And spreading it on his knees, he took his whistle again and blew, reading his music from the blank pages, and piping a strain he had never dreamed of. For he whistled of Births and Marriages.

O happy Registrar! O happy, happy Registrar! You will never get into those elastic-sides again. Your feet swell as they tap the swelling earth, and at each tap the flowers push, the sap climbs, the speck of life moves in the hedge-sparrow's egg; while far away on the downs, with each tap the yellow van takes bride and groom a foot nearer felicity. It is hard work in worsted socks; for you smite with the vehemence of Pan, and Pan had a hoof of horn.

The Registrar's mother lived in the fishing-village, two miles down the coombe. Her cottage leant back against the cliff so closely that the boys, as they followed the path above, could toss tabs of turf down her chimney: and this was her chief annoyance.

Now it was close on the dinner-hour, and she stood in her kitchen beside a pot of stew that simmered over the wreck-wood fire.

Suddenly a great lump of earth and grass came bouncing down the chimney, striking from side to side, and soused into the pot, scattering the hot stew over the hearth-stone and splashing her from head to foot.

Quick as thought, she caught up a besom and rushed out around the corner of the cottage.

"You stinking young adders!" she began.

A big man stood on the slope above her.

"Mother, cuff my head, that's a dear. I couldn' help doin' it."

It was the elderly Registrar. His hat, collar, tie, and waistcoat were awry; his boots were slung on the walking-stick over his shoulder; stuck in his mouth and lit was a twist of root-fibre, such as country boys use for lack of cigars, and he himself had used forty years before.

The old woman turned to an ash color, leant on her besom, and gasped.

«William Henry!»

«I'm not drunk, mother: been a Band of Hope these dozen years.» He stepped down the slope to her and bent his head low. «Box my ears, mother, quick! You used to have a wonderful gift o' cuffin'.»

«William Henry, I'm bound to do it or die.»

«Then be quick about it.»

Half laughing, half sobbing, she caught him a feeble cuff, and next instant held him close to her old breast. The Registrar disengaged himself after a minute, brushed his eyes, straightened his hat, picked up the besom, and offered her his arm. They passed into the cottage together.

THE PAUPERS

From 'The Delectable Duchy.' Copyright 1893, by Macmillan & Co.

I

οὐ μὲν γὰρ τοῦ γε κρεῖσσον καὶ ἄρειον,
ἢ ὅθ' ὁμοφρονέοντε νοήμασιν οἶκον ἔχητον
*ἀνὴρ ἠδὲ γυνή.**

ROUND the skirts of the plantation, and half-way down the hill, there runs a thick fringe of wild cherry-trees. Their white blossom makes, for three weeks in the year, a pretty contrast with the larches and Scotch firs that serrate the long ridge above; and close under their branches runs the line of oak rails that marks off the plantation from the meadow.

A laboring-man came deliberately round the slope, as if following this line of rails. As a matter of fact, he was treading

*«For greater strength and virtue are there none
Than where with single mind a man and wife
Maintain a household.»

the little-used footpath that here runs close alongside the fence for fifty yards before diverging down-hill towards the village. So narrow is this path that the man's boots were powdered to a rich gold by the buttercups they had brushed aside.

By-and-by he came to a standstill, looked over the fence, and listened. Up among the larches a faint chopping sound could just be heard, irregular but persistent. The man put a hand to his mouth, and hailed—

"Hi-i-i! Knock off! Stable clock's gone noo-oon!"

Came back no answer. But the chopping ceased at once; and this apparently satisfied the man, who leaned against the rail and waited, chewing a spear of brome-grass, and staring steadily but incuriously at his boots. Two minutes passed without stir or sound in this corner of the land. The human figure was motionless. The birds in the plantation were taking their noonday siesta. A brown butterfly rested with spread wings on the rail—so quietly, he might have been pinned there.

A cracked voice was suddenly lifted a dozen yards off, and within the plantation:—

"Such a man as I be to work! Never heard a note o' that blessed clock, if you'll believe me. Ab-sorbed, I s'pose."

A thin withered man in a smock-frock emerged from among the cherry-trees with a bill-hook in his hand, and stooped to pass under the rail.

"Ewgh! The pains I suffer in that old back of mine you'll never believe, my son, not till the appointed time when you come to suffer 'em yoursel'. Well-a-well! Says I just now, up among the larches, 'Heigh, my sonny-boys, I can crow over you, anyways: for I was a man grown when Squire planted ye; and here I be, a lusty gaffer, markin' ye down for destruction.' But hullo! where's the dinner?"

"There bain't none."

"Hey?"

"There bain't none."

"How's that? Damme! William Henry, dinner's dinner, an' don't you joke about it. Once you begin to make fun o' sacred things like meals and vittles—"

"And don't you flare up like that, at your time o' life. We're fashionists to-day: dining out. 'Quarter after nine this morning I was passing by the Green wi' the straw-cart, when old Jan

Trueman calls after me, 'Have 'ee heard the news?' 'What news?' says I. 'Why,' says he, 'me an' my misses be going into the House this afternoon—can't manage to pull along by ourselves any more,' he says; 'an' we wants you an' your father to drop in soon after noon an' take a bite wi' us, for old times' sake. 'Tis our last taste o' free life, and we'm going to do the thing fittywise,' he says."

The old man bent a meditative look on the village roofs below.

"We'll pleasure 'en, of course," he said slowly. "So 'tis come round to Jan's turn? But a' was born in the year of Waterloo victory, ten year' afore me, so I s'pose he've kept his doom off longer than most."

The two set off down the footpath. There is a stile at the foot of the meadow, and as he climbed it painfully, the old man spoke again.

"And his doorway, I reckon, 'll be locked for a little while, an' then opened by strangers; an' his nimble youth be forgot like a flower o' the field; an' fare thee well, Jan Trueman! Maria, too—I can mind her well as a nursing mother—a comely woman in her day. I'd no notion they'd got this in their mind."

"Far as I can gather, they've been minded that way ever since their daughter Jane died, last fall."

From the stile where they stood they could look down into the village street. And old Jan Trueman was plain to see, in clean linen and his Sunday suit, standing in the doorway and welcoming his guests.

"Come ye in—come ye in, good friends," he called, as they approached. "There's cold bekkon, an' cold sheep's liver, an' Dutch cheese, besides bread, an' a thimble-full o' gin-an'-water for every soul among ye, to make it a day of note in the parish."

He looked back over his shoulder into the kitchen. A dozen men and women, all elderly, were already gathered there. They had brought their own chairs. Jan's wife wore her bonnet and shawl, ready to start at a moment's notice. Her luggage in a blue handkerchief lay on the table. As she moved about and supplied her guests, her old lips twitched nervously; but when she spoke it was with no unusual tremor of the voice.

«I wish, friends, I could ha' cooked ye a little something hot; but there'd be no time for the washing-up, an' I've ordained to leave the place tidy.»

One of the old women answered:—

«There's naught to be pardoned, I'm sure. Never do I mind such a gay set-off for the journey. For the gin-an'-water is a little addition beyond experience. The vittles, no doubt, you begged up at the Vicarage, sayin' you'd been a peck o' trouble to the family, but this was going to be the last time.»

«I did, I did,» assented Mr. Trueman.

«But the gin-an'-water—how on airth you contrived it is a riddle!»

The old man rubbed his hands together and looked around with genuine pride.

«There was old Miss Scantlebury,» said another guest, a smock-frocked gaffer of seventy, with a grizzled shock of hair. «You remember Miss Scantlebury?»

«O' course, o' course.»

«Well, she did it better 'n anybody I've heard tell of. When she fell into redooced circumstances she sold the eight-day clock that was the only thing o' value she had left. Brown o' Tregarrick made it, with a very curious brass dial, whereon he carved a full-rigged ship that rocked like a cradle, an' went down stern foremost when the hour struck. 'Twas worth walking a mile to see. Brown's grandson bought it off Miss Scantlebury for two guineas, he being proud of his grandfather's skill; an' the old lady drove into Tregarrick Work'us behind a pair o' grays wi' the proceeds. Over and above the carriage hire, she'd enough left to adorn the horse wi' white favors an' give the rider a crown, large as my lord. Aye, an' at the Work'us door she said to the fellow, said she, 'All my life I've longed to ride in a bridal chariot; an' though my only lover died of a decline when I was scarce twenty-two, I've done it at last,' said she; 'an' now heaven an' airth can't undo it!'»

A heavy silence followed this anecdote, and then one or two of the women vented small disapproving coughs. The reason was the speaker's loud mention of the Workhouse. A week, a day, a few hours before, its name might have been spoken in Mr. and Mrs. Trueman's presence. But now they had entered its shadow; they were «going»—whether to the dim vale of Avilion, or with chariot and horses of fire to heaven, let nobody

too curiously ask. If Mr. and Mrs. Trueman chose to speak definitely, it was another matter.

Old Jan bore no malice, however, but answered, "That beats me, I own. Yet we shall drive, though it be upon two wheels an' behind a single horse. For Farmer Lear's driving into Tregarrick in an hour's time, an' he've a-promised us a lift."

"But about that gin-an'-water? For real gin-an'-water it is, to sight an' taste."

"Well, friends, I'll tell ye: for the trick may serve one of ye in the days when you come to follow me, tho' the new relieving officer may have learnt wisdom before then. You must know we've been considering of this step for some while; but hearing that old Jacobs was going to retire soon, I says to Maria, 'We'll bide till the new officer comes, and if he's a green hand, we'll diddle 'en.' Day before yesterday, as you know, was his first round at the work; so I goes up an' draws out my ha'af-crown same as usual, an' walks straight off for the Four Lords for a ha'af-crown's worth o' gin. Then back I goes, an' demands an admission order for me an' the missus. 'Why, where's your ha'af-crown?' says he. 'Gone in drink,' says I. 'Old man,' says he, 'you'm a scandal, an' the sooner you're put out o' the way o' drink, the better for you an' your poor wife.' 'Right you are,' I says; an' I got my order. But there, I'm wasting time; for to be sure you've most of ye got kith and kin in the place where we'm going, and 'll be wanting to send 'em a word by us."

It was less than an hour before Farmer Lear pulled up to the door in his red-wheeled spring-cart.

"Now, friends," said Mrs. Trueman, as her ears caught the rattle of the wheels, "I must trouble ye to step outside while I tidy up the floor."

The women offered their help, but she declined it. Alone she put the small kitchen to rights, while they waited outside around the door. Then she stepped out with her bundle, locked the door after her, and slipped the key under an old flower-pot on the window ledge. Her eyes were dry.

"Come along, Jan."

There was a brief hand-shaking, and the paupers climbed up beside Farmer Lear.

"I've made a sort o' little plan in my head," said old Jan at parting, "of the order in which I shall see ye again, one by one

'Twill be a great amusement to me, friends, to see how the fact fits in wi' my little plan."

The guests raised three feeble cheers as the cart drove away, and hung about for several minutes after it had passed out of sight, gazing along the road as wistfully as more prosperous men look in through church-yard gates at the acres where their kinsfolk lie buried.

II

The first building passed by the westerly road as it descends into Tregarrick is a sombre pile of some eminence, having a gateway and lodge before it, and a high encircling wall. The sun lay warm on its long roof, and the slates flashed gayly there, as Farmer Lear came over the knap of the hill and looked down on it. He withdrew his eyes nervously to glance at the old couple beside him. At the same moment he reined up his dun-colored mare.

"I reckoned," he said timidly, "I reckoned you'd be for stopping hereabouts an' getting down. You'd think it more seemly —that's what I reckoned: an' 'tis down-hill now all the way."

For ten seconds and more neither the man nor the woman gave a sign of having heard him. The spring-cart's oscillatory motion seemed to have entered into their spinal joints; and now that they had come to a halt, their heads continued to wag forward and back as they contemplated the haze of smoke, spread like a blue scarf over the town, and the one long slate roof that rose from it as if to meet them. At length the old woman spoke, and with some viciousness, though her face remained as blank as the Workhouse door.

"The next time I go back up this hill, if ever I do, I'll be carried up feet first."

"Maria," said her husband, feebly reproachful, "you tempt the Lord, that you do."

"Thank 'ee, Farmer Lear," she went on, paying no heed: "you shall help us down, if you've a mind to, an' drive on. We'll make shift to trickly 'way down so far as the gate; for I'd be main vexed if anybody that had known me in life should see us creep in. Come along, Jan."

Farmer Lear alighted, and helped them out carefully. He was a clumsy man, but did his best to handle them gently. When they were set on their feet, side by side on the high-road,

he climbed back, and fell to arranging the reins, while he cast about for something to say.

"Well, folks, I s'pose I must be wishing 'ee good-bye." He meant to speak cheerfully, but over-acted, and was hilarious instead. Recognizing this, he blushed.

"We'll meet in heaven, I daresay," the woman answered. "I put the door-key, as you saw, under the empty geranium-pot 'pon the window-ledge; an' whoever the new tenant's wife may be, she can eat off the floor if she's minded. Now drive along, that's a good soul, and leave us to fend for ourselves."

They watched him out of sight before either stirred. The last decisive step, the step across the Workhouse threshold, must be taken with none to witness. If they could not pass out of their small world by the more reputable mode of dying, they would at least depart with this amount of mystery. They had left the village in Farmer Lear's cart, and Farmer Lear had left them in the high-road; and after that, nothing should be known.

"Shall we be moving on?" Jan asked at length. There was a gate beside the road just there, with a small triangle of green before it, and a granite roller half buried in dock leaves. Without answering, the woman seated herself on this, and pulling a handful of the leaves, dusted her shoes and skirt.

"Maria, you'll take a chill that'll carry you off, sitting 'pon that cold stone."

"I don't care. 'Twon't carry me off afore I get inside, an' I'm going in decent or not at all. Come here, an' let me titti-vate you."

He sat down beside her, and submitted to be dusted.

"You'd as lief lower me as not in their eyes, I verily believe."

"I always was one to gather dust."

"An' a fresh spot o' bacon-fat 'pon your weskit, that I've kept the moths from since goodness knows when!"

Old Jan looked down over his waistcoat. It was of good West-of-England broadcloth, and he had worn it on the day when he married the woman at his side.

"I'm thinking—" he began.

"Hey?"

"I'm thinking I'll find it hard to make friends in—in there. 'Tis such a pity, to my thinking, that by reggilations we'll be parted as soon as we get inside. You've a-got so used to my little ways an' corners, an' we've a-got so many little secrets

together an' old-fash'ned odds an' ends o' knowledge, that you can take my meaning almost afore I start to speak. An' that's a great comfort to a man o' my age. It'll be terrible hard, when I wants to talk, to begin at the beginning every time. There's that old yarn o' mine about Hambly's cow an' the lawn-mowing machine—I doubt that anybody 'll enjoy it so much as you always do; an' I've so got out o' the way o' telling the beginning —which bain't extra funny, though needful to a stranger's understanding the whole joke—that I 'most forgets how it goes."

"We'll see one another now an' then, they tell me. The sexes meet for Chris'mas-trees an' such-like."

"I'm jealous that 'twon't be the same. You can't hold your triflin' confabs with a great Chris'mas-tree blazin' away in your face as important as a town afire."

"Well, I'm going to start along," the old woman decided, getting on her feet; "or else some one 'll be driving by and seeing us."

Jan too stood up.

"We may so well make our congees here," she went on, "as under the porter's nose."

An awkward silence fell between them for a minute; and these two old creatures, who for more than fifty years had felt no constraint in each other's presence, now looked into each other's eyes with a fearful diffidence. Jan cleared his throat, much as if he had to make a public speech.

"Maria," he began in an unnatural voice, "we're bound for to part, and I can trewly swear, on leaving ye, that—"

"—that for twoscore year and twelve it's never entered your head to consider whether I've made 'ee a good wife or a bad. Kiss me, my old man; for I tell 'ee I wouldn' ha' wished it other. An' thank 'ee for trying to make that speech. What did it feel like?"

"Why, 't rather reminded me o' the time when I offered 'ee marriage."

"It reminded me o' that, too. Com'st along."

They tottered down the hill towards the Workhouse gate. When they were but ten yards from it, however, they heard the sound of wheels on the road behind them, and walked bravely past, pretending to have no business at that portal. They had descended a good thirty yards beyond (such haste was put into them by dread of having their purpose guessed) before the

vehicle overtook them, — a four-wheeled dog-cart carrying a commercial traveler, who pulled up and offered them a lift into the town.

They declined.

Then, as soon as he passed out of sight, they turned, and began painfully to climb back towards the gate. Of the two, the woman had shown the less emotion. But all the way her lips were at work, and as she went she was praying a prayer. It was the only one she used night and morning, and she had never changed a word since she learned it as a chit of a child. Down to her seventieth year she had never found it absurd to beseech God to make her "a good girl"; nor did she find it so as the Workhouse gate opened, and she began a new life.

EDGAR QUINET

(1803–1876)

BY HENRY BÉRENGER

EDGAR QUINET belongs to that generation of great romantic French writers who were at the same time men of thought and men of action, poets and philosophers, historians and critics,— who were in a word models of the complete man, such as modern democracies too rarely succeed in creating. The life of Edgar Quinet was as full as his work is varied; but both are stamped with remarkable unity, both are the double and indissoluble expansion of a true and resolute genius, who was never inconsistent in any hour of his existence or in any line of his writings. Quinet is not only a great writer, he is a national character; and the new generations of France recognize, and will recognize for a long time to come, in him as in Lamartine, as in Victor Hugo, as in Michelet, an ancestor to whom they owe what is best in themselves.

EDGAR QUINET

He was born at the beginning of the nineteenth century, February 17th, 1803, on the southeast frontier of France, at Bourg in the Department of Ain. He seems to have had all his life the strong health and perfect equilibrium of body and mind which characterizes the races of the Jura and of Mâcon, and which was equally manifested by Victor Hugo, born at Besançon, and by Lamartine, born at Mâcon. He was descendant of an old bourgeois and parliamentary family. His father, Jérôme Quinet, who was war commissioner under both the Republic and the Empire, was also a scholar to whom we owe an important work on meteorology. His mother was a Protestant, with a mind both resolute and liberal, steadfast and sprightly, imbued with the ideas of the eighteenth century without having lost the religious gravity of her origin. Edgar Quinet evidently owes much to both his father and mother; but she who directed his early education seems to have exercised a profound moral and intellectual influence over him. He

had from the start a healthy, well-endowed nature, uniting the obstinate tenacity of the combatant to an ideal sensibility of the solitary and the poet. Both frank and sagacious, ardent and acute, there were united within him talents apparently the most opposed; and it was this which gave his genius a character at the same time so practical and so mystical, so occupied with reality while soaring toward the ideal.

After earnest studies, irregular enough, at the schools of Charolles and Bourg, then at the lycée of Lyon (1811 to 1817), and after a very fruitful stay in the paternal home at Certines, among majestic and attractive natural scenes, he started for England and Germany. It was there he discovered Herder, toward whom he was drawn in his first youthful musings upon the philosophy of history. His translation in 1825 of Herder's chief work made a great sensation, and rendered him famous. In 1827 he returned to that Germany of which he loved the dreamy and philosophic genius; there he connected himself with the greatest minds of the time, scholars or poets,—Niebuhr, Uhland, Creuzer. In 1829 he left for Greece, from which he brought back his work upon 'La Grèce Moderne,' and above all, profounder views upon the historical evolution of humanity.

The Revolution of 1830, first revival of the democratic spirit in France, thrust Quinet into action. He was a democrat by nature as well as by origin, but he dreamed of a democracy highly intellectual. His activity from 1830 to 1833 was enormous. He published numerous and remarkable political pamphlets; in philosophy and Romance literature he was the precursor of Fauriel and Paris; finally, after a trip to Italy, he published his noble and celebrated poem, 'Ahasvérus,' a work written in prose by a lyric genius of the first order,—a kind of pilgrimage of the human species across the ages, which made a great stir among the choice scholars of all Europe. He married in Germany, and returning to Paris, for six years he distinguished himself as one of the most brilliant controversialists of the French press; and collected his principal articles under the name of 'Allemagne et Italie.' Although he had shown himself almost hostile to the government of King Louis Philippe, and had already proclaimed his republican faith, it was due not less to his character than to his celebrity that he was appointed professor of literature in the Faculty of Letters of Lyons, in 1839. He exercised so potent an influence over intellectual youth that M. Villemain, then minister, had him appointed professor of the Collège de France in 1841. It was then that, together with his friends Michelet and Mickiewicz, he began that eloquent apostolate to the students of Paris, from which resulted two important works: 'Les Révolutions d'Italie' and 'Les Jésuites.' The character of his instruction was so liberal, so

secularizing, and so republican, that in 1846 the government resolved to put an end to it.

From 1847 Quinet entered active politics. He was one of the promoters and one of the founders of the Republic of 1848. Representative of the people in the Constituent Assembly and the Legislative Assembly, colonel of the National Guard in the days of June, he conducted himself like a wise and clear-sighted citizen. He foretold the Coup d'État of 1851, and vainly attempted to oppose the growing Cæsarism. He was exiled by Bonaparte after the Coup d'État, and remained, like Victor Hugo, nineteen years in exile, conscientiously protesting against the violation of law. This period of exile—first at Brussels (1852–1858), where he was married again, this time to the daughter of the poet Assaki; then at Veylaux in Switzerland (1858–1870)—was extremely fruitful for the thinker and the poet. It was then that he published 'Marnix de Saint-Aldegonde' (1856); 'L'Histoire de Mes Idées' (1858); 'Merlin l'Enchanteur' (1860); and above all, the admirable 'Révolution Française' (1865), which is perhaps the finest book ever written upon the subject, even when compared with the works of Thiers, Michelet, and Taine.

After the fall of the Empire, and the disasters of 1870, Edgar Quinet returned to France. Elected deputy from Paris by two hundred thousand votes, he took a seat with Victor Hugo on the extreme left of the Chamber, and continued to vote against all the laws of clerical and monarchical reaction, and in favor of all the secularizing and democratic laws. Before his death in 1876 he was able to foresee the certain realization of his ideas by the generation whose parliamentary guides were Jules Ferry and Léon Gambetta. In 1874 he had published 'L'Esprit Nouveau' in which are solemnly affirmed the principal articles of his social, moral, and intellectual creed.

Edgar Quinet as man and as author appears one of the most complete minds of France. By his poetic intuitions he created and rediscovered mysterious legends, in which are incarnated the spirit of the race; by his critical investigations he analyzed and revived the noblest epochs of modern Europe; by his constructive power of thought, he synthesized the evolutionary philosophy of the new humanity; finally, by his enthusiasm and political tenacity, he offered the noble sight of a citizen superior to the ephemeral passions of party. He lacked only a little more sobriety of style, and a little more precision of thought, to be a genius of the first order. Such as he is, he deserves to remain—what he wished to be and what he was to the youth of his time: the initiator of the new France and of the new humanity.

Henry Bérenger

NAPLES AND VESUVIUS

From 'Italy'

WHEN I reached Naples, Vesuvius was in full eruption. During the day the lava rolled its black streams on the side of the Annunziata and Pompeii. Toward evening the torrents changed into a burning belt tying and untying itself in the darkness. I impatiently awaited the morrow, in order to climb to the edge of the crater in the middle of the night.

At eight in the evening I started from the little town of Torre del Greco. After an hour's walk I arrived at the hermitage. The night was very black. I lighted my torch; the hermit wished me a pleasant journey; I went on my way with my guide, and soon reached the foot of the cone.

At that distance I was too near the volcano to see it; but I heard over my head explosions which the echoes magnified formidably, and a rain of stones rolling in the darkness. From this tempest issued a great sigh, like that of a giant who is stoned. The wind put out my torch. I finished my ascent in total darkness. But just as I reached the summit, an infernal light illumined the sky. Behold the spectacle which I had then before me.

The earth trembled; it was warm to the touch. Through its fissures shone the fiery veins of a hidden furnace. In the midst of the great crater to which I had come, a new cone was forming which seemed all in flames. From the mouth of this gulf was exhaled a vast and long-sustained breath. This sigh, and a profound and regular respiration like that of a forge, rose from the bosom of the oppressed mountain. A terrible detonation followed them. Flaming stones were cast in groups beyond our vision, and rattled down noisily on the edges of the cone. For an instant the steep sides and the interior of the abyss were lighted as in broad day.

Lava was issuing from the ground by openings distant from the crater. It rolled crackling from four mouths. Soon afterward the mountain uttered another giant sigh. Glancing toward the sea at the moment of the explosion, I saw distinctly little boats at anchor.

The mountain trembled still more; but the waves were not affected, and nothing seemed to me more beautiful than the sleep

of the sea, smiling under the unchained volcano. The Bay of Naples resembled thus Ariosto's Angelica under the jaws and outstretched wings of the Chimera.

I sat down upon the trembling ground; nature was seized with a vertigo to which I abandoned myself with delight. The intervals in quick succession of noise and silence, of light and darkness, the calm of the night, the calm not less great of the sea, this mountain shaken by starts,—all these contrary effects were strengthened the one by the other. Without seeking why, I found in this spectacle a host of images applicable to the moral state in which I then was, and which had strongly prevailed since my departure from Rome. I passed the night on the summit. When day appeared, I was able to enjoy at my leisure the view of the famous gulf which lay at my feet. In the distance, the island of Capri, which is shaped like an ancient galley, closed the entrance to the sea. The sun rose from the other side of Pompeii; it hovered some time over the tombs like a funeral torch. This was the signal for a multitude of little barks to leave shore and hoist sail. I heard at that moment the noise of the awakening towns and villages. The vines interlaced in the poplars, like gigantic thyrsi, began to shiver under the sea breeze; an instant later the light sparkled on the ruffled waves; a golden vapor like the dust of stars rose from the horizon; the air became charged with perfumes. All nature seemed intoxicated as in a pagan festival; and as long as the volcano continued agitated, this Christian Campania resembled the Sibyl hesitating on her stand.

In Naples, the city of passions, I observe that the most considerable monuments of art are the tombs. Moreover, these tombs nearly all belong to the epoch of Spanish domination. The dead, upright on their mausoleums, torch or dagger in hand, are sustained by a singular pride: they seem still to rule over the living, who pass lightly with furtive step over the soil below them. The towers of Anjou, bathed by the sea, hold also this captive earth. The palace of Jeanne la Folle, abandoned to the waves which are every day seizing upon it, the beautiful arch of Aragon, are other witnesses of the conquest. All the nations have left the traces of their rule here in a particular architecture. Only the Neapolitans are absent from the monuments of Naples.

This mimic people warms itself in the sun. It alone of all Italy has never belonged to itself. Without a past, it has no

regrets; without a near future, it has no desire. It cries, it gesticulates, it spreads its nets, it runs, it declaims, it muses, it menaces,—and all that at once. Polichinel is its hero.

Yet when a soul chances to awaken from the bosom of this mendicant sybarism, it is exalted in spiritualism or armed with boundless energy. Pythagoras and his school, St. Thomas Aquinas, Vico, Spagnoletto, Salvator Rosa, were strange lazzaroni.

Toward the middle of the day, sailors from Chia, from Sicily, from Malta, seat themselves in a circle on the pier; a sail shades the audience, which impatiently awaits the improvisator. At last he appears; he is dressed in sailor's fustian; in his hand he carries a switch instead of the laurel branch of his ancestors. The eyes of the lazzaroni devour his lips in anticipation of the story he is going to narrate. Sometimes he sings in a hoarse voice a recitative with a plaintive modulation, which mingles with the sighing of the vessels in port; sometimes he descends to spoken prose, according to the nature and the more or less lyric circumstances of his narration. He recounts the deeds of the knight Rinaldo, or those of an unfortunate brigand of Calabria. The noble public doubles its attention; the climax is at hand: but behold, the bells sound the *Ave:* the singer stops short; he makes the sign of the cross with a prayer in the name of the virtuous assembly. Beside him the same Olympian sun which grazes Virgil's tomb, gilds with a last ray the brow of Polichinel sleeping at the corner of his theatre. The sail goes down, the crowd disperses on all sides; one day more has passed over the empire of Masaniello.

Meanwhile the young monk of Camaldules, on the mountain, hears at his feet the murmurs rising from the shore. A thousand images of pagan voluptuousness surround him with a circle of damnation. He goes into his cell and prays; and the breeze bears to him the sighs of Chia and Villa-Reale. He opens his holy breviary, and the demon resuscitated from Greece writes upon it playfully, with the end of his claw, litanies of love. Over him bend magic skies; enchantments fasten to his scapulary; from his chalice he quaffs long draughts of the philtre of inexorable regrets. He is fortunate if old age chills his heart prematurely. Only death can deliver him from these cruel delights.

Ah! above all, let him incase himself in triple haircloth when his eyes meet Posilipo, Capri, and white Nisida: for it is there

that memories are forgotten, and vows falsified; heroic projects, fruitful sorrows, are forgotten under those skies which rain love. A voluptuousness more dangerous than befits human lips escapes continually from the mountains, the lakes, the quivering stars. Impalpable sirens languish under the sleeping waves; he only who has escaped their embraces can count on his thick armor.

When the Romans grew corrupt, they became disgusted with the grandeur and severity of Rome. They sought a nature intoxicated as they were, monstrous as they were. If they had been able to tear Rome from its sad and serious foundations they would have done so. The mixture of voluptuousness and terror they were seeking in the time of Tiberius, of Nero, of Caligula, was found on the promontories of Capri and Miseno. There they came to establish their feasts, and to enjoy in peace, in that pagan nature, the last days of paganism.

The villas of Cæsar on the Gulf of Baiæ were close beside Lake Avernus and Lake Acherus, the Elysian Fields, the entrance to the infernal regions,—as though they wished to redouble the insolence of their festivity by this opposition. This great revel of Roman society a few steps from Acheron was the banquet of the ancient Don Juan at the commander's. Little lakes, adjoining the infernal regions, shone in the depths of extinct craters as in cups of lava; on their margins climbed faded garlands of eglantine, poor blossoms which survived the orgy of the empire.

Christianity, which everywhere in Italy has seized upon pagan ruins to replace them with its chapels or hermitages, has abandoned these, as though despairing of stifling the reviving voluptuousness. I ascended Cape Miseno; the infernal trumpets which from this direction troubled Nero's sleep, no longer sounded; the beach was silent; the empty gulf stretched its gaunt arms out in the shadows. It was late. The sea was phosphorescent, the stars were shining. I swam part of the way from Miseno to Pozzuoli in the midst of ringing bells. The pale light of the moon mingled with the electric light of the waves; they alone still guarded the souvenir of imperial pleasures.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by Jane Grosvenor Cooke

A NIGHT IN THE ORIENT

From 'Ahasvérus'

CHORUS OF STARS—

The griffin and the ibis have led the tribes through the valleys to the land of their inheritance. And us too,—a guide has led us across the mountains and valleys of the firmament, on the cloud where we must sleep to-night.

The Moon—

The patriarch of Chaldea, sitting before his tent, watches his flocks feeding about him on the slope of the mountain. Feed too my flocks of bounding stars, around my silver tent which I have planted on a spring cloud.

A Star—

Every tribe is sleeping in its marble city; every star in its silver robe. My rays hang scattered from the pillars of Persepolis. Nineveh has battlemented towers where they stoop to the windows. But I like better the walls of Babylon; upon her roofs they noiselessly gather and grow drowsy like snowflakes on the summit of mountains.

Another Star—

Perhaps, my sisters, we are taking the same journey as the tribes of men. Astray like them, I would like to converse with them. Gladly I would send them dreams with my golden beams. I would give my words to the wind; the wind would carry them to the desert flower, the flower to the river, the river would repeat them on its way through the cities.

All—

Yes, that is what we must do.

A Flower of the Syrian Desert—

My head bows under the light of the stars; my chalice swells with dew as a heart is filled with a secret which it longs to repeat. In the night my blossom blushed with spots the color of blood, like the robe of a Levite upon the day of sacrifice; the murmur of the stars descended into my chalice and mingled with my perfume. I carry a secret in my chalice; I have the secret of the universe, which escaped it in dream during the night, and no voice with which to repeat it. Ah! tell me where

is the nearest city. Is it Jerusalem or is it Babylon? Let the passers-by come gather the mystery which burdens my crown and inclines my head.

The Euphrates—

Flower of the desert, bend thy head a little lower over my bed, that I may hear thy murmur better; always bounding from wave to wave, I will carry it to the walls of Babylon: tell me thy secret; I will deposit it on the silvery waves at the foot of the towers of the Chaldeans.

Dwellers of Babylon upon their roofs—

See how the Euphrates sparkles under the willows this evening, like the blade of a poniard fallen from the table of a feast. Its murmurs could not be gentler were it rolling over sacred vessels of gold and silver in the depths of its bed.

A Slave—

Or if a whole nation hanging on its banks had let their tears fall in one by one.

A King—

Or if an empire with the tiaras of its priests, with the robe of its kings, with its glittering gods, had been swallowed up for a thousand years on its gravel bed, like a flower of the waters.

Chorus of Priests—

The light of the night illumines the inscriptions of Semiramis engraved on the rock of the mountain of Assur. Every word shines from here like a sword of fire, which writes on the stone the speech of the firmament. How the lyre answers the lyre, as the voices of the stars, as their mute wills, gleam among us with the voices of nations and echoes which endure a century. The Orient has stretched about it its peoples and empires, as the night has its robe embroidered with stars for the gods to attire themselves in by day. But as yet the universe is only just dawning, and He who has rewarmed it with his breath holds it like a young dove in his hand. While the steps of the God of Gods are visible on the grass of Eden and Cashmere, let us note his traces on the heights of the mountains. Neither the sun nor the hearts of men have yet drunk his breath at this hour. As the Arab rises in the night to lick the dew of the desert before noonday, thus we rise in the first days of the universe to draw

from our urns the thought of Eternity before its spring has dried. Drop by drop it falls from the stars, and from the vault of heaven, and from every leaf of the palm-tree; let us intoxicate ourselves with its liquor as with a resinous wine. O you nations of India, of Chaldea, of Egypt, in turn, take and drink the cup of eternity, which he has left filled in quitting his banquet. Let all the new-born peoples lift to their lips, without delay, the vessel in which the Infinite ferments to the brim. After us, our sphinxes; after them, our idols of granite and bronze. If the universe wavers to our eyes,—if it separates into a thousand different gods, birds with the heads of men, serpents with the bodies of women, crowned unicorns,—let it be as in our feasts when the heart is gorged with Idumean wines, and as each guest seems to see the golden vessels totter, clatter together, and break on the porphyry table. Let us hasten from India even to Araxe: who knows if the time is not coming when the universe after centuries will be like a flower withered and scorched at night by an Arabian sun, and if men's lips will not press in vain the cup where we drink, and which then will have no longer its perfume or eternal beverage?

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THE WANDERING JEW

From 'Ahasvérus'

THE BROTHERS OF AHASUERUS—

Ahasuerus, come, enter the house. Latch the door. Are you not afraid of the wind which is blowing, and of the noise in the city?

Ahasuerus—

Go in, little brothers; go to sleep on your mats. I wish to stay on my bench, and watch the crowd pass.

The Brothers—

There it is! Let us escape!

The Crowd [*following Christ, who is carrying the cross*]—

Salutation to the king, to the fine king of Judea! Lead him to the summit of Calvary, that he may see farther—see all his

empire. Has the king of Babylon, or Egypt, or Persia, ever mounted a throne so elevated? The precincts of the city are not good enough for him at present. When our high towers are fallen, when serpents are climbing our stairs instead of us, when the desert is at our table, then he shall return if he wishes, with his crown of thorns, with his torn robe, his bleeding feet, to be the king of our ruin.

Ahasuerus—

They are coming. I can hear their steps. My heart beats in my breast.

The Crowd—

Have they restored to Barabbas his sword, his cloak, his horse, and his quiver full of arrows? Give him in his purse ten demers of shining silver. Dress him in red as a messenger; he shall go through the town to tell the robbers, the weavers, the slaves who turn the mills, "Do you know the news? Your king is awaiting you on the platform of his tower of Golgotha."

Ahasuerus—

The voices of these people intoxicate me like a leathern bottle of the wine of Carmel. Their wrath is surely just.

The Crowd—

Pilate, wise Pilate, hast thou taken thy golden ewer? Again, again, see that spot thou hast not removed. Rome washes her hands,—that innocent virgin, who has held only the spindle in her mother's chamber, does not wish to wear a bloody ring on her finger; but we without delay will follow the steps of our King's son. Truly, is he not greater than David? See, he weeps, and he has neither sword nor sling; his cup-bearers are two robbers. If he wishes to punish us, let him command: perhaps this time he will not send us as far as the willows of Babylon. Must we return, with hands tied behind our backs, to the desert, to Egypt? Let us start; for a long time we have known the way —and a short path to return.

Ahasuerus—

They come—they are there—they pass—they recede; their cries fill the street: if this man was indeed a soothsayer, the wind which blows from the desert would overturn the terraces with the towers. He is an impostor: death to him!

The Crowd—

If he is a Chaldean, magician, he has as servants—in the desert, under the remains of cities—marble unicorns, winged lions, whose manes have been trimmed by spirits with scissors of gold; he has as messengers, sphinxes which repose from their courses at the doors of temples in blocks of rock. Let him tell his griffins to come and escort him;—but the wings of his griffins are too heavy, the sleep of his sphinxes is too profound. Before his enchanted troop of unicorns and winged lions leap about him, before the stone hawks and ibises descend from their obelisks to defend him, behold the vultures of Judea who tomorrow shall take the crown from his head to carry it to their nest in the woods. Oh no, do not pause at thy nest, my vulture of Carmel! mount higher than the roc, higher than the cloud, higher than the star; mount to Jehovah! "Knowest thou what I bear in my beak? O Jehovah! in truth, it is not a bit of Joppa wool, it is not a twig of heather,—it is the crown of thorns of Judea, which I took at Calvary from the head of thy son of Nazareth."

Ahasuerus—

As he advances, his halo shines more brightly than that of an elect prophet: that is one of his enchantments.

Christ—

It is thou, Ahasuerus?

Ahasuerus—

I do not know you.

Christ—

I am thirsty: give me a little water from thy spring.

Ahasuerus—

My well is empty.

Christ—

Take thy cup: thou shalt find it full.

Ahasuerus—

It is broken.

Christ—

Help me to carry my cross by this hard way.

Ahasuerus—

I am not your cross-bearer: call a griffin from the desert.

Christ—

Let me sit down on thy bench, at the door of thy house.

Ahasuerus—

My bench is full: there is no place for any one.

Christ—

And on thy sill?

Ahasuerus—

It is empty, and the door is bolted.

Christ—

Touch it with thy finger, and thou shalt enter to get a stool.

Ahasuerus—

Go your way.

Christ—

If thou desired, thy bench should become a golden stool at the door of my father's house.

Ahasuerus—

Go, blaspheme where you will. Already you are making my vine and fig-tree to wither. Do not lean on the railing of my steps: it would crumble at hearing you speak. You wish to enchant me.

Christ—

I wished to save thee.

Ahasuerus—

Soothsayer, depart from my shadow. Your way is before you. Go, go!

Christ—

Why didst thou say it, Ahasuerus? It is thou who shalt continue to go until the last judgment, during more than a thousand years. Go take thy sandals, and thy garments for travel: everywhere thou passest, they shall call thee "The Wandering Jew." Thou shalt not find a place to sit down, or a mountain spring to quench thy thirst. In my stead thou shalt bear the

burden which I leave on the cross. For thy thirst, thou shalt drink what I leave in my chalice. Others shall take my tunic, thou shalt inherit my eternal sorrow. Hyssop shall sprout from thy traveler's staff, absinth shall come in thy leather bottle, despair shall press thy loins in thy leather belt. Thou shalt be the man who never dies. Thy age shall be mine. To see thee pass, the eagles will perch on the edge of their eyries; the little birds will half hide themselves under the crests of the rocks; the star will stoop from its cloud to hear thy tears falling drop by drop in the abyss. I am going to Golgotha: thou shalt walk from ruin to ruin, from kingdom to kingdom, without ever reaching thy Calvary. Thou shalt break thy staircase under thy feet, and be no longer able to descend. The gate of the city shall say to thee, "Go farther, my bench is occupied;" and the stream where thou wishest to sit shall say, "Go farther, go farther, to the sea: my bank is full of brambles." And the sea too—"Farther, farther: are you not the eternal traveler who goes from nation to nation, from century to century, drinking his tears from his cup, who never sleeps day or night either on silk or on stone, and who cannot return on the path by which he came?" The griffins will sit down, the sphinxes will sleep. Thou shalt have neither seat nor sleep. Thou shalt ask for me from temple to temple without ever meeting me. Thou shalt cry "Where is he?" until the dead show you the way to the last judgment. When thou beholdest me again, my eyes will be flaming, my finger will issue from under my robe to summon thee to the valley of Jehoshaphat.

A Roman Soldier—

Did you hear? While he spoke my sword groaned in its scabbard; my lance sweated blood; my horse wept. I have carried my sword and my lance long enough. As I listened, my heart was consumed in my bosom. Open the door, my wife and little ones, that I may hide in my Calabrian hut.

The Crowd—

Why climb farther to Calvary? What if he were perchance a God in an unknown country, or yet a Son whom the Eternal in his old age has forgotten? Let us go hide in our courts before he can recognize us. Put out the lamps on our tables. Did you see the hand of steel which wrote on the house of Ahasuerus,—The Wandering Jew? Let not this name remain on the stone!

Let him who bears it be the scapegoat of Judea. When he passes, Babylon, Thebes, and the surrounding country shall gather a stone from their ruins to hurl at him. But for us, without ever quitting again our homes and our vines, we will fill our bottles for the Passover, with our wine of Carmel.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Jane Grosvenor Cooke

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST ENVIRONMENT

From 'The Story of My Thoughts'

MY PEACE was especially troubled when I listened to the inner voice which called me to letters; for I distrusted this voice, I regarded it as a tempting demon wishing to deceive me. Or if I yielded to it, I felt my powerlessness almost at once. I saw myself alone, with no guide, no model, whom I wished to follow. Everything hindered. I began in several ways at the same time, and could not tell upon which to decide.

My age, my weakness, my ignorance, my isolation, counted for much in this grievous perplexity. The situation of France also had something to do with it. To understand the exhaustion of a poor mind like mine at this first awakening, one must figure to oneself that none of the traces which have been stamped upon the moral world by our generation were then visible. This generation which was to renew so many ideas, so many opinions, and the language itself, had as yet produced nothing.

Not one of the new ideas, of the new forms, had as yet brilliantly burst forth. None of the new names which we have been accustomed to pronounce for forty years had then emerged from obscurity. Those who were to make them illustrious certainly were distrustful of themselves. Every year I spent several weeks with friends at Ouilly, on the other side of the valley of Saint-Point. Who knew that on the opposite side of the hill there was a great poet named Lamartine, hidden under those trees whose shadow reached even to where I was? Did he himself know it then?

Whichever way I looked, I found a great void on the horizon. I felt this void in poetry, in history, in philosophy, in everything. I suffered from it, because I was incapable of filling it, and I did not know that others were suffering from the same ill. Each

in his own obscurity was working to fill the voids of which I was at least conscious.

In my first fever I attempted all the ways at once. Upon each I met the same aridity, the same sterility, through all the moral world, without any work to indicate what direction to follow, or any man to say authoritatively, "This is the way."

I was then sadly distressed at my own impotence, and I may say at the impotence of my time; since I did not see a guide in whom I could trust, or even a companion upon the way which I both trembled and burned to enter. I had a presentiment of an almost entire renewal of the things of the mind. And as I saw no one working at it, I believed myself alone. This solitude was crushing me just at the moment when so many imperishable works were being silently prepared and secretly brooded over.

Although this suffering often became despair, there was nothing in it resembling spleen, weariness of life, all that brought on the wave of passions toward the end of the last century. It seems to me that it was in many ways the opposite of weariness and satiety. It was rather a blind impatience to live, a feverish expectation, a premature ambition for the future, a kind of intoxication of renascent thought, a frenzied thirst of the soul after the desert of the Empire. All that, joined to a consuming desire to produce, to create, to do something, in the midst of a world still empty.

Those whom I questioned later upon those years told me they experienced something similar.

Each one thought himself alone as I did; each one was musing as in a desert island. The renascent force of the century was stirring them all at once, and they were experiencing the pains of moral growth, piercing to the very bones. How many plaints were then exhaled! How many sincere tears were shed! Nature too laments when about to bring forth.

The generation of which I am speaking did not understand itself as yet; that was why it was groaning: but it was about to do its work. At least the seeds were sown; they were beginning to sprout. France resembled the earth in the first days of March after a long winter. Not a leaf, not a flower. Nothing more than short grass piercing the last snows. The birds have not yet returned; all is silent, but all is in expectation of the new season; the good grain germinates silently in the furrow. The laborer has a sure presentiment that the corn is coming up.

I too in my isolation felt—towards the autumn of 1820, in the midst of the forest of Seillon, on the borders of the ponds, in the company of teal and heron—that profound moral vegetating process which, obscurely, silently, was tormenting French brains from one frontier to the other. And this vegetating process, still hidden, intoxicated me with a mysterious irresistible breath.

I was ignorant of all the names which were about to arise, I loved them in advance. I had a morbid desire to anticipate these minds that I was summoning; I experienced all the impatience of a bird at the moment of migration. Not that I wished to depart for a foreign land. I desired to emigrate toward that new moral world—toward those half-seen ideas which escaped me as I approached them. I rushed forward, I fell back almost at once; I had not wings for so great a flight.

I rose again, however; and the idea which we were all then forming of France furnished me with a great resource against this first oppression. France, after her two downfalls, her two invasions, distressed, pierced to the heart, all bleeding, appeared to us so beautiful, so noble, so proud, in her calamities! Her disgraces did not count: they rendered her a hundred times more touching in our eyes. There was not then in the whole world a single man who did not believe her made for truth, for liberty, for all that honors human-kind. With what filial tenderness we looked at and counted her wounds! Who did not wish to cure them at the price of his life? Who did not wish to carry her as homage his work, his book, his sketch, his mite of ideas; or in default of these, a part of his heart?

France was to be reborn,—I could not doubt it. And what prevented us from aiding this renascence? Why should not I too bring to it my grain of sand? Scarcely had this thought appeared to me than I felt myself transformed. What strength to endure everything! What a spur! At those moments I believed myself to be, and I was in truth, capable of something. I beheld as though it were accomplished what I so fervently desired.

I applied myself again to the work. But alas! At once two minds which I found within me embarrassed me, and prevented me from advancing: that of the eighteenth century which desired to go on living, with which I had been reared, nourished; and that of the nineteenth, which claimed its birth. Which should I obey? which heed? There were indeed two spirits

who took for their battle-ground the soul of every man of that time. I did not want to renounce either the one or the other; and I was too new, too unarmed as yet, to attempt to conciliate them. What then did I do? I yielded now to one, now to the other, at the risk of dissipating myself. This violent combat, which I was incapable of determining, was another cause of anguish and profound grief; it was like the torture of Brunehault.

To direct us in this conflict of the two centuries which were enveloping us at the same time, we had two figures only,—those of Châteaubriand and Madame de Staël. But with them the combat, far from ceasing, recommenced. For they differed from each other as much as can be imagined: the one Catholic, the other Protestant; the one turned toward the Middle Ages, the other toward the uncertain regions of the future. In seeing them so opposed in ideas, in sentiments, even in hopes, one felt more astray, more deserted than ever. The choice between such diverse ways, far from being decided by their example, became practically impossible.

By another contradiction, the language of Châteaubriand was emancipated while his thought did not seem to be. His colors dazzled without enlightening me, and his ideas repelled me. I followed them only with distrust, and scarcely admitted them to my mind. On the contrary, the genius of Madame de Staël was free while her expression seemed enchained. In the confused clearness of her oracles I said to myself, "This is the side for me to advance. Here is the century of life; here are all my expectations." I expected the sunrise; but I saw nothing but a vague twilight, never penetrated by the full light of the new day.

From these two figures, if I gazed upon what were then called the masses, I had uncertainty on one side and complete night on the other. On the latter was no apparent desire, no enthusiasm for other ideas than those they believed themselves to possess: on the contrary, doubt, sneers, mockery, at the least effort to leave the beaten paths; the old names opposed to the new like an invincible barrier; no expectation, no presentiment of something unknown; the language impoverished by silence, weakened, become so timid that all thought frightened it.

If a literary philosophical revolution was in preparation, evidently it was to be accomplished not by the will of the greatest

number, but by the ardor, the daring of a few solitary spirits who would undertake at their own risk and peril to reawaken the drowsy crowd. But who would dare begin? I sought far off, I listened, I cried inwardly with anguish, "Is there no one, then?"

The astonishment, the incredulity of others, the anxiety of my mother, were my only answer. These sentiments won me in my turn.

Who? I? Write? What madness! Had I well considered? Even if I could, dare I? Did I know even what an author was? Had I ever beheld one with my eyes? To follow the trail of ideas which existed nowhere in the air, to make one's life and occupation of them, to embark one's destiny on this plank,—was it not the vainest, most senseless of enterprises, perhaps even the most culpable, to judge by the dismay of all my friends?

I awoke with a start as from a beautiful dream. All those vivid lights of our generation which had appeared to me suddenly went out. The premature glories of which I had caught sight disappeared one after another. All the hidden movement, developed in a solitary and inexperienced spirit, made way for reality. Of that expectation, of that presentiment, of that fever of hope, there remained a naked, despoiled land, gleams of will-o'-the-wisps on great leaden lakes, and the eternal sighing of our forests.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Jane Grosvenor Cooke

QUINTILIAN

(35 ?–95 ? A. D.)

BY HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

MARCUS FABIUS QUINTILIANUS, for many years teacher of rhetoric and pleader of causes at Rome, and author of the most exhaustive treatise upon the art of oratory ever written, offers a marked example of that even balance of qualities and mild uniformity of moral and intellectual tint, which render it peculiarly difficult after a lapse of time either to form a vivid idea of a writer's personality, or to receive a pungent impression from his work. Like his friend the epigrammatist, Martial, Quintilian was a native of Spain; and the two men were very nearly of the same age. Quintilian was born at Catagurris, now Calahorra, on the Ebro, about the year 40 A. D. He was educated at Rome, studying first under one Palæmon, a *grammaticus* or grammar-master, of worthless character but great ability, who had been born a slave; later with the noted rhetorician Domitius Afer of Nîmes, who flourished in the reigns of Caligula, Claudius, and Nero. Concerning the latter, Quintilian once told a class of his own pupils a striking anecdote. Domitius greatly resented, in his old age, the fashion which had sprung up of interrupting a speaker by rounds of applause,—«as if,» says Pliny junior, who has preserved the incident, «he were an actor, with a hired *claque*.» On one occasion, when Domitius was pleading a case before the Centumviri in his usual grave and deliberate manner, his voice was suddenly drowned by an unseemly uproar. He stopped short until the noise had subsided; then resumed, and was again interrupted. When this had happened for the third time, he abruptly concluded his harangue with the remark,—«Centumvirs, our art is dead!»

The father of Quintilian had also some reputation as a public speaker in Rome. Seneca speaks of having once listened to a declamation «by the Old Quintilian»; and the son, in that part of his *magnum opus* which treats of rhetorical ornament, quotes as a specimen of *paronomasia*, or play upon words, a not particularly brilliant pun of his father's on the verbs *immorior* and *immoror*. Quintilian returned to Spain after his studies were finished, and presumably began the practice of his profession there; but went again to Rome

in the train of Galba, the governor of Spain, when the latter was proclaimed Emperor, upon Nero's death. Quintilian was now (68 A. D.) not far from thirty; and for the twenty succeeding years, though Rome changed rulers five times during the interval, he continued to prosper at the capital, as an orator and instructor in rhetoric. The younger Pliny was one of his pupils; Tacitus the historian was probably another. Quintilian had as a client, upon one occasion, that same Queen Berenice who once went, "with great pomp, to hear Paul of Tarsus plead at Cæsarea;" and the Spaniard also enjoyed the privilege of speaking *apud ipsam*,—in the presence of the royal, though no longer youthful, charmer.

The two collections of speeches which once passed under Quintilian's name are now held to be all spurious; but he himself speaks of having been driven, by the nuisance of garbled reports and unauthorized publications, to edit his plea in the case of one Nævius of Arpinum; and he also makes repeated reference, in his main work, to a previous essay on the Decline of Oratory—which has perished. At the age of about fifty, he retired from the practice of his twofold calling, and applied himself to the composition of the treatise by which his name is remembered,—'Institutionis Oratoriæ XII Libri' (Twelve Books concerning the Education of an Orator), commonly known as the 'Institutes.' Thanks to heavy fees and imperial bounty, —for he was granted by Vespasian a handsome salary from the imperial treasury, and was the first rhetorician ever so endowed,— Quintilian was now a rich man, and had lately married a very young wife; probably out of that senatorial family into which one of his beloved and deeply mourned sons was early adopted. Beside a short preface addressed to his bookseller Trypho, and a general introduction, there are separate introductions to eight out of the twelve books of the 'Institutio'; and from them we gather almost all the remaining facts which are to be learned concerning the life of Quintilian. In the proem to the fourth book he tells his friend Marcellus Victor, to whom the whole work is inscribed, that he finds a fresh incentive to care in its composition, in the fact that the Emperor Domitian has appointed him tutor to his grandnephews, the sons of Flavius Clemens and Vespasian's granddaughter Domatilla. These boys had lately been adopted by the potentate, and named for succession to the throne; and Quintilian also received, at the request of their father, the appointment of Honorary Consul. He does not appear to have been particularly a sycophant; but he would have been more than human, and much more than first-century Roman, if he had not gone on to write of his imperial patron in a strain which is a little sickening when compared with what we know, from other sources, of that dull and ruthless tyrant.

In the preface to the sixth book of the 'Institutes' we see Quintilian in a nobler light, and are brought near for a moment to the unspoiled heart of the man. Very simply and affectingly he makes the avowal that he had all but abandoned, at this point, the labor of his life, in the despair occasioned by those crushing domestic breavements which made his latter days desolate. The girl-wife had died at nineteen, after giving birth to two boys: one of whom followed his mother in early infancy; while the other, a remarkably brilliant and promising child, lived to be only nine, and then succumbed to a long illness attended by great suffering, which he bore with the utmost courage and sweetness. «What shall I do?» cries the stricken father, «or what further use can there be in life for one to whom the gods are so hostile? What good parent could forgive me, if I could go calmly on with my studies, after having survived all my own?» Nevertheless, in the end, like Job when similarly afflicted, he «girded up his loins like a man,» and «answered» the Power which had bereft him, by renewed devotion to his work; finding there, no doubt, as many another sufferer has done, the best antidote to pain. It has been supposed by some, on the strength of an epistle of Pliny's (Book vi., xxxi.), that Quintilian married again after sixty, and had a daughter who lived to maturity; but this is most unlikely. The Quintilian for whose daughter the Complete Letter-Writer incloses a wedding present of fifty thousand nummi (about $2500) was plainly another man. Pliny does allude in several places to the orator and his valued instructions, but always as though he were already dead; and the probability is that he did not long survive the accession of Trajan.

The contemporaries of Quintilian, even the most caustic of them, have nothing but good to say of the man. Martial decorates him with a honeyed epigram (Book xi., xc.):

«Quintiliane vagæ moderator summe juventæ
Gloria Romanæ, Quintiliane togæ.»

And even Juvenal, though protesting in his sixth satire, that only through unparalleled good fortune could a teacher of rhetoric ever have become a consul and a large landed proprietor, yet admits, very handsomely for him, that these distinctions were deserved in Quintilian's case; and that he was «fortunate and handsome and clever; fortunate [again!] and wise, high-minded and open-hearted.» In his own writings Quintilian shows himself not merely the loving husband and father, but indulgent and sympathetic with all children; and remarkably gentle in his judgments, and temperate in his strictures upon other writers, — even on one whose foibles, personal and literary, were as distasteful to him as those of Seneca. He knew,

so to speak, all that had been written in his day; and his own taste was excellent. He loved the best, and he loved it unaffectedly. Himself the purest Latin prose-writer of the "silver age," his heart was in the "golden age"; and his feeling for Cicero and Virgil, as well as for Homer and the great Greeks, was almost a religion.

The most interesting portions of the 'Institutionis Oratoriæ' are the General Introduction, in which the scheme of the work is unfolded; the first and second books, which are devoted to infantile and primary-school education; the tenth, which enumerates the authors with whom an accomplished speaker should be familiar, and gives brief but often admirable criticisms of their best-known works; the eleventh, which deals with the personal graces an orator ought most to cultivate; and the twelfth, which amplifies the proposition laid down at the outset, that the orator who would achieve success must be essentially a good man. We note the fact that Quintilian, like the ancients generally, conceives of human knowledge as one organic whole, each of whose parts has a vital and necessary dependence upon all the rest. In Cicero's time, he says, it was taken for granted that a great orator would also be a cultivated and conscientious man: but now Quintilian has to deplore what he rather affectedly calls "a most inartistic division of the great art"; insomuch that the mere *causidicus*, who will talk upon any side for pay, is considered as much an orator as he who gives eloquent expression to his own convictions.

When he comes to treat of elementary instruction, Quintilian starts with the cheerful assumption that the vast majority of children are naturally clever and capable. A dull mind he thinks as rare among them as a deformed body. He would have the future orator's training begin in the cradle; and insists that the nurse to whose charge he is committed for his first three years should be a woman of some instruction, and especially of refined speech, else he will never articulate properly. Our author observes, at this point, that it might be well for the infant also to have had a highly educated father, and a mother as able as the celebrated Cornelia, and the daughters of Lælius the wise. But he seems to admit that this is rather a pluperfect requirement, not easy to be met after the child is an accomplished fact. Let him have, at all events, an ivory alphabet among his playthings; for Quintilian thinks, though he does not clearly say why, that it is better to know the form of the letters by sight, before one learns the sound of them by the ear. He would have the little one taught to speak Greek first; yet not to use it so exclusively as to affect his pronunciation of Latin. He scouts the apparently favorite idea that regular study should not begin before the age of seven. A child, he says, is expected to have learned good manners before he leaves his nurse's hands at three; and why not a little book knowledge

as well? Nevertheless, he is always for a mild, encouraging, indulgent system. Let the child engage in little contests of skill with his elders; *and be allowed to suppose*, he naïvely adds, that he has won the victory.

Quintilian is totally opposed, however, to the idea of private or home instruction for a boy, after his tenderest years are past. Let him be sent early to school. It is all-important that one who is to live and strive with men, especially one who aspires to influence them by his persuasive power, should learn betimes to fight his way and find his level among his kind. Quintilian does not blink the danger that a boy will have his morals corrupted at school, but he thinks it less than that of being permanently enervated by the senseless luxury of a wealthy Roman home. "What will he not expect in after years," he says, "who has *crept upon purple?*" Yet that the little one may have all reasonable defense against the perils of the street and the playground, Quintilian would have the *pædagogus*, or slave who was told off to help the pupil prepare his lessons and attend him to his class, as rare a being in his way, as the ideal *bonne*. The requirements appear excessive; and one wonders how the supply of these highly accomplished attendants can have borne any proportion to the demand, until one remembers the multitude of cultured captives of both sexes, and fugitives from conquered Greek cities, who were then to be had in Rome almost for the asking.

To commit to memory and recite, under careful correction, passages from the best writers, Quintilian considers an indispensable exercise in early youth. Tragedy is in the main good reading for boys. The lyric poetry of Horace (he never so much as names Catullus) will not hurt them if carefully expurgated. Elegy, and sentimental verse generally, he thinks very bad for them; comedy, useful in the way of widening their knowledge of men and things. The archaic Latin authors are healthful, "though most of them are stronger in genius than in art."

When the child has learned of his primary teachers to "read, write, and cipher," and but little more, Quintilian would have him placed in a rhetorical school at an earlier age than is usually thought desirable. Here he would have him learn both music and geometry; using the words in their comprehensive Greek sense,—the former to include the whole range of the liberal arts; the latter, every branch of what then passed for physical science. Quintilian makes very light of the fear that the powers of a growing lad will be too heavily taxed by this extensive curriculum. Overstudy, in fairly vigorous youth, seems to him almost an impossibility. At no period of life, he truly says, is there so little suffering from fatigue; at none are impressions received and facts and precepts acquired so easily.

But all this broad and varied culture is only preliminary to the special training which will be needful for the finished orator. That part of the 'Institutio' (Books iv. to ix. inclusive) which treats of the subject-matter and proper arrangement of a speech, and of elocution, gestures, and the outward graces of oratory, is excessively technical and minute; and Quintilian, with habitual humility before his idol, almost apologizes in his last book for having ventured so far beyond the bound observed by Cicero in his more popular essay 'De Oratore.' Of the maxims laid down in this main body of the work, some are now entirely obsolete; while others perhaps only appear trivial because they have so long been accepted without question. Quintilian writes always with the same good sense, good temper, and carefully chosen language; in a style which is as like Cicero's as reverent imitation can make it. But then Cicero has a dozen styles — ranging all the way from the closest argumentation to the lightest chaff — and Quintilian has only one. He abounds in figures and illustrations; but these disappoint the reader a little by being taken so much more from other authors than from daily life and personal experience, whereby they shed little light upon Roman scenes and the manners of the time. Vivid pictures caught in passing, like that of the patrician baby upon its purple rug, and the «smooth-faced» dandy, with «hair fresh from the curling-tongs, and an unnaturally brilliant complexion,» are extremely rare in Quintilian. Now and then, however, he estimates a talent, or sums up a reputation, in a few strong and very apt words: as where he says that if Julius Cæsar had chosen to devote himself wholly to the forum he could have had no rival except Cicero, and that he spoke with the same fire with which he fought; and of Cicero's friend Cælius, that he had much ability and a pleasant wit, and was «a man worthy to have had better thoughts and a longer life.»

After the series of literary appreciations (Book x.), which the historian Gibbon said he had read many times, and never without both pleasure and profit, Quintilian returns, at the end of his treatise, to the moral qualifications of the perfect orator; and argues with much cogency and skill for the original proposition, that a great speaker must needs be a good man. When he descends to particulars under this head, it becomes evident that his standards were not always those which are held in our own time to be the highest. He thinks that one may sometimes tell a lie, or even excuse a vice, to promote a virtuous object; and he quite approves of endeavoring ingeniously to divert the attention of a judge from inconvenient aspects of the truth. He is an impenitent utilitarian, yet a high-minded one; and the sophisms which he gravely permits are mostly of the kind which are more apt, even now, to be condemned in theory than scrupulously avoided in forensic and parliamentary practice.

The resurrection of the 'Institutes' at the Renaissance was due to the ardent researches of the humanist, Gian Francesco Poggio Bracciolini, in the convent library of St. Gall. He copied the whole of the MS. with his own hand, and that copy is still preserved in the Laurentian Library at Florence. The only complete and trustworthy English translation of his works is that of the Rev. John Selby Watson, head-master of Stockwell Grammar School (included in Bohn's Classical Library), from which the following quotations have been made.

Harriet Waters Preston

ON THE OBJECT AND SCOPE OF THE WORK

From the 'Institutes'

WE ARE to form, then, the perfect orator, who cannot exist unless as a good man; and we require in him, therefore, not only consummate ability in speaking, but every excellence of mind. For I cannot admit that the principles of moral and honorable conduct are, as some have thought, to be left to the philosophers; since the man who can duly sustain his character as a citizen, who is qualified for the management of public and private affairs, and who can govern communities by his counsels, settle them by means of laws, and improve them by judicial enactments, can certainly be nothing else but an orator. Although I acknowledge, therefore, that I shall adopt some precepts which are contained in the writings of the philosophers, yet I shall maintain, with justice and truth, that they belong to my subject, and have a peculiar relation to the art of oratory. If we have constantly occasion to discourse of justice, fortitude, temperance, and other similar topics, so that a cause can scarce be found in which some such discussion does not occur; and if all such subjects are to be illustrated by invention and elocution, can it be doubted that wherever power of intellect and copiousness of language are required, the art of the orator is to be there pre-eminently exerted? These two accomplishments, as Cicero very plainly proves, were, as they are joined by nature, so also united in practice, so that the same persons were thought at once wise and eloquent. Subsequently the study divided itself, and through want of art it came to pass that the arts were considered to be diverse: for as soon as the tongue became an

instrument of gain, and it was made a practice to abuse the gifts of eloquence, those who were esteemed as eloquent abandoned the care of morals; which, when thus neglected, became as it were the prize of the less robust intellects. Some, disliking the toil of cultivating eloquence, afterwards returned to the discipline of the mind and the establishment of rules of life, retaining to themselves the better part, if it could be divided into two: but assuming at the same time the most presumptuous of titles, so as to be called the only cultivators of wisdom,—a distinction which neither the most eminent commanders, nor men who were engaged with the utmost distinction in the direction of the greatest affairs and in the management of whole commonwealths, ever ventured to claim for themselves; for they preferred rather to practice excellence of conduct than to profess it. That many of the ancient professors of wisdom, indeed, both delivered virtuous precepts, and even lived as they directed others to live, I will readily admit; but in our own times the greatest vices have been hid under this name in many of the professors: for they did not strive, by virtue and study, to be esteemed philosophers; but adopted a peculiarity of look, austerity of demeanor, and a dress different from that of other men, as cloaks for the vilest immoralities.

But those topics which are claimed as peculiar to philosophy, we all everywhere discuss; for what person (if he be not an utterly corrupt character) does not sometimes speak of justice, equity, and goodness? who, even among rustics, does not make some inquiries about the causes of the operations of nature? As to the proper use and distinction of words, it ought to be common to all who make their language at all an object of care.

Translation in Bohn's Library.

ON THE EARLY PRACTICE OF COMPOSITION

From the 'Institutes'

FROM boys perfection of style can neither be required nor expected; but the fertile genius, fond of noble efforts, and conceiving at times a more than reasonable degree of ardor, is greatly to be preferred. Nor, if there be something of exuberance in a pupil of that age, would it at all displease me.

I would even have it an object with teachers themselves to nourish minds that are still tender with more indulgence, and to allow them to be satiated, as it were, with the milk of more liberal studies. The body which mature age may afterwards nerve, may for a time be somewhat plumper than seems desirable,—hence there is hope of strength; while a child that has the outline of all his limbs exact commonly portends weakness in subsequent years. Let that age be daring; invent much, and delight in what it invents, though it be often not sufficiently severe and correct. The remedy for exuberance is easy: barrenness is incurable by any labor. That temper in boys will afford me little hope, in which mental effort is prematurely restrained by judgment. I like what is produced to be extremely copious, profuse even beyond the limits of propriety. Years will greatly reduce superfluity; judgment will smooth away much of it; something will be worn off, as it were, by use, if there be but metal from which something may be hewn and polished off,—and such metal there will be if we do not make the plate too thin at first, so that deep cutting may break it. That I hold such opinions concerning this age, he will be less likely to wonder who shall have read what Cicero says: «I wish fecundity in a young man to give itself full scope.»

Above all, therefore, and especially for boys, *a dry master* is to be avoided, not less than a dry soil, void of all moisture, for plants that are still tender. Under the influence of such a tutor they at once become dwarfish; looking, as it were, towards the ground, and daring to aspire to nothing above every-day talk. To them leanness is in place of health, and weakness instead of judgment; and while they think it sufficient to be free from fault, they fall into the fault of being free from all merit. Let not even maturity itself, therefore, come too fast; let not the must, while yet in the vat, become mellow; for so it will bear years, and be improved by age.

Nor is it improper for me, moreover, to offer this admonition: that the powers of boys sometimes sink under too great severity in correction; for they despond, and grieve, and at last hate their work,—and what is most prejudicial, while they fear everything they cease to attempt anything. There is a similar conviction in the minds of the cultivators of trees in the country, who think that the knife must not be applied to tender shoots, as they appear to shrink from the steel, and to be unable as yet

to bear an incision. A teacher ought therefore to be as agreeable as possible, that remedies which are rough in their own nature may be rendered soothing by gentleness of hand: he ought to praise some parts of his pupils' performances, to tolerate some, and to alter others, giving his reasons why the alterations are made; and also to make some passages clearer by adding something of his own. It will be of service at times, also, for the master to dictate whole subjects himself, which the pupil may imitate and admire for the present as his own. But if a boy's composition were so faulty as not to admit of correction, I have found him benefited whenever I told him to write on the same subject again, after it had received fresh treatment from me, observing that "he could do still better"; since study is cheered by nothing more than hope. Different ages, however, are to be corrected in different ways; and work is to be required and amended according to the degree of the pupil's abilities. I used to say to boys when they attempted anything extravagant or verbose, that "I was satisfied with it for the present; but that a time would come when I should not allow them to produce compositions of such a character." Thus they were satisfied with their abilities, and yet not led to form a wrong judgment.

Translation in Bohn's Library.

ON NATURE AND ART IN ORATORY

From the 'Institutes'

I AM aware that it is also a question whether *nature* or *learning* contributes most to oratory. This inquiry, however, has no concern with the subject of my work, for a perfect orator can be formed only with the aid of both; but I think it of great importance how far we consider that there is a question on the point. If you suppose either to be independent of the other, nature will be able to do much without learning, but learning will be of no avail without the assistance of nature. But if they be united in equal parts, I shall be inclined to think that when both are but moderate, the influence of nature is nevertheless the greater; but finished orators, I consider, owe more to learning than to nature. Thus the best husbandman cannot improve soil of no fertility, while from fertile ground something good will be

produced even without the aid of the husbandman; yet if the husbandman bestows his labor on rich land, he will produce more effect than the goodness of the soil of itself. Had Praxiteles attempted to hew a statue out of a millstone, I should have preferred to it an unhewn block of Parian marble; but if that statuary had fashioned the marble, more value would have accrued to it from his workmanship than was in the marble itself. In a word, nature is the material for learning; the one forms and the other is formed. Art can do nothing without material; material has its value even independent of art: but perfection of art is of more consequence than perfection of material.

Translation in Bohn's Library.

ON EMBELLISHMENTS OF STYLE

From the 'Institutes'

I COME now to the subject of *embellishment;* in which doubtless, more than in any other department of oratory, the speaker is apt to give play to his fancy. For the praise of such as speak merely with correctness and perspicuity is but small; since they are thought rather to have avoided faults than to have attained any great excellence. *Invention* of matter is often common to the orator and to the illiterate alike; *arrangement* may be considered to require but moderate learning, and whatever high arts are used, are generally concealed, or they would cease to deserve the name of art: and all these qualities are directed to the *support* of causes alone. But by polish and embellishment of style, the orator recommends himself to his auditors in his proper character; in his other efforts he courts the approbation of the learned, in this the applause of the multitude. Cicero, in pleading the cause of Cornelius, fought with arms that were not only stout, but dazzling; nor would he merely by instructing the judge, or by speaking to the purpose and in pure Latin and with perspicuity, have caused the Roman people to testify their admiration of him not only by acclamations, but even tumults of applause. It was the sublimity, magnificence, splendor, and dignity of his eloquence, which drew forth that thunder of approbation. No such extraordinary commendation would have attended on the speaker if his speech had been of an every-day character,

and similar to ordinary speeches. I even believe that his audience were insensible of what they were doing; and that they gave their applause neither voluntarily nor with any exercise of judgment, but that, being carried away by enthusiasm, and unconscious of the place in which they stood, they burst forth instinctively into such transports of delight.

But this grace of style may contribute in no small degree to the success of a cause, for those who listen with pleasure are both more attentive and more ready to believe: they are very frequently captivated with pleasure, and sometimes hurried away in admiration. Thus the glitter of a sword strikes something of terror into the eyes; and thunder-storms themselves would not alarm us so much as they do if it were their force only, and not also their flame, that was dreaded. Cicero, accordingly, in one of his letters to Brutus, makes with good reason the following remark: «That eloquence which excites no admiration, I account as nothing.» Aristotle also thinks that to excite admiration should be one of our greatest objects.

But let the embellishment of our style (for I will repeat what I said) be manly, noble, and chaste; let it not affect effeminate delicacy, or a complexion counterfeited by paint, but let it glow with genuine health and vigor. Such is the justice of this rule, that though, in ornament, vices closely border on virtues, yet those who adopt what is vicious disguise it with the name of some virtue. Let no one of those, therefore, who indulge in a vicious style, say that I am an enemy to those who speak with good taste. I do not deny that judicious embellishment is an excellence, but I do not allow that excellence to them. Should I think a piece of land better cultivated, in which the owner should show me lilies, and violets, and anemones, and fountains playing, than one in which there is a plentiful harvest, or vines laden with grapes? Should I prefer barren plane-trees, or clipped myrtles, to elms embraced with vines, and fruitful olive-trees? The rich may have such unproductive gratifications; but what would they be if they had nothing else?

Shall not beauty, then, it may be asked, be regarded in the planting of fruit-trees? Undoubtedly: I would arrange my trees in a certain order, and observe regular intervals between them. What is more beautiful than the well-known quincunx, which, in whatever direction you view it, presents straight lines? But a regular arrangement of trees is of advantage to their growth, as

each of them then attracts an equal portion of the juices of the soil. The tops of my olive, that rise too high, I shall lop off with my knife; it will spread itself more gracefully in a round form, and will at the same time produce fruit from more branches. The horse that has thin flanks is thought handsomer than one of a different shape, and is also more swift. The athlete, whose muscles have been developed by exercise, is pleasing to the sight, and is so much the better prepared for the combat. True beauty is never separate from utility. But to perceive this requires but a moderate portion of sagacity.

What is of more importance to be observed, is, that the graceful dress of our thoughts is still more becoming when varied with the nature of the subject. Recurring to our first division, we may remark that the same kind of embellishment will not be alike suitable for *demonstrative*, *deliberative*, and *judicial* topics. The first of these three kinds, adapted only for display, has no object but the pleasure of the audience; and it accordingly discloses all the resources of art, and all the pomp of language: it is not intended to steal into the mind, or to secure a victory, but strives only to gain applause and honor. Whatever, therefore, may be attractive in conception, elegant in expression, pleasing in figures, rich in metaphor, or polished in composition, the orator — like a dealer in eloquence, as it were — will lay before his audience for them to inspect, and almost to handle; for his success entirely concerns his reputation, and not his cause. But when a serious affair is in question, and there is a contest in real earnest, anxiety for mere applause should be an orator's last concern. Indeed, no speaker should be very solicitous about his words where important interests are involved. I do not mean to say that no ornaments of dress should be bestowed on such subjects, but that they should be as it were more close-fitting and severe, and thus display themselves less; and they should be, above all, well adapted to the subject. In deliberations the Senate expects something more elevated, the people something more spirited; and in judicial pleadings, public and capital causes require a more exact style than ordinary: but as for private causes, and disputes about small sums, which are of frequent occurrence,—simple language, the very reverse of that which is studied, will be far more suitable for them. Would not a speaker be ashamed to seek the recovery of a petty loan in elaborate periods? or to display a violent feeling in speaking

of a gutter? Or to perspire over a suit about taking back a slave?

But let us pursue our subject; and as the embellishment, as well as the perspicuity of language, depends either on the choice of single words, or on the combination of several together, let us consider what care they require separately, and what in conjunction. Though it has been justly said that perspicuity is better promoted by *proper* words, and embellishment by such as are *metaphorical*, we should feel certain, at the same time, that whatever is *improper* cannot *embellish*. But as several words often signify the same thing (and are called synonyms), some of those words will be more becoming, or sublime, or elegant, or pleasing, or of better sound, than others; for as syllables formed of the better sounding letters are clearer, so words formed of such syllables are more melodious; and the fuller the sound of a word, the more agreeable it is to the ear; and what the junction of syllables effects, the junction of words effects also, proving that some words sound better in combination than others.

But words are to be variously used. To subjects of a repulsive character, words that are harsh in sound are the more suitable. In general, however, the best words, considered singly, are such as have the fullest or most agreeable sound. Elegant, too, are always to be preferred to coarse words; and for mean ones there is no place in polished style. Such as are of a striking or elevated character are to be estimated according to their suitableness to our subject. That which appears sublime on one occasion, may seem tumid on another; and what appears mean when applied to a lofty subject, may adapt itself excellently to one of an inferior nature. In an elevated style a low word is noticeable and indeed a blemish; and in like manner a grand or splendid word is unsuited to a plain style, and is in bad taste, as being like a tumor on a smooth surface.

Translation in Bohn's Library.

ON THE HANDLING OF WITNESSES IN COURT

From the 'Institutes'

SINCE, then, there are two sorts of witnesses, those who appear voluntarily and those whom the judge summons according to law, . . . let us distinguish the duty of the pleader who produces witnesses from that of him who refutes their testimony.

He that produces a *voluntary* witness may know what he has to say, and consequently appears to have the easier task in examining him. But even this undertaking requires penetration and watchfulness: and we must be cautious that the witness may not appear timid, or inconsistent, or foolish; for witnesses may be confused or caught in snares by the advocates on the opposite side, and when they are once caught, they do more harm than they would have done service if they had been firm and resolute. They should therefore be well exercised before they are brought into court, and tried with various interrogatories such as are likely to be put by an advocate on the other side. By this means they will either be consistent in their statements, or if they stumble at all, will be set upon their feet again, as it were, by some opportune question from him by whom they were brought forward. But even in regard to those who are consistent in their evidence, we must be on our guard against treachery; for they are often thrown in our way by the opposite party, and after promising everything favorable, give answers of a contrary character, and have the more weight against us when they do not refute what is to our prejudice, but confess the truth of it. We must inquire, therefore, what motives they appear to have for declaring against our adversary: nor is it sufficient to know that they *were* his enemies,—we must ascertain whether they have ceased to be so; whether they may not seek reconciliation with him at our expense; whether they have been bribed; or whether they may not have changed their purpose from penitential feelings,—precautions not only necessary in regard to witnesses who know that which they intend to say is true, but far more necessary in respect to those who promise to say what is false. For they are more likely to repent, and their promises are more to be suspected; and even if they keep to their word, it is much more easy to refute them.

Of witnesses who are *summoned* to give evidence, some are willing to hurt the accused party, and some unwilling; and the accuser sometimes knows their inclination, and is sometimes ignorant of it. Let us suppose for the moment that he knows it; yet in either case, there is need of the greatest circumspection on the part of him who examines them. If he find a witness disposed to prejudice the accused, he ought to take the utmost care that his disposition may not show itself; and he should not question him at once on the point for decision, but proceed to it circuitously, so that what the examiner chiefly wants him to say

may appear to be wrung from him. Nor should he press him with too many interrogatories, lest the witness, by replying freely to everything, should invalidate his own credit; but he should draw from him only so much as it may seem reasonable to elicit from one witness. But in the case of one who will not speak the truth unless against his will, the great happiness in an examiner is, to extort from him what he does not wish to say; and this cannot be done otherwise than by questions that seem wide of the matter in hand: for to these he will give such answers as he thinks will not hurt his party; and then, from various particulars which he may confess, he will be reduced to the inability of denying what he does not wish to acknowledge. For, as in a set speech we commonly collect detached arguments, which taken singly seem to bear but lightly on the accused, but by the combination of which we succeed in proving the charge,—so a witness of this kind must be questioned on many points regarding antecedent and subsequent circumstances, and concerning places, times, persons, and other subjects: so that he may be brought to give some answer; after which he must either acknowledge what we wish, or contradict what he himself has said. If we do not succeed in that object, it will be manifest that he is unwilling to speak; and he must be led on to other matters, that he may be caught tripping, if possible, on some point, though it be unconnected with the cause. He may also be detained an extraordinary time, that by saying everything, and more than the case requires, in favor of the accused, he may make himself suspected by the judge; and he will thus do no less damage to the accused than if he had stated the truth against him. But if (as we supposed in the second place) the accuser be ignorant of the witness's disposition, he must sound his inclination cautiously; interrogating him, as we say, step by step, and leading him gradually to the answer which is necessary to be elicited from him. But as there is sometimes such art in witnesses, that they answer at first according to an examiner's wish, in order to gain greater credit when they afterwards speak in a different way, it is wise in an orator to dismiss a suspected witness before he does any harm.

For advocates that appear on behalf of defendants, the examination of witnesses is in one respect *more easy*, and in another *more difficult*, than for those who are on the rivalry (for rivalry is of them. It is *more difficult* on this account
or never know, before the trial, what

and it is *more easy*, inasmuch as they know, when he comes to be questioned, what he has said. Under the uncertainty, therefore, which there is in the matter, great caution and inquisition is necessary to ascertain what sort of character he is that prosecutes the defendant; what feeling he entertains against him; and from what motives: and all such matters are to be exposed and set aside in our pleading, whether we would have the witnesses appear to have been instigated by hatred, or by envy, or by desire of favor, or by money. If the opposite party too produce but few witnesses, we may reflect on their *small number;* if they are extraordinarily numerous, we may insinuate that they are *in conspiracy;* if they are of humble rank, we may speak with contempt of their *meanness;* if persons of consequence, we may deprecate their *influence.* It will be of most effect, however, to expose the motives on which the witnesses speak against the defendant, which may be various, according to the nature of causes and the parties engaged in them; for to such representations as I have just mentioned, the opposite party can answer with commonplace arguments: as, when the witnesses are few and humble, the prosecutor can boast of his simple honesty, in having sought for none but such as were acquainted with the case in hand; while to commend a large number, or persons of consideration, is a somewhat easier task. But occasionally, as we have to commend witnesses, so we have to decry them. . . . As to what we should say against the witnesses respectively, it can only be drawn from their individual characters.

The manner of questioning witnesses remains to be considered. In this part of our duty, the principal point is to know the witness well: for if he is timid, he may be frightened; if foolish, misled; if irascible, provoked; if vain, flattered; if prolix, drawn from the point. If, on the contrary, a witness is sensible and self-possessed, he may be hastily dismissed as malicious and obstinate; or he may be confuted, not with formal questioning, but with a short address from the defendant's advocate; or he may be put out of countenance, if opportunity offer, by a jest; or if anything can be said against his moral character, his credit may be overthrown by infamous charges. It has been advanta-
ou[illegible]is, on certain occasions, not to press too severely on men of
dispos[illegible]; for those who would have fought against
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ON ANCIENT AUTHORS

HOMER

As ARATUS, then, thinks that "we ought to begin with Jupiter," so I think that I shall very properly commence with Homer; for, as he says that "the might of rivers and the courses of springs take their rise from the ocean," so has he himself given a model and an origin for every species of eloquence. No man has excelled him in sublimity on great subjects, no man in propriety on small ones. He is at once copious and concise, pleasing and forcible; admirable at one time for exuberance, and at another for brevity; eminent not only for poetic, but for oratorical excellence. To say nothing of his laudatory, exhortatory, and consolatory speeches, does not the ninth book of the Iliad, in which the deputation sent to Achilles is comprised, or the contention between the chiefs in the first book, or the opinions delivered in the second, display all the arts of legal pleadings and of councils? As to the feelings, as well the gentle as the more impetuous, there is no one so unlearned as not to acknowledge that he had them wholly under his control. Has he not at the commencement of both his works—I will not say observed, but established, the laws of oratorical exordia? for he renders his reader *well affected* towards him by an invocation of the goddesses who have been supposed to preside over poets; he makes him *attentive* by setting forth the grandeur of his subjects, and *desirous of information* by giving a brief and comprehensive view of them. Who can state facts more concisely than he who relates the death of Patroclus, or more forcibly than he who describes the combat of the Curetes and Ætolians? As to similes, amplifications, illustrations, digressions, indications, and proofs of things, and all other modes of establishment and refutation, examples of them are so numerous in him that nearly all those who have written on the rules of rhetoric produce from him illustrations of their precepts. What peroration of a speech will ever be thought equal to the entreaties of Priam beseeching Achilles for the body of his son? Does he not indeed, in words, thoughts, figures, and the arrangement of his whole work, exceed the ordinary bounds of human genius? So much indeed that it requires a great man even to follow his excellences, not with rivalry (for rivalry is impossible) but with a just conception of them.

Virgil and Other Roman Poets

Accordingly, as Homer among the Greeks, so Virgil among our own countrymen, presents the most auspicious beginning;—an author who of all poets of that class, Greek or Roman, doubtless approaches nearest to Homer. I will here repeat the very words which when I was a young man I heard from Domitius Afer, who, when I asked him what poet he thought came nearest to Homer, replied, "Virgil is second to him, but nearer the first than the third. Indeed, though we must give place to the divine and immortal genius of Homer, yet in Virgil there is more care and exactness, for the very reason that he was obliged to take more pains; and for what we lose in the higher qualities we perhaps compensate in equability of excellence."

All our other poets will follow at a great distance. Macer and Lucretius should be read indeed, but not in order to form such a style as constitutes the fabric of eloquence: each is an elegant writer on his own subject, but the one is tame and the other difficult. Varro Atacinus, in those writings in which he has gained a name as the interpreter of another man's work, is not indeed to be despised, but is not rich enough in diction to increase the power of an orator. Ennius we may venerate, as we venerate groves sacred from their antiquity; groves in which gigantic and aged oaks affect us not so much by their beauty as by the religious awe with which they inspire us.

There are other poets nearer to our own times, and better suited to promote the object of which we are speaking. Ovid allows his imagination to wanton, even in his heroic verse, and is too much a lover of his own conceits; but deserves praise in certain passages. Cornelius Severus, though a better versifier than poet, yet if he had finished his 'Sicilian War,' as has been observed, in the manner of his first book, would justly have claimed the second place in epic poetry. But an immature death prevented his powers from being brought to perfection; yet his youthful compositions display very great ability, and a devotion to a judicious mode of writing which was wonderful, especially at such an age.

Historians and Orators

In history, however, I cannot allow superiority to the Greeks: I should neither fear to match Sallust against Thucydides, nor should Herodotus feel indignant if Livy is thought equal to him,—an author of wonderful agreeableness and remarkable perspicuity in his narrative, and eloquent beyond expression in his speeches, so admirably is all that is said in his pages adapted to particular circumstances and characters; and as to the feelings (especially those of the softer kind), no historian, to speak but with mere justice, has succeeded better in describing them. Hence, by his varied excellences, he has equaled in merit the immortal rapidity of Sallust: for Servilius Nonianus seems to me to have remarked with great happiness that they were rather equal than like,—a writer to whom I have listened while he was reading his own histories; he was a man of great ability, and wrote in a sententious style, but with less conciseness than the dignity of history demands. That dignity Bassus Aufidius, who had rather the precedence of him in time, supported with admirable effect, at least in his books on the German war; in his own style of composition he is everywhere deserving of praise, but falls in some parts below his own powers. . . .

But our *orators* may, above all, set the Latin eloquence on an equality with that of Greece; for I would confidently match Cicero against any one of the Greek orators. Nor am I unaware how great an opposition I am raising against myself, especially when it is no part of my design at present to compare him with Demosthenes; for it is not at all necessary, since I think that Demosthenes ought to be read above all other orators, or rather learned by heart. Of their great excellences I consider that most are similar; their method, their order of partition, their manner of preparing the minds of their audience, their mode of proof, and in a word, everything that depends on invention. In their style of speaking there is some difference: Demosthenes is more compact, Cicero more verbose; Demosthenes argues more closely, Cicero with a wider sweep; Demosthenes always attacks with a sharp-pointed weapon, Cicero often with a weapon both sharp and weighty; from Demosthenes nothing can be taken away, to Cicero nothing can be added; in the one there is more study, in the other more nature. In wit and pathos, certainly,—two stimulants of the mind which have great influence in oratory,—we have the

advantage. Perhaps the custom of his country did not allow Demosthenes pathetic perorations; but on the other hand, the different genius of the Latin tongue did not grant to us those beauties which the Attics so much admire. In the epistolary style, indeed, though there are letters written by both, and in that of dialogue in which Demosthenes wrote nothing, there is no comparison. We must yield the superiority, however, on one point: that Demosthenes lived before Cicero, and made him in a great measure the able orator that he was; for Cicero appears to me, after he devoted himself wholly to imitate the Greeks, to have embodied in his style the energy of Demosthenes, the copiousness of Plato, and the sweetness of Isocrates. Nor did he by zealous effort attain only what was excellent in each of these, but drew most or rather all excellences from himself, by the felicitous exuberance of his immortal genius. He does not, as Pindar says, "collect rainwater, but overflows from a living fountain;" having been so endowed at his birth, by the special kindness of Providence, that in him eloquence might make trial of her whole strength. For who can instruct a judge with more exactness, or excite him with more vehemence? What orator had ever so pleasing a manner? The very points which he wrests from you by force, you would think that he gained from you by entreaty; and when he carries away the judge by his impetuosity, he yet does not seem to be hurried along, but imagines that he is following of his own accord. In all that he says, indeed, there is so much authority that we are ashamed to dissent from him; he does not bring to a cause the mere zeal of an advocate, but the support of a witness or a judge: and at the same time, all these excellences, a single one of which any other man could scarcely attain with the utmost exertion, flow from him without effort; and that stream of language, than which nothing is more pleasing to the ear, carries with it the appearance of the happiest facility. It was not without justice, therefore, that he was said by his contemporaries "to reign supreme in the courts"; and he has gained such esteem among his posterity, that Cicero is now less the name of a man than that of eloquence itself. To him, therefore, let us look; let him be kept in view as our great example; and let that student know that he has made some progress, to whom Cicero has become an object of admiration.

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RABELAIS

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS

(1495?–1553)

BY HENRY BÉRENGER

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS was born toward the end of the fifteenth century: in 1483 according to some, in 1495 according to others. The second hypothesis accords better with most of the important facts of his life. The chronological legend would have you believe that he was born the same year as Martin Luther. While Luther, however, was born in a peasant's hut at Eisleben, in the shadow of the Gothic towers and the forests of dreamy Germany, François Rabelais was born in an apothecary's shop or the inn of a publican, at Chinon, on the banks of the sluggish Loire, among the songs of drinkers which awoke him in his cradle. At the threshold of the sixteenth century these two powerful and popular geniuses, both vowed to the monastic state, still half sheathed in the past, escape from the convent to create the future.

Rabelais studied first at the convent of Seville; then at the convent of the Franciscans of La Baumette, near Angers, where at first he was novice. In 1509 he went to finish his novitiate at the convent of Fontenay-le-Comte, where he became priest about 1519, and lived until 1523. Thus his early youth was passed among those rich and gracious landscapes of Touraine, where Honoré de Balzac also was to be born, and to grow up three centuries later, with the same exuberant and magnificent talents of reason and imagination as his great elder and compatriot, François Rabelais.

The first convents in which young Rabelais studied were prisons rather than refuges. The mendicant monks among whom he dwelt at La Baumette and at Fontenay-le-Comte were ignorant, sensual, and superstitious beings, who detested the intellectual life. It was in such an environment, however, but secretly, that Rabelais acquired that passion for study which never quitted him. As long as he studied only Latin and the old French authors, he was unmolested. But one day they discovered some Greek books in his cell. This was a case of heresy. The Greek books were confiscated, and Rabelais was forced to flee in order to escape the stake or the oubliettes. The Pope, Clement VII., was more liberal than these monks, and in 1524 he authorized Rabelais to enter the order of St. Benedict.

Just at this time he became regular canon of the abbey of Maillezais. He remained there only a short time. He then passed to the secular clergy, and was attached to the household of Guy d'Estissac, bishop of Maillezais. He seems to have lived there very happily.

Soon afterward the taste for travel seized him. He visited France, and studied at her chief universities. On the 16th of September, 1530, we know that he took his first registry at the Faculty of Medicine of Montpellier. He received all the degrees of that University, and rapidly achieved a great medical reputation. He was appointed physician of the great hospital of Lyons in 1532, and exercised that function until February 1534. During the same period he published 'Gargantua' and the first book of 'Pantagruel.' In 1534 he left Lyons to accompany as physician the bishop of Paris, Jean du Bellay, uncle of Joachim, the celebrated poet of the Pleiade,—who was sent to Rome as ambassador extraordinary of Francis I. to the Holy See, from which mission he was to win the cardinal's cap. He possessed a noble and liberal spirit, and always protected Rabelais against the rage of his enemies. Rabelais followed him again to Rome in 1536–1537. Thanks to the protection of the Cardinal du Bellay, Pope Paul III. granted him absolution for his apostasy (that is, for his change of costume), and moreover permitted him to become a Benedictine again, and to exercise the profession of medicine. Strong in these two authorizations, Rabelais took at the Faculty of Montpellier, where he had been received doctor in 1537, a course in anatomy. Later he was consulting physician in different cities,—Narbonne, Castres, and Lyons. His faithful patron, the Cardinal du Bellay, who was also abbot of St. Maur as well as bishop of Paris, had him appointed canon of the abbey of St. Maur-les-Fossés. Not being bound to reside there, he continued to travel. He was in Poitou; then in his dear native land of Touraine; then again in Piedmont with the vice-king Guillaume de Langey (brother of the Cardinal du Bellay), where he continued to act as physician. In 1545 he obtained from the King, Francis I., permission to publish the third book of his work. After the death of the King he was in great anxiety; for the Cardinal du Bellay was not in favor with the new King, Henry II. But he found new protectors in the houses of Châtillon and of Lorraine, who recalled him from Metz and from Rome, where he had gone, in a measure to find refuge. In 1550 he was allowed to publish his fourth book, which he dedicated to the Cardinal de Châtillon. The same year he was appointed parish priest of Meudon by Cardinal du Bellay. We do not know whether Rabelais exercised his priestly functions. Everything indicates that he did, however, for he possessed a practical spirit desirous of action. But at the beginning of the year 1552 he resigned his two charges, just as

his fourth book appeared. Doubtless he wished to be more independent, unless he simply quitted these too exacting functions on account of his health; indeed, he died in 1553. The fifth book of his work, part of which seems apocryphal, was not published until 1562.

Considering this life as a whole, it appears that of a laborious as well as daring genius, and of one independent as well as able. Man of free studies and free pleasures, Rabelais was above all the enemy of whatever constrained him. Action was life to him. On coming into the world, he found about him all kinds of fetters: first those of the convent, then those of the Sorbonne, and later those of Parliament; finally those of fanatics, both papists and Huguenots. Rabelais never posed as apostle or martyr, but far more as a shrewd and witty dilettante, whose device, framed by himself, was — *Primo vivere, deinde philosophari.* In order to live, he sought protectors. Like Jean de Meung before him, and Molière after him, he relied upon royalty. He went to Rome to solicit the Pope. He obtained protection against the monks from the high dignitaries of the Church. And having once taken these precautions against the malice and stupidity of subalterns, he composed, at his own leisure and convenience, one of the most vehement and most revolutionary works ever directed by human thought against the social institutions among which it struggles.

The work of Rabelais is divided into five books, of which the first is entitled 'La Vie Très-Horrifique du Grand Gargantua, Père de Pantagruel' (The Astounding Life of the Great Gargantua, Father of Pantagruel); the second, 'Pantagruel, Roi des Dipsodes, avec ses Faits et Prouesses Épouvantables' (Pantagruel, King of the Drunkards, with his Heroic Acts and Achievements); while the last three narrate 'Les Faits et Dicts Heroïques du Bon Pantagruel' (The Heroic Deeds and Sayings of Good Pantagruel). This work was written at different times during a period of twenty years, and among all kinds of journeys and occupations, from 1532 to 1553. Therefore those who look upon it as a work composed once for all, issuing harmoniously from the artist's brain like Minerva all armed issuing from the brain of Jupiter, are entirely wrong. It is rather a Gothic monument like the cathedrals of the same period, to which have been added one after another a portal, a tower, a gable, a gallery, rose-windows, gargoyles, with no thought of unity other than that of the general inspiration. Strange monument built of mud and of marble, bathed in shadow and in sunshine, decked with a thousand monstrous forms, with riddles and logogriphs, and upon which the artist has carved innumerable sacred or grotesque personages, angels, beasts, monks, maidens, wise men and fools, devils and phantoms! But this monument is already illuminated by the classic glimmers of the Renaissance; rays of ancient wisdom penetrate it, and reveal here and

there passages worthy of a place beside the works of Homer, of Plato, or of Plutarch. The religion of human reason and of natural beauty ennobles this architecture, apparently so barbarous and monstrous. An encyclopædic genius, stationed on the boundary between two epochs, two civilizations, and two countries, between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, between the north and the south,—Rabelais is the heir of the free-singers, of the bold story-tellers and farce-lovers of past time, from Maître Renart to the Basoche. In this immense monument still resound all the echoes of the Gallic spirit, and already vibrates the alarum of the classic spirit. The abbey of Thélème is vast enough to harbor at one time Plato, St. Paul, Virgil, Socrates, Jean de Meung, Patelin, François Villon; and also those macaronic poets of Italy whose unctuous joviality and gigantomachia had so greatly diverted him during his stay at Rome. Rabelais combined in his work all these inspirations, as he blended in his style all the dialects of Picardy, Normandy, Touraine, Champagne, Provence, etc.

'Gargantua' and 'Pantagruel' are, under a diverting and fantastic form, the epic of the sixteenth century, as the Iliad and Odyssey were the epic of ancient Greece; as the 'Divine Comedy' was the epic of mediæval Catholicism; as the 'Comédie Humaine' of Balzac is the epic of modern democracy. Châteaubriand was right in defining Rabelais as «a mother-genius»; for he has conceived and given life to most of the great French geniuses who followed him. In a tragic and tumultuous age, filled with public calamities, with the follies of royal ambition, with the mania for military conquests, with the fury of intellectual controversies, with the nascent rage for civil wars, with the Parliament's sentences to death, with the decrees and the fagots of the Sorbonne, Rabelais attempted to restore his contemporaries to mental health by making them laugh at their own maladies. The powerful mocker cast such ridicule upon bad kings (Picrochole), bad priests (Janotus de Bragmardo), bad magistrates (Grippeminaud, etc.), all kinds of fanatics (Coresme-Prenant, Autyrhysis), that he almost destroyed their infernal power by the mere force of his genial buffoonery. And he did not content himself merely with destroying; he constructed. He was as sublime an idealist as he was a profound, sometimes coarse, realist. He invented the succession of good kings (Grangousier, Gargantua, Pantagruel), he created the type of the good educator (Ponocrates), of the good monk (Brother Jean des Entommeures), he dreamed the Utopia of the new society, more tolerant, more generous, happier than the old; and over the ruins accumulated by his terrible and avenging irony he built the abbey of Thélème,—that is, of Free Will. On the front he inscribed, «Do what thou wilt;» thus answering the old cry of the Dominican Izarn

at the stake of the Albigeois, « Believe as you do, and you shall be burned. » Rabelais is a powerful emancipator of modern thought, and the natural ancestor of the Voltaires and the Diderots.

But he is at the same time a great and incomparable artist. He had the gift of creating types and the power of creating a language. A key to Rabelais has been made and remade twenty times: the commentators have striven to attach a historic name to every character. According to the usual opinion, Grangousier is Louis XII.; Gargantua, Francis I.; Pantagruel, Henry II.; Picrochole, either Maximilien Sforza, Ferdinand of Aragon, or Charles V.; Brother Jean, the Cardinal du Bellay; Panurge, the Cardinal of Lorraine, or the author himself. It singularly lessens and lowers Rabelais to reduce him to the rôle of a contemporary portrait painter; and thus doing, one understands nothing of the essence or the scope of his work. The truth is that Rabelais's imagination transformed the matter upon which it worked, brought out its essential features,—the figures worthy of preservation,—and composed those imperishable types, mixtures of fancy and truth, which, rooted in their own time, reach to the most distant future. And Rabelais is not only an epic genius: he is also the first of the great comic poets of France. Before Corneille and Molière, no author possessed to such a degree the sense of action, the art of scenic effect, and that of writing dialogue. The meeting of Pantagruel and the Limousin student, the visit to Rondibilis, the bargain with Dindenant, the consultation of Panurge with the philosopher Trouillogan, are scenes of the most living comedy.

Finally, his style, like his thought, is magnificent in contrasts, in exuberance, in fancy and profoundness, lights and shadows. It has the opulence of Rubens, the irony of Callot, the sublimity of Rembrandt. The sentence, capricious and unrestrained, is curiously chiseled, clear, and finished; it is embellished and embroidered at pleasure, like the ornamental stone of the Gothic monuments under the hands of the great artists of the Middle Ages. The vocabulary, one of unequaled wealth, is a heap of diamonds and of waste matter for the future to sort out. The syntax is a curious one: complex, multiform, sheathed in Latin, not quite emancipated from dialect, but already singularly flexible, agile, undulating; realistic or lyrical, brutal or winged, at his will. Finally, it is French language forged and shaped from pure Latin and Romance metal, with great blows of the hammer, by the first and most vigorous of its workers of genius. Every great French writer proceeds from Rabelais, as every great Italian writer proceeds from Dante.

Such is this strong and jovial figure, both comic and serious, like the spectacle of life itself. Great philosopher, great artist, and great author, Rabelais compels the admiration of the centuries — in spite

of his masks, voluntarily coarse and jocose — as the first complete type of French genius; of the genius of tolerance, of liberty, of generous irony, which since Rabelais, and from century to century, has given us Molière, Voltaire and Diderot, Balzac and Hugo.

Henry Bérenger

THE CHILDHOOD OF GARGANTUA

From 'The Inestimable Life of the Great Gargantua'

GARGANTUA, from three years to five, was nourished and instructed in all proper discipline by the commandment of his father, and spent that time like the other little children of the country,—that is, in drinking, eating, and sleeping; in eating, sleeping, and drinking; and in sleeping, drinking, and eating. Still he wallowed in the mire, blackened his face, trod down his shoes at heel; at the flies he did oftentimes yawn, and willingly ran after the butterflies, the empire whereof belonged to his father. He sharpened his teeth with a slipper, washed his hands with his broth, combed his head with a bowl, sat down between two stools and came to the ground, covered himself with a wet sack, drank while eating his soup, ate his cake without bread, would bite in laughing, laugh in biting, hide himself in the water for fear of rain, go cross, fall into dumps, look demure, skin the fox, say the ape's *paternoster*, return to his sheep, turn the sows into the hay, beat the dog before the lion, put the cart before the horse, scratch where he did not itch, shoe the grasshopper, tickle himself to make himself laugh, know flies in milk, scrape paper, blur parchment, then run away, pull at the kid's leather, reckon without his host, beat the bushes without catching the birds, and thought that bladders were lanterns. He always looked a gift-horse in the mouth, hoped to catch larks if ever the heavens should fall, and made a virtue of necessity. Every morning his father's puppies ate out of the dish with him, and he with them. He would bite their ears, and they would scratch his nose.

The good man Grangousier said to Gargantua's governesses:— "Philip, King of Macedon, knew the wit of his son Alexander,

by his skillful managing of a horse; for the said horse was so fierce and unruly that none durst adventure to ride him, because he gave a fall to all his riders, breaking the neck of this man, the leg of that, the brain of one, and the jawbone of another. This by Alexander being considered, one day in the hippodrome (which was a place appointed for the walking and running of horses) he perceived that the fury of the horse proceeded merely from the fear he had of his own shadow; whereupon, getting on his back he ran him against the sun, so that the shadow fell behind, and by that means tamed the horse and brought him to his hand. Whereby his father recognized the divine judgment that was in him, and caused him most carefully to be instructed by Aristotle, who at that time was highly renowned above all the philosophers of Greece. After the same manner I tell you, that as regards my son Gargantua, I know that his understanding doth participate of some divinity,— so keen, subtle, profound, and clear do I find him; and if he be well taught, he will attain to a sovereign degree of wisdom. Therefore will I commit him to some learned man, to have him indoctrinated according to his capacity, and will spare no cost."

Whereupon they appointed him a great sophister-doctor, called Maître Tubal Holophernes, who taught him his A B C so well that he could say it by heart backwards; and about this he was five years and three months. Then read he to him Donat, Facet, Theodolet, and Alanus *in parabolis*. About this he was thirteen years, six months, and two weeks. But you must remark that in the mean time he did learn to write in Gothic characters, and that he wrote all his books,—for the art of printing was not then in use. After that he read unto him the book 'De Modis Significandi,' with the commentaries of Hurtebise, of Fasquin, of Tropditeux, of Gaulehaut, of John le Veau, of Billonio, of Brelingandus, and a rabble of others; and herein he spent more than eighteen years and eleven months, and was so well versed in it that at the examination he would recite it by heart backwards, and did sometimes prove on his fingers to his mother *quod de modis significandi non erat scientia*. Then did he read to him the 'Compost,' on which he spent sixteen years and two months, and that justly at the time his said preceptor died, which was in the year one thousand four hundred and twenty. Afterwards he got another old fellow with a cough to teach him, named bells ar Jobelin Bridé, who read unto him Hugutio, Hebrard's

'Grécisme,' the 'Doctrinal,' the 'Parts,' the 'Quid Est,' the 'Supplementum'; Marmotret 'De Moribus in Mensa Servandis'; Seneca 'De Quatuor Virtutibus Cardinalibus'; Passavantus 'Cum Commento' and 'Dormi Securé,' for the holidays; and some other of such-like stuff, by reading whereof he became as wise as any we have ever baked in an oven.

At the last his father perceived that indeed he studied hard, and that although he spent all his time in it, he did nevertheless profit nothing, but which is worse, grew thereby foolish, simple, doted, and blockish: whereof making a heavy regret to Don Philip des Marays, Viceroy of Papeligosse, he found that it were better for him to learn nothing at all than to be taught such-like books under such schoolmasters; because their knowledge was nothing but brutishness, and their wisdom but toys, bastardizing good and noble spirits and corrupting the flower of youth. "That it is so, take," said he, "any young boy of the present time, who hath only studied two years: if he have not a better judgment, a better discourse, and that expressed in better terms, than your son, with a completer carriage and civility to all manner of persons, account me forever a chawbacon of La Brène."

This pleased Grangousier very well, and he commanded that it should be done. At night at supper, the said Des Marays brought in a young page of his from Ville-gouges, called Eudemon, so well combed, so well dressed, so well brushed, so sweet in his behavior, that he resembled a little angel more than a human creature. Then he said to Grangousier, "Do you see this child? He is not as yet full twelve years old. Let us try, if it pleaseth you, what difference there is betwixt the knowledge of the doting dreamers of old time and the young lads that are now."

The trial pleased Grangousier, and he commanded the page to begin. Then Eudemon, asking leave of the viceroy, his master, so to do, with his cap in his hand, a clear and open countenance, ruddy lips, his eyes steady, and his looks fixed upon Gargantua, with a youthful modesty, stood up straight on his feet and began to commend and magnify him, first, for his virtue and good manners; secondly, for his knowledge; thirdly, for his nobility; fourthly, for his bodily beauty; and in the fifth place, sweetly exhorted him to reverence his father with all observancy, who was so careful to have him well bro

In the end he prayed him that he would vouchsafe to admit of him amongst the least of his servants; for other favor at that time desired he none of heaven, but that he might do him some grateful and acceptable service.

All this was by him delivered with gestures so proper, pronunciation so distinct, a voice so eloquent, language so well turned, and in such good Latin, that he seemed rather a Gracchus, a Cicero, an Æmilius of the time past, than a youth of his age. But all the countenance that Gargantua kept was, that he fell to crying like a cow, and cast down his face, hiding it with his cap; nor could they possibly draw one word from him. Whereat his father was so grievously vexed that he would have killed Maître Jobelin; but the said Des Marays withheld him from it by fair persuasions, so that at length he pacified his wrath. Then Grangousier commanded he should be paid his wages, that they should make him drink theologically, after which he was to go to all the devils. "At least," said he, "to-day shall it not cost his host much, if by chance he should die as drunk as an Englishman."

Maître Jobelin being gone out of the house, Grangousier consulted with the viceroy what tutor they should choose for Gargantua; and it was betwixt them resolved that Ponocrates, the tutor of Eudemon, should have the charge, and that they should all go together to Paris, to know what was the study of the young men of France at that time.

THE EDUCATION OF GARGANTUA

[The mare on which Gargantua rode to Paris was as big as six elephants: she was brought by sea in three corvettes and a brigantine. With the whisking of her tail she laid low a whole forest. Mounted on her, Gargantua was received with great admiration by the Parisians, who, says Rabelais, are more easily drawn together by a fiddler or a mule with bells than by an evangelical preacher,—a peculiarity which they still preserve. The young giant rewarded their admiration by carrying away the bells of Notre Dame to hang round the neck of his mare. To recover these bells the Parisians sent their most esteemed orator, Maître Janotus de Bragmardo, who came, like the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, duly preceded by three bedells, and followed by six Masters of Arts—Artless Masters, "Maistres Inerts," Rabelais calls them. His oration is a parody on the pretensions of the old-fashioned scholars, the ostentatious parade of bad Latin, and the learned discourses of doctors. The bells are restored and the orator rewarded. Then we leave the realms of

the miraculous and become human again. Gargantua ceases, except at intervals, to be a giant; and Rabelais develops—it is the best, the wisest, the most useful chapter of his book—his theory of what the education of a prince should be.]

PONOCRATES appointed that for the beginning, he should do as he had been accustomed; to the end he might understand by what means, for so long a time, his old masters had made him so foolish, simple, and ignorant. He disposed, therefore, of his time in such fashion that ordinarily he did awake between eight and nine o'clock, whether it was day or not; for so had his ancient governors ordained, alleging that which David saith, *Vanum est vobis ante lucem surgere.* Then did he tumble and wallow in the bed some time, the better to stir up his vital spirits, and appareled himself according to the season; but willingly he would wear a great long gown of thick frieze, lined with fox fur. Afterwards he combed his head with the German comb, which is the four fingers and the thumb; for his preceptors said that to comb himself otherwise, to wash and make himself neat, was to lose time in this world. Then to suppress the dew and bad air, he breakfasted on fair fried tripe, fair grilled meats, fair hams, fair hashed capon, and store of sippet brewis. Ponocrates showed him that he ought not to eat so soon after rising out of his bed, unless he had performed some exercise beforehand. Gargantua answered: "What! have not I sufficiently well exercised myself? I rolled myself six or seven turns in my bed before I rose. Is not that enough? Pope Alexander did so, by the advice of a Jew, his physician; and lived till his dying day in despite of the envious. My first masters have used me to it, saying that breakfast makes a good memory; wherefore they drank first. I am very well after it, and dine but the better. And Maître Tubal, who was the first licentiate at Paris, told me that it is not everything to run a pace, but to set forth well betimes: so doth not the total welfare of our humanity depend upon perpetual drinking *atas, atas,* like ducks, but on drinking well in the morning; whence the verse—

"'To rise betimes is no good hour,
To drink betimes is better sure.'"

After he had thoroughly broken his fast, he went to church; and they carried for him, in a great basket, a huge breviary. There he heard six-and-twenty or thirty masses. This while, to

the same place came his sayer of hours, lapped up about the chin like a tufted whoop, and his breath perfumed with good store of syrup. With him he mumbled all his kyriels, which he so curiously picked that there fell not so much as one grain to the ground. As he went from the church, they brought him, upon a dray drawn by oxen, a heap of paternosters of Sanct Claude, every one of them being of the bigness of a hat-block; and thus walking through the cloisters, galleries, or garden, he said more in turning them over than sixteen hermits would have done. Then did he study for some paltry half-hour with his eyes fixed upon his book; but as the comic saith, his mind was in the kitchen. Then he sat down at table; and because he was naturally phlegmatic, he began his meal with some dozens of hams, dried neats' tongues, mullet's roe, chitterlings, and such other forerunners of wine. In the meanwhile, four of his folks did cast into his mouth, one after another continually, mustard by whole shovelfuls. Immediately after that he drank a horrific draught of white wine for the ease of his kidneys. When that was done, he ate according to the season meat agreeable to his appetite, and then left off eating when he was like to crack for fulness. As for his drinking, he had neither end nor rule. For he was wont to say, that the limits and bounds of drinking were when the cork of the shoes of him that drinketh swelleth up half a foot high.

Then heavily mumbling a scurvy grace, he washed his hands in fresh wine, picked his teeth with the foot of a pig, and talked jovially with his attendants. Then the carpet being spread, they brought great store of cards, dice, and chessboards.

After having well played, reveled, passed and spent his time, it was proper to drink a little, and that was eleven goblets the man; and immediately after making good cheer again, he would stretch himself upon a fair bench, or a good large bed, and there sleep two or three hours together without thinking or speaking any hurt. After he was awakened he would shake his ears a little. In the mean time they brought him fresh wine. Then he drank better than ever. Ponocrates showed him that it was an ill diet to drink so after sleeping. "It is," answered Gargantua, "the very life of the Fathers; for naturally I sleep salt, and my sleep hath been to me instead of so much ham." Then began he to study a little, and the paternosters first, which the better and more formally to dispatch, he got up on an old mule which had

served nine kings; and so mumbling with his mouth, doddling his head, would go see a coney caught in a net. At his return he went into the kitchen, to know what roast meat was on the spit; and supped very well, upon my conscience, and commonly did invite some of his neighbors that were good drinkers; with whom carousing, they told stories of all sorts, from the old to the new. After supper were brought in upon the place the fair wooden gospels — that is to say, many pairs of tables and cards — with little small banquets, intermined with collations and reer-suppers. Then did he sleep without unbridling, until eight o'clock in the next morning.

When Ponocrates knew Gargantua's vicious manner of living, he resolved to bring him up in another kind; but for a while he bore with him, considering that nature does not endure sudden changes without great violence. Therefore, to begin his work the better, he requested a learned physician of that time, called Maître Theodorus, seriously to perpend, if it were possible, how to bring Gargantua unto a better course. The said physician purged him canonically with Anticyran hellebore, by which medicine he cleansed all the alteration and perverse habitude of his brain. By this means also Ponocrates made him forget all that he had learned under his ancient preceptors. To do this better, they brought him into the company of learned men who were there, in emulation of whom a great desire and affection came to him to study otherwise, and to improve his parts. Afterwards he put himself into such a train of study that he lost not any hour in the day, but employed all his time in learning and honest knowledge. Gargantua awaked then about four o'clock in the morning. Whilst they were rubbing him, there was read unto him some chapter of the Holy Scripture aloud and clearly, with a pronunciation fit for the matter; and hereunto was appointed a young page born in Basché, named Anagnostes. According to the purpose and argument of that lesson, he oftentimes gave himself to revere, adore, pray, and send up his supplications to that good God whose word did show his majesty and marvelous judgments. Then his master repeated what had been read, expounding unto him the most obscure and difficult points. They then considered the face of the sky, if it was such as they had observed it the night before, and into what signs the sun was entering, as also the moon for that day. This done, he was appareled, combed, curled, trimmed, and perfumed, during which

time they repeated to him the lessons of the day before. He himself said them by heart, and upon them grounded practical cases concerning the estate of man; which he would prosecute sometimes two or three hours, but ordinarily they ceased as soon as he was fully clothed. Then for three good hours there was reading. This done, they went forth, still conferring of the substance of the reading, and disported themselves at ball, tennis, or the *pile trigone;* gallantly exercising their bodies, as before they had done their minds. All their play was but in liberty, for they left off when they pleased; and that was commonly when they did sweat, or were otherwise weary. Then were they very well dried and rubbed, shifted their shirts, and walking soberly, went to see if dinner was ready. Whilst they stayed for that, they did clearly and eloquently recite some sentences that they had retained of the lecture. In the mean time Master Appetite came, and then very orderly sat they down at table. At the beginning of the meal there was read some pleasant history of ancient prowess, until he had taken his wine. Then if they thought good, they continued reading, or began to discourse merrily together; speaking first of the virtue, propriety, efficacy, and nature of all that was served in at that table; of bread, of wine, of water, of salt, of flesh, fish, fruits, herbs, roots, and of their dressing. By means whereof, he learned in a little time all the passages that on these subjects are to be found in Pliny, Athenæus, Dioscorides, Julius Pollux, Galen, Porphyrius, Oppian, Polybius, Heliodorus, Aristotle, Ælian, and others. Whilst they talked of these things, many times, to be more the certain, they caused the very books to be brought to the table; and so well and perfectly did he in his memory retain the things above said, that in that time there was not a physician that knew half so much as he did. Afterwards they conferred of the lessons read in the morning; and ending their repast with some conserve of quince, he washed his hands and eyes with fair fresh water, and gave thanks unto God in some fine canticle, made in praise of the Divine bounty and munificence. This done, they brought in cards, not to play, but to learn a thousand pretty tricks and new inventions, which were all grounded upon arithmetic. By this means he fell in love with that numerical science; and every day after dinner and supper he passed his time in it as pleasantly as he was wont to do at cards and dice: so that at last he understood so well both the theory and practice thereof, that

Tonstal the Englishman, who had written very largely of that purpose, confessed that verily in comparison of him he understood nothing but double Dutch; and not only in that, but in the other mathematical sciences, as geometry, astronomy, music. For while waiting for the digestion of his food, they made a thousand joyous instruments and geometrical figures, and at the same time practiced the astronomical canons.

After this they recreated themselves with singing musically, in four or five parts, or upon a set theme, as it best pleased them. In matter of musical instruments, he learned to play the lute, the spinet, the harp, the German flute, the flute with nine holes, the violin, and the sackbut. This hour thus spent, he betook himself to his principal study for three hours together, or more, as well to repeat his matutinal lectures as to proceed in the book wherein he was; as also to write handsomely, to draw and form the antique and Roman letters. This being done, they went out of their house, and with them a young gentleman of Touraine, named Gymnast, who taught him the art of riding. Changing then his clothes, he mounted on any kind of a horse, which he made to bound in the air, to jump the ditch, to leap the palisade, and to turn short in a ring both to the right and left hand. There he broke not his lance; for it is the greatest foolishness in the world to say, I have broken ten lances at tilts or in fight. A carpenter can do even as much. But it is a glorious and praiseworthy action with one lance to break and overthrow ten enemies. Therefore with a sharp, strong, and stiff lance would he usually force a door, pierce a harness, uproot a tree, carry away the ring, lift up a saddle, with the mail-coat and gauntlet. All this he did in complete arms from head to foot. He was singularly skillful in leaping nimbly from one horse to another without putting foot to ground. He could likewise from either side, with a lance in his hand, leap on horseback without stirrups, and rule the horse at his pleasure without a bridle; for such things are useful in military engagements. Another day he exercised the battle-axe, which he so dexterously wielded that he was passed knight of arms in the field and at all essays.

Then tossed he the pike, played with the two-handed sword, with the back sword, with the Spanish tuck, the dagger, poniard, armed, unarmed, with a buckler, with a cloak, with a target. Then would he hunt the hart, the roebuck, the bear, the fallow

deer, the wild boar, the hare, the pheasant, the partridge, and the bustard. He played at the great ball, and made it bound in the air, both with fist and foot. He wrestled, ran, jumped, not at three steps and a leap, nor a hopping, nor yet at the German jump; "for," said Gymnast, "these jumps are for the wars altogether unprofitable, and of no use:" but at one leap he would skip over a ditch, spring over a hedge, mount six paces upon a wall, climb after this fashion up against a window, the height of a lance. He did swim in deep waters on his face, on his back, sidewise, with all his body, with his feet only, with one hand in the air, wherein he held a book, crossing thus the breadth of the river Seine without wetting, and dragging along his cloak with his teeth, as did Julius Cæsar; then with the help of one hand he entered forcibly into a boat, from whence he cast himself again headlong into the water, sounded the depths, hollowed the rocks, and plunged into the pits and gulfs. Then turned he the boat about, governed it, led it swiftly or slowly with the stream and against the stream, stopped it in its course, guided it with one hand, and with the other laid hard about him with a huge great oar, hoisted the sail, hied up along the mast by the shrouds, ran upon the bulwarks, set the compass, tackled the bowlines, and steered the helm. Coming out of the water, he ran furiously up against a hill, and with the same alacrity and swiftness ran down again. He climbed up trees like a cat, leaped from the one to the other like a squirrel. He did pull down the great boughs and branches, like another Milo: then with two sharp well-steeled daggers, and two tried bodkins, would he run up by the wall to the very top of a house like a rat; then suddenly come down from the top to the bottom, with such an even disposal of members that by the fall he would catch no harm.

He did cast the dart, throw the bar, put the stone, practice the javelin, the boar-spear or partisan, and the halbert. He broke the strongest bows in drawing, bended against his breast the greatest cross-bows of steel, took his aim by the eye with the hand-gun, traversed the cannon; shot at the butts, at the papegay, before him, sidewise, and behind him, like the Parthians. They tied a cable-rope to the top of a high tower, by one end whereof hanging near the ground he wrought himself with his hands to the very top; then came down again so sturdily and firmly that you could not on a plain meadow have run with more assurance. They set up a great pole fixed upon two trees

There would he hang by his hands, and with them alone, his feet touching at nothing, would go back and fore along the aforesaid rope with so great swiftness, that hardly could one overtake him with running.

Then to exercise his breast and lungs, he would shout like all the devils. I heard him once call Eudemon from the Porte St. Victor to Montmartre. Stentor never had such a voice at the siege of Troy.

Then for the strengthening of his nerves, they made him two great pigs of lead, each in weight 8,700 quintals. Those he took up from the ground, in each hand one, then lifted them up over his head, and held them so without stirring three quarters of an hour or more, which was an inimitable force.

He fought at barriers with the stoutest; and when it came to the cope, he stood so sturdily on his feet that he abandoned himself unto the strongest, in case they could remove him from his place, as Milo was wont to do of old,—in imitation of whom he held a pomegranate in his hand, to give it unto him that could take it from him.

The time being thus bestowed, and himself rubbed, cleansed, and refreshed with other clothes, they returned fair and softly; and passing through certain meadows, or other grassy places, beheld the trees and plants, comparing them with what is written of them in the books of the ancients, such as Theophrastus, Dioscorides, Marinus, Pliny, Nicander, Macer, and Galen, and carried home to the house great handfuls of them, whereof a young page called Rhizotomos had charge—together with hoes, picks, spuds, pruning-knives, and other instruments requisite for herbarizing. Being come to their lodging, whilst supper was making ready, they repeated certain passages of that which has been read, and then sat down at table. Here remark, that his dinner was sober and frugal, for he did then eat only to prevent the gnawings of his stomach; but his supper was copious and large, for he took then as much as was fit to maintain and nourish him: which indeed is the true diet prescribed by the art of good and sound physic, although a rabble of fond physicians counsel the contrary. During that repast was continued the lesson read at dinner as long as they thought good; the rest was spent in good discourse, learned and profitable. After that they had given thanks, they set themselves to sing musically, and play upon harmonious instruments, or at those pretty sports made with

cards, dice, or cups, — thus made merry till it was time to go to bed; and sometimes they would go make visits unto learned men, or to such as had been travelers in strange countries. At full night they went unto the most open place of the house to see the face of the sky, and there beheld the comets, if any were, as likewise the figures, situations, aspects, oppositions, and conjunctions of the stars.

Then with his master did he briefly recapitulate, after the manner of the Pythagoreans, that which he had read, seen, learned, done, and understood in the whole course of that day.

Then prayed they unto God the Creator, falling down before him, and strengthening their faith towards him, and glorifying him for his boundless bounty; and giving thanks unto him for the time that was past, they recommended themselves to his Divine clemency for the future. Which being done, they entered upon their repose.

If it happened that the weather were rainy and inclement, the forenoon was employed according to custom, except that they had a good clear fire lighted, to correct the distempers of the air. But after dinner, instead of their wonted exercitations, they did abide within, and by way of Apotherapie, did recreate themselves in bottling hay, in cleaving and sawing wood, and in threshing sheaves of corn at the barn.

Then they studied the art of painting or carving; or brought into use the antique game of knucklebones, as Leonicus hath written of it, and as our good friend Lascaris playeth at it. While playing, they examined the passages of ancient authors wherein the said play is mentioned, or any metaphor drawn from it.

They went likewise to see the drawing of metals, or the casting of great ordnance: they went to see the lapidaries, the goldsmiths and cutters of precious stones, the alchemists, coiners of money, upholsterers, weavers, velvet-workers, watchmakers, looking-glass-makers, printers, organists, dyers, and other such kind of artificers; and everywhere giving them wine, did learn and consider the industry and invention of the trades.

They went also to hear the public lectures, the solemn Acts, the repetitions, the declamations, the pleadings of the gentle lawyers, and sermons of evangelical preachers.

He went through the halls and places appointed for fencing, and there played against the masters of all weapons, and showed them by experience that he knew as much in it as, yea, more

than they. And instead of herbarizing, they visited the shops of druggists, herbalists, and apothecaries, and diligently considered the fruits, roots, leaves, gums, seeds, and strange unguents, as also how they did compound them.

He went to see jugglers, tumblers, mountebanks, and quacksalvers, and considered their cunning, their shifts, their summersaults, and their smooth tongues; especially of those of Chauny in Picardy, who are naturally great praters, and brave gibers of fibs, in manner of green apes.

At their return they did eat more soberly at supper than at other times, and meats more desiccative and extenuating; to the end that the intemperate moisture of the air, communicated to the body by a necessary confinity, might by this means be corrected, and that they might not receive any prejudice for want of their ordinary bodily exercise.

Thus was Gargantua governed; and kept on in this course of education, from day to day, profiting, as you may understand such a young man of good sense, with such discipline so continued, may do. Which, although at the beginning it seemed difficult, became a little after so sweet, so easy, and so delightful, that it seemed rather the recreation of a king than the study of a scholar. Nevertheless, Ponocrates, to divert him from this vehement intention of spirit, thought fit, once in a month, upon some fair and clear day, to go out of the city betimes in the morning, either towards Gentilly or Boulogne, or to Montrouge, or Charenton-bridge, or to Vanves, or St. Cloud, and there spend all the day long in making the greatest cheer that could be devised; sporting, making merry, drinking healths, playing, singing, dancing, tumbling in some fair meadow, unnestling of sparrows, taking of quails, and fishing for frogs and crayfish. But though that day was passed without books or lecture, yet was it not spent without profit; for in the said meadows they repeated certain pleasant verses of Virgil's 'Agriculture,' of Hesiod, and of Politian's 'Husbandry'; would set abroach some witty Latin epigrams, then immediately turned them into rondeaux and ballades in the French language. In their feasting they would sometimes separate the water from the wine that was therewith mixed — as Cato teacheth, De re rustica, and Pliny — with an ivy cup; would wash the wine in a basin full of water, and take it out again with a funnel; would make the water go from one glass to another, and would contrive little automatic engines,— that is to say, machines moving of themselves.

THE ABBEY OF THELEMA

THERE was left only the monk to provide for; whom Gargantua would have made Abbot of Seuillé, but he refused it. He would have given him the Abbey of Bourgueil, or of Sanct Florent which was better, or both if it pleased him; but the monk gave him a very peremptory answer, that he would never take upon him the charge nor government of monks. "For how shall I be able," said he, "to rule over others, that have not full power and command of myself? If you think I have done you, or may hereafter do you, any acceptable service, give me leave to found an abbey after my own mind and fancy." The motion pleased Gargantua very well; who thereupon offered him all the country of Thelema by the river Loire, till within two leagues of the great forest of Port-Huaut. The monk then requested Gargantua to institute his religious order contrary to all others.

"First, then," said Gargantua, "you must not build a wall about your convent, for all other abbeys are strongly walled and mured about."

Moreover, seeing there are certain convents in the world whereof the custom is, if any women come in,—I mean honorable and honest women,—they immediately sweep the ground which they have trod upon; therefore was it ordained that if any man or woman, entered into religious orders, should by chance come within this new abbey, all the rooms should be thoroughly washed and cleansed through which they had passed.

And because in other monasteries all is compassed, limited, and regulated by hours, it was decreed that in this new structure there should be neither clock nor dial, but that according to the opportunities, and incident occasions, all their works should be disposed of;—"for," said Gargantua, "the greatest loss of time that I know is to count the hours. What good comes of it? Nor can there be any greater folly in the world than for one to guide and direct his courses by the sound of a bell, and not by his own judgment and discretion."

Item, Because at that time they put no women into nunneries but such as were either one-eyed, lame, humpbacked, ill-favored, misshapen, foolish, senseless, spoiled, or corrupt; nor encloistered any men but those that were either sickly, ill-bred, clownish, and the trouble of the house:—

(«Apropos,» said the monk,—«a woman that is neither fair nor good, to what use serves she?» «To make a nun of,» said Gargantua. «Yea,» said the monk, «and to make shirts.»)

Therefore, Gargantua said, was it ordained, that into this religious order should be admitted no women that were not fair, well-featured, and of a sweet disposition; nor men that were not comely, personable, and also of a sweet disposition.

Item, Because in the convents of women men come not but underhand, privily, and by stealth: it was therefore enacted that in this house there shall be no women in case there be not men, nor men in case there be not women.

Item, Because both men and women that are received into religious orders after the year of their novitiate were constrained and forced perpetually to stay there all the days of their life: it was ordered that all of whatever kind, men or women, admitted within this abbey, should have full leave to depart with peace and contentment whensoever it should seem good to them so to do.

Item, For that the religious men and women did ordinarily make three vows,—to wit, those of chastity, poverty, and obedience: it was therefore constituted and appointed that in this convent they might be honorably married, that they might be rich, and live at liberty. In regard to the legitimate age, the women were to be admitted from ten till fifteen, and the men from twelve till eighteen.

For the fabric and furniture of the abbey, Gargantua caused to be delivered out in ready money twenty-seven hundred thousand eight hundred and one-and-thirty of those long-wooled rams; and for every year until the whole work was completed he allotted threescore nine thousand gold crowns, and as many of the seven stars, to be charged all upon the receipt of the river Dive. For the foundation and maintenance thereof he settled in perpetuity three-and-twenty hundred threescore and nine thousand five hundred and fourteen rose nobles, taxes exempted from all in landed rents, and payable every year at the gate of the abbey; and for this gave them fair letters patent.

The building was hexagonal, and in such a fashion that in every one of the six corners there was built a great round tower, sixty paces in diameter, and were all of a like form and bigness. Upon the north side ran the river Loire, on the bank whereof was situated the tower called Arctic. Going towards the

east there was another called Calær, the next following Anatole, the next Mesembrine, the next Hesperia, and the last Criere. Between each two towers was the space of three hundred and twelve paces. The whole edifice was built in six stories, reckoning the cellars underground for one. The second was vaulted after the fashion of a basket-handle; the rest were coated with Flanders plaster, in the form of a lamp foot. It was roofed with fine slates of lead, carrying figures of baskets and animals; the ridge gilt, together with the gutters, which issued without the wall between the windows, painted diagonally in gold and blue down to the ground, where they ended in great canals, which carried away the water below the house into the river.

This same building was a hundred times more sumptuous and magnificent than ever was Bonivet; for there were in it nine thousand three hundred and two-and-thirty chambers, every one whereof had a withdrawing-room, a closet, a wardrobe, a chapel, and a passage into a great hall. Between every tower, in the midst of the said body of building, there was a winding stair, whereof the steps were part of porphyry, which is a dark-red marble spotted with white, part of Numidian stone, and part of serpentine marble; each of those steps being two-and-twenty feet in length and three fingers thick, and the just number of twelve betwixt every landing-place. On every landing were two fair antique arcades where the light came in; and by those they went into a cabinet, made even with, and of the breadth of the said winding, and they mounted above the roof and ended in a pavilion. By this winding they entered on every side into a great hall, and from the halls into the chambers. From the Arctic tower unto the Criere were fair great libraries in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, Italian, and Spanish, respectively distributed on different stories, according to their languages. In the midst there was a wonderful winding stair, the entry whereof was without the house, in an arch six fathoms broad. It was made in such symmetry and largeness that six men-at-arms, lance on thigh, might ride abreast all up to the very top of all the palace. From the tower Anatole to the Mesembrine were fair great galleries, all painted with the ancient prowess, histories, and descriptions of the world. In the midst thereof there was likewise such another ascent and gate as we said there was on the river-side.

In the middle of the lower court there was a stately fountain of fair alabaster. Upon the top thereof stood the three Graces, with horns of abundance, and did jet out the water at their breasts, mouth, ears, and eyes. The inside of the buildings in this lower court stood upon great pillars of Cassydonian stone, and porphyry in fair ancient arches. Within these were spacious galleries, long and large, adorned with curious pictures — the horns of bucks and unicorns; of the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus; the teeth and tusks of elephants, and other things well worth the beholding. The lodging of the ladies took up all from the tower Arctic unto the gate Mesembrine. The men possessed the rest. Before the said lodging of the ladies, that they might have their recreation, between the two first towers, on the outside, were placed the tilt-yard, the hippodrome, the theatre, the swimming-bath, with most admirable baths in three stages, well furnished with all necessary accommodation, and store of myrtle-water. By the river-side was the fair garden of pleasure, and in the midst of that a fair labyrinth. Between the two other towers were the tennis and fives courts. Towards the tower Criere stood the orchard full of all fruit-trees, set and ranged in a quincunx. At the end of that was the great park, abounding with all sort of game. Betwixt the third couple of towers were the butts for arquebus, crossbow, and arbalist. The stables were beyond the offices, and before them stood the falconry, managed by falconers very expert in the art; and it was yearly supplied by the Candians, Venetians, Sarmatians, with all sorts of excellent birds, eagles, gerfalcons, goshawks, falcons, sparrow-hawks, merlins, and other kinds of them, so gentle and perfectly well trained that, flying from the castle for their own disport, they would not fail to catch whatever they encountered. The venery was a little further off, drawing towards the park.

All the halls, chambers, and cabinets were hung with tapestry of divers sorts, according to the seasons of the year. All the pavements were covered with green cloth. The beds were embroidered. In every back chamber there was a looking-glass of pure crystal, set in a frame of fine gold garnished with pearls, and of such greatness that it would represent to the full the whole person. At the going out of the halls belonging to the ladies' lodgings were the perfumers and hair-dressers, through whose hands the gallants passed when they were to visit the

ladies. These did every morning furnish the ladies chambers with rose-water, musk, and angelica; and to each of them gave a little smelling-bottle breathing the choicest aromatical scents.

The ladies on the foundation of this order were appareled after their own pleasure and liking. But since, of their own free will, they were reformed in manner as followeth:—

They wore stockings of scarlet which reached just three inches above the knee, having the border beautified with embroideries and trimming. Their garters were of the color of their bracelets, and circled the knee both over and under. Their shoes and slippers were either of red, violet, or crimson velvet, cut *à barbe d'écrévisse*.

Next to their smock they put on a fair corset of pure silk camblet; above that went the petticoat of white, red tawny, or gray taffety. Above this was the *cotte* in cloth of silver, with needlework either (according to the temperature and disposition of the weather) of satin, damask, velvet, orange, tawny, green, ash-colored, blue, yellow, crimson, cloth of gold, cloth of silver, or some other choice stuff, according to the day.

Their gowns, correspondent to the season, were either of cloth of gold with silver edging, of red satin covered with gold purl, of taffety, white, blue, black, or tawny, of silk serge, silk camblet, velvet, cloth of silver, silver tissue, cloth of gold, velvet, or figured satin with golden threads.

In the summer, some days, instead of gowns, they wore fair mantles of the above-named stuff, or capes of violet velvet with edging of gold, or with knotted cordwork of gold embroidery, garnished with little Indian pearls. They always carried a fair plume of feathers, of the color of their muff, bravely adorned with spangles of gold. In the winter-time they had their taffety gowns of all colors, as above named, and those lined with the rich furrings of wolves, weasels, Calabrian martlet, sables, and other costly furs. Their beads, rings, bracelets, and collars were of precious stones, such as carbuncles, rubies, diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, turquoises, garnets, agates, beryls, and pearls.

Their head-dressing varied with the season of the year. In winter it was of the French fashion; in the spring of the Spanish; in summer of the fashion of Tuscany, except only upon the holy-days and Sundays, at which times they were accoutred in the French mode, because they accounted it more honorable, better befitting the modesty of a matron.

The men were appareled after their fashion. Their stockings were of worsted or of serge, of white, black, or scarlet. Their breeches were of velvet, of the same color with their stockings, or very near, embroidered and cut according to their fancy. Their doublet was of cloth of gold, cloth of silver, velvet, satin, damask, or taffety, of the same colors, cut, embroidered, and trimmed up in the same manner. The points were of silk of the same colors, the tags were of gold enameled. Their coats and jerkins were of cloth of gold, cloth of silver, gold tissue, or velvet embroidered, as they thought fit. Their gowns were every whit as costly as those of the ladies. Their girdles were of silk, of the color of their doublets. Every one had a gallant sword by his side, the hilt and handle whereof were gilt, and the scabbard of velvet, of the color of his breeches, the end in gold, and goldsmith's work. The dagger of the same. Their caps were of black velvet, adorned with jewels and buttons of gold. Upon that they wore a white plume, most prettily and minion-like parted by so many rows of gold spangles, at the end whereof hung dangling fair rubies, emeralds, etc.

But so great was the sympathy between the gallants and the ladies, that every day they were appareled in the same livery. And that they might not miss, there were certain gentlemen appointed to tell the youths every morning what colors the ladies would on that day wear; for all was done according to the pleasure of the ladies. In these so handsome clothes, and habiliments so rich, think not that either one or other of either sex did waste any time at all; for the masters of the wardrobes had all their raiments and apparel so ready for every morning, and the chamber-ladies were so well skilled, that in a trice they would be dressed, and completely in their clothes from head to foot. And to have these accoutrements with the more conveniency, there was about the wood of Thelema a row of houses half a league long, very neat and cleanly, wherein dwelt the goldsmiths, lapidaries, embroiderers, tailors, gold-drawers, velvet-weavers, tapestry-makers, and upholsterers, who wrought there every one in his own trade, and all for the aforesaid friars and nuns. They were furnished with matter and stuff from the hands of Lord Nausiclete, who every year brought them seven ships from the Perlas and Cannibal Islands, laden with ingots of gold, with raw silk, with pearls and precious stones. And if any pearls began to grow old, and lose somewhat of their natural whiteness and lus-

tre, those by their art they did renew by tendering them to cocks to be eaten, as they used to give casting unto hawks.

All their life was spent not in laws, statutes, or rules, but according to their own free will and pleasure. They rose out of their beds when they thought good; they did eat, drink, labor, sleep, when they had a mind to it, and were disposed for it. None did awake them, none did constrain them to eat, drink, nor do any other thing; for so had Gargantua established it. In all their rule, and strictest tie of their order, there was but this one clause to be observed:—

FAY CE QUE VOULDRAS

Because men that are free, well born, well bred, and conversant in honest companies, have naturally an instinct and spur that prompteth them unto virtuous actions and withdraws them from vice, which is called honor. Those same men, when by base subjection and constraint they are brought under and kept down, turn aside from that noble disposition by which they formerly were inclined to virtue, to shake off and break the bond of servitude; for it is agreeable with the nature of man to long after things forbidden, and to desire what is denied.

By this liberty they entered into a very laudable emulation: to do all of them what they saw did please one. If any of the gallants or ladies should say, "Let us drink," they would all drink. If any one of them said, "Let us play," they all played. If one said, "Let us go for our delight into the fields," they went all. If it were to go a-hawking or a-hunting, the ladies, mounted upon well-paced nags, carried on their lovely fists (miniardly begloved every one of them) either a sparrow-hawk, or a laneret, or a merlin, and the gallants carried the other kinds of birds. So nobly were they taught, that there was not one amongst them but could read, write, sing, play upon musical instruments, speak five or six several languages, and compose in them all very quaintly, both in verse and prose. Never were seen knights so valiant, so noble and worthy, so dexterous and skillful both on foot and a-horseback, more active, more nimble and quick, or better handling all manner of weapons, than were there. Never were seen ladies so proper, so miniard, less forward, or more ready with hand and needle in every honest and free action belonging to that sex, than were there.

For this reason, when the time came that any man of the said abbey, either at the request of his parents or for some other cause, had a mind to go out of it, he carried along with him one of the ladies,—namely, her whom he had before that chosen for his mistress,—and they were married together. And if they had formerly in Thelema lived in devotion and amity, much more did they continue therein in the state of matrimony; and did entertain that mutual love till the very last day of their life, in no less vigor and fervency than at the very day of their wedding.

All the foregoing citations are made from 'Readings from Rabelais,' by Walter Besant

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JEAN BAPTISTE RACINE

JEAN RACINE

(1639–1699)

BY FREDERICK MORRIS WARREN

BY THE time French classical tragedy had reached Racine, in its development from the Latin drama of Seneca, its form and style had become definitely fixed. Like its Latin progenitor it consisted of five acts, subdivided into scenes; was written in long lines,—the Alexandrine verse of twelve syllables,—and observed in its stage setting and the duration of its action the unities of place and time. But in the process of assimilation to modern requirements the chorus of the ancients had been dropped, their monologues had been shortened and subjected to interruptions by the theatrical device of confidants, and Seneca's lyricism had been given a stronger admixture of the dramatic element, by the pressure of audiences which had been trained to the action and episodes of the old miracle plays. All the questions of scenic art which had been agitated for four generations, and from which Corneille's early years were not exempt, were settled before Racine began. He had only to take his structure as he found it, and fill it in with such material as would be in harmony with the French conception of tragedy.

Racine was genius enough to make a place for himself, while conforming to these limitations. Corneille had produced his dramatic effects by opposing the passion of love to some general conception of duty, honor, or patriotism. His plays treat these topics subjectively, didactically. They abound in maxims. Their characters are ideal, perhaps. Their heroes often win attention away from the heroines. Racine's method is different. He belongs to another, a new generation, inspired by a different spirit. Instead of being general, his treatment is individual. His themes relate to private life, not public. He is objective, studying humanity around him. He indulges rarely in abstract ideas. If we might apply a modern term to him we might call him realistic. Certainly he stood, as did Molière, in the eyes of his contemporaries, for a close adherence to the plain facts of existence. And in the judgment of the eighteenth century Racine was «natural.»

Furthermore he worked from within outward. It is an analysis of character which he aims at, or rather a study of the effects of some

passion — almost always love, or its concomitant emotions of jealousy, hatred, revenge, or remorse, rarely ambition or bigotry — on the human heart, with the actions that result from it. The dramatic solution in Racine is obtained by the clash of such passions. In other words, Racine's situations are brought about by his characters, whereas with Corneille it was the situations which produced the characters. And it so happens, whether from the very nature of things or from a fixed purpose, that most of Racine's characters are women. Few of his men can support comparison with them.

Racine's career shows an impulsive temperament, — the temperament of a poet. He was born at the small town of La Ferté-Milon, some distance to the northeast of Paris, on December 21st, 1639. His Christian name, Jean, was in the family. His parents dying before he was three years old, he fell to the care of his relatives, who sent him to the college at Beauvais. Leaving this institution at the age of sixteen, he entered the Jansenist school at Port Royal, where he imbibed that love for the Greek poets which was to manifest itself so vigorously in his later works. The foundations of an ardent piety were evidently laid here also, though they were to be hidden many years by other interests and occupations. On leaving Port Royal in 1658, and entering Harcourt College at Paris, to receive his final training, Racine, with his literary instincts and his capacity for enjoying life, was quickly admitted to a pleasure-loving set of authors and amateurs, of whom La Fontaine the fabulist was one. Encouraged by them, he threw himself into poetry, and in 1660 attracted public attention and royal munificence by an ode, 'The Nymph of the Seine,' written on the occasion of Louis XIV.'s marriage. His devout family connections, alarmed for his salvation, rusticated him to the south of France, where he was to study for orders. But in 1663 this experiment was abandoned. Racine returned to Paris, met La Fontaine again, formed acquaintance with Boileau and Molière, and under their sanction began his theatrical career.

After one unsuccessful venture, his 'Thébaïde' (1664) was played by Molière's company. It was followed the next season by 'Alexandre.' Both of these dramas reflect the ideas of older authors, particularly Corneille. But in 1667, with 'Andromaque,' a delineation of maternal love in conflict with a widow's fidelity, set off by the love and jealousy of suitors and rivals, Racine found his peculiar and lasting manner. The enthusiasm aroused by the psychological analyses of 'Andromaque' had been exceeded in Paris only by the delight occasioned by the romantic declamations of 'The Cid.' He next tried a comedy of an Aristophanic bent, 'The Pleaders' (1668), a satire of legal procedure. But this was Racine's sole deviation from the tragic path. 'Britannicus' (1669), on the imperiousness of

Agrippina and the baseness of Nero; 'Bérénice' (1670), the idyl of the Jewish princess forsaken by her lover Titus, for reasons of State; 'Bajazet' (1672), the vengeance of a queen on her rival and faithless lover; 'Mithridate' (1673), the Oriental despot, the enemy of Rome, disputing a girl's heart with his own son; 'Iphigénie' (1674), a mother's love, oblivious of all but the object of its passion, contrasted with filial affection and obedience,—all these pictures of the heart of woman were summed up, reached their culmination, in the love, shame, jealousy, revenge, and remorse which the poet imagined in the story of 'Phèdre' (1677). The great parts in Racine were for the heroines. The heroes rarely attained the level of being even counterpoises.

A literary cabal in favor of the rhymester Pradon prevented the immediate success of 'Phèdre'; and this circumstance, coupled with his reviving devotion, led Racine to renounce the stage and its surroundings. He was made historiographer of the King, married, and divided his time between his family and the court. But the old fire was only smoldering within him. It burst forth into new and brighter flame when at the summons of Madame de Maintenon a religious drama was demanded for the girls' school at St. Cyr. The fusion of Racine's piety with the gratification of his poetic ideals was now possible; and 'Esther' (1689), a Scriptural idyl built on the model of French tragedy, with the addition of the lyric choruses of the Greeks, displayed his talent at its best. Another sacred tragedy with choruses, 'Athalie' (1691), was lost to Racine's contemporaries by doubts about the wisdom of schoolgirls acting. The remainder of our author's life was passed in the exercise of his official duties, in the composition of religious hymns, and the penning of biting epigrams ridiculing the playwrights of the time. He died the last year of the century, on April 26th.

The first part of Racine's dramatic work, from 'Andromaque' to 'Phèdre,' being strictly within the canons of French classical tragedy, calls for no further mention. But the second part, though consisting of but two plays, drawn from sacred sources, presents certain novelties. The addition of the choruses, imitated as they evidently were from Greek models, suggests that French tragedy, in its conflict with its rival the opera, would not be above borrowing some of that rival's attractions. Besides, 'Athalie,' which is regarded by many as the best example of French tragedy, takes certain liberties with the scenery and the number of persons in evidence on the stage; and this points to a modification, an enlarging, of the scope of the traditional play.

'Athalie' is also to be noticed for its plot. The element of love does not enter into it. It is the strife of an unscrupulous, ambitious,

yet fluctuating woman with the direct and persevering enthusiasm of a strong man who summons the miraculous to his aid. For these divergences from the ordinary run, and for its intrinsic excellence, 'Athalie' was the constant preoccupation of French dramatists down to the reaction in the nineteenth century against all tragedy, classical or romantic. It powerfully aided in confirming Racine in the supremacy which his method, his psychology, his measured language and harmonious versification, had combined in awarding to him. The subsequent history of French tragedy is hardly more than a commentary on Racine.

The best edition of Racine's complete works is published at Paris by Hachette et Cie., in the series of 'Les Grands Écrivains' (8 vols., 8vo). It is edited by Paul Mesnard. Nearly every French critic has written on Racine, but F. Brunetière's chapters (Lectures 5 and 7) in his 'Époques du Théâtre Français' (Paris, 1892), and G. Lanson's comments in his 'Histoire de la Littérature Française' (Paris, 1895), pages 532–547, are especially valuable.

THE RIVALS

From 'Bajazet'

Scene: The private apartments of Bajazet *at Byzantium. Present:* Roxana, Bajazet, Atalide, Zara.

ROXANA — Come, Bajazet, 'tis time to show yourself,
That all the court may recognize its master:
All that these walls contain, many in number,
Gathered by my command, await my wishes.
My slaves (the rest will follow where they lead)
Are the first subjects that my love allots you.
[*To Atalide*] —
This sudden change from wrath to milder mood
May well surprise you, madam. For, but now,
Determined to take vengeance on a traitor,
I swore he should not see another day;
Yet almost ere he spoke my heart relented:
'Twas love imposed that oath, and love revokes it.
Reading deep passion in his wild distraction,
His pardon I pronounced, and trust his promise.

Bajazet— Yes, I have promised, and my word is pledged
Ne'er to forget all that to you I owe:
Have I not sworn that constant care and kindness
Shall duly pay my debt of gratitude?
If on these terms your favor I may claim,
I go to wait the harvest of your bounty. [*Exit.*

Roxana— Heavens! What amazement strikes me at this moment!
Is it a dream? and have mine eyes deceived me?
What mean these frigid words, this sombre greeting,
Which seems to cancel all that passed between us?
What hope does he imagine mine, for which
I banished my resentment, and restored him
To favor? He, methought, swore that his heart
Would own me mistress to his dying day.
Does he repent already of the peace
That we had signed? Was I just now deluded?
But was he not conversing with you, madam?
What did he say?

Atalide— To me? He loves you always.

Roxana— His life at least depends on my belief
That it is so. But tell me, pray, when joy
Should triumph, how can you explain the gloom
That settled on his features as he left me?

Atalide— Madam, I saw no cloud upon his brow.
Oft has he told me of your gracious kindness,
And he just now was full of it; at parting
He seemed to me the same as when he entered.
But be that as it may, need it surprise you
That on the eve of such important issues
He should be troubled, and some signs escape him
Of anxious thoughts that on his mind intrude?

Roxana— Such plausible excuses do you credit
For skill that pleads on his behalf more fairly
Than he could do himself.

Atalide— What other cause—

Roxana— Enough! I read your motive, madam, better
Than you suppose. Leave me, for I would be
Alone a little while. I too am troubled,
And anxious cares are mine as well as his,
To which I owe a moment's thought in secret. . . .

Roxana— How must I construe all that I have seen?
Are they in league together to deceive me?
Wherefore this change, those words, that quick departure?
Did I not catch a glance that passed between them?

Were they not both struck with embarrassment?
Ah! why has Heaven doomed me to this affront?
Is this the fruit of all my blind affection?
So many painful days and sleepless nights,
Plots and intrigues, treason too deep for pardon!
And shall they all turn to a rival's profit?
But yet, too ready to torment myself,
I may too closely scan a passing cloud,
And take for passion what is mere caprice.
Surely he would have carried to the end
His wiles; and in full prospect of success,
He could have feigned at least a moment longer.
Love, uncontrolled by reason, quakes at shadows:
Let me take courage. Why should Atalide
Be dreaded as my rival? What has he
To thank her for? To which of us to-day
Owes he the sceptre?
But too well I know
Love is a tyrant; and if other charms
Attract, what matter crowns, or life itself?
Can benefits outweigh the heart's attachment?
I need but search mine own. Did gratitude
Constrain me to his brother, when this wretch
Bewitched me? Ah! if other tie were absent,
Would the idea of marriage so alarm him?
He gladly would have seconded my wishes,
And not have braved destruction by refusal.
Just cause—
But some one comes to speak with me.
What can she want?

Enter Fatima

Fatima— Forgive me this intrusion:
But there is come a courier from the army;
And though the seaward gate was shut, the guards,
On bended knees, without delay unlocked it
To orders from the Sultan, to yourself
Addressed,—and strange to say, 'tis Orcan brings them.

Roxana— Orcan!

Fatima— Yes, he; of all the Sultan's slaves
The one most trusted for his faithful service,
Blackest of those whom Afric's sun has scorched.
Madam, he asks impatiently for you:

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH

(?1552–1618)

BY ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE

No man was more typical of the variety and initiative of the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth than Sir Walter Raleigh. Like many of the other worthies of that time, his character was mingled of baseness and ideality, mendacity and magnanimity, and his life was spent in a series of daring inroads into almost every field of human activity that offered reward for enterprise. Soldier and courtier, capitalist and adventurer, pirate and poet; wherever gold or glory beckoned, he led the foremost ranks.

Before he had finished at Oxford, he had served as a volunteer with the Huguenot army in France. At twenty-six he commanded the Falcon of one hundred tons in an expedition for discovery and plunder under his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert. A few months later he was fighting bravely in Ireland, and also putting six hundred Spanish prisoners to the sword. By 1582 he was at court and in high favor with the queen, perhaps because of the famous episode of his new plush coat spread over a muddy place for her majesty to walk upon. At all events, within a few years he had been knighted and presented with great domains and rich monopolies. But he was not content with a life of ease. In 1584 he fitted out the first English expedition to the New World, and gave the name Virginia to a long stretch of the Atlantic seaboard. Within five years he had spent £40,000 in fruitless attempts to establish the colony, and had won undying fame as the pioneer of the British Empire.

It is not so clear that he deserves his fame as the introducer of the potato to Ireland and tobacco to England; but his use of the pipe seems to have started the fashion of smoking which quickly spread to all classes. He was one of the commission that drew up the plan of defense against the Spanish Armada, and for the rest of his life was the ever-active foe of Spain. In 1592 his love affair with Elizabeth Throgmorton lost him the favor of the jealous queen and sent him to the Tower. A partial reconciliation was arranged, and Raleigh was permitted to marry the lady. His famous voyage to Guiana in search of gold in 1595, his brilliant fighting at Cadiz in 1596, his action at Fayal and quarrel with his chief Essex in 1597, were followed by some years of court intrigue in which Raleigh became involved in conspiracy against the accession of James I.

He was tried for treason and sentenced to death in 1603; but finally was deprived of his estate and committed to the Tower where he remained a prisoner until 1616. He was released in order that he might conduct another expedition for the gold mine on the Orinoco. This second voyage to Guiana was fateful. After surmounting perils of storm, fever, and mutiny, the adventurers were forced to attack the Spanish settlement of San Tomas and were finally barred from approach to the mine. Raleigh's son had fallen in the attack; his men and captains refused to venture farther, and he returned to disgrace and death in England. The Spanish Ambassador Gondomar, now high in favor with James, demanded vengeance. On the old sentence of 1603, Raleigh was executed for treason in 1618. As there was some discussion as how his head should be placed on the block, he spoke his last words, «What matter how the head lie, so the heart be right.»

In these brief notes of the most striking activities of his busy life, no mention has yet been made of his literary labors. Yet Raleigh probably devoted more time to the pursuit of literature than to business, intrigue, or fighting. From his youth he was a great reader, and his commendatory verses to Gascoigne's ‹Steel Glass› in 1576 indicate that he had begun his long acquaintanceship with both poets and poetry. He must have met Spenser in 1580, and their friendship was later celebrated by both poets. Raleigh's most ambitious poem ‹Cynthia, the Lady of the Sea› survives only in a fragment in which he refers to himself as ‹The Shepherd of the Ocean› the picturesque title that Spenser had conferred upon him. His best known poems are the two commendatory of the ‹Fairy Queen,› and the charming reply to Marlowe's ‹Come, live with me.›

Of his prose works the ‹Report of the Truth of the Fight about the Isles of Azores› (The Revenge) and the ‹Discovery of the Empire of Guiana› have been reprinted by the Hakluyt Society and are known to everyone who loves the tales of the Elizabethan sea rovers. His ‹History of the World,› which occupied seven or eight years of his imprisonment in the Tower, is not so well known to-day, though it was extremely popular through the seventeenth century. The portion finished surveys the affairs of the known world from creation down to the Roman conquest of Macedonia, but there are many digressions on events of his own day which give it interest and value for the reader of the present. The whole history, planned with imagination, and carried through by arduous and extended reading, is a noble monument to its author and to that spirit of intellectual and imaginative enterprise which is one of the great glories of Elizabeth's England. The sublimity of that enterprise stirred Raleigh's pen as he wrote the great apostrophe to Death with which the ‹History› ends.

Raleigh was the friend and associate of men of learning and letters throughout his life. With Archbishop Parker, Selden, and Cotton he

was a member of the Society of Antiquaries. With Marlowe and others he formed a club for the discussion of philosophical themes, which brought some of its members under charges of atheism. Raleigh is credited with having suggested the meetings at the Mermaid Tavern, later famous for the wit combats between Jonson and Shakespeare. Ben Jonson regarded him as «father»; and the friend of Spenser, Marlowe, and Jonson must have known Shakespeare. There is, however, no record of their acquaintance, and Shakespeare seems to have been a partisan of Raleigh's enemy Essex.

The two men ought to have been friends for they both have given astounding records of the abounding power of human individuality. Shakespeare's plays celebrate the magnitude and the variety of individuals, and in a way Raleigh's life is the best commentary on those plays. It records the amazing variety of impulses and motives that one life could compass in those stirring times; and in its essays in literature it has left for posterity some suggestions of what the greater poet has celebrated so completely — the allurements of beauty, the great horizons of inquiry, the magnificence of human struggle.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE

From 'A Report of the Truth of the Fight about the Isles of Azores, the last of August, 1591, betwixt the Revenge, one of her Majesty's ships and an armada of the King of Spain. Penned by the honorable Sir Walter Raleigh, knight.'

THE LORD THOMAS HOWARD with six of her Majesty's ships, six victualers of London, the bark Raleigh and two or three other pinnaces riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores, the last of August in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Middleton of the approach of the Spanish armada. Which Middleton, being in a very good sailer, had kept them company three days before, of good purpose both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news but the fleet was in sight; many of our ships' companies were on shore in the island, some providing ballast for their ships, others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could, either for money, or by force, recover. By reason whereof our ships being all pestered and rummaging, everything out of order, very light for want of ballast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one half part of the men of every ship sick and utterly unserviceable; for in the Revenge there were ninety diseased, in the Bonaventure not so many in health as could handle her mainsail. For had not twenty men been taken out of a bark of Sir George Carey's, his being commanded to be sunk, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered England. The rest, for the most part, were in little better state. The names of her Majesty's ships were these, as followeth: the Defiance, which was admiral; the Revenge, vice-admiral; the Bonaventure, commanded by Captain Cross; the Lion, by George Fenner; the Foresight, by Mr. Thomas Vavasour; and the Crane by Duffield. The Foresight and the Crane being but small ships, only the others were of the middle size; the rest, besides the bark Raleigh, commanded by Captain Thin, were victualers, and of small force or none. The Spanish fleet, having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand as our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors, but

some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last that weighed, to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas with the rest very hardly recovered the wind, which Sir Richard Grenville not being able to do, was persuaded by the master and others to cut his mainsail and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of the ship, for the squadron of Seville were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonor himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them and enforce those of Seville to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who as the mariners term it, sprang their liff, and fell under the lee of the Revenge. But the other course had been the better, and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded. In the meanwhile, as he attended those which were nearest him, the great San Philip, being in the wind of him and coming towards him, becalmed his sails in such sort, as the ship could neither make way nor feel the helm; so huge and high carged was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons. Who after laid the Revenge aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee, luffing up, also laid him aboard, of which the next was the admiral of the Biscayans, a very mighty and puissant ship commanded by Brittandona. The said Philip carried three tiers of ordnance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eight forth right out of her chase, besides those of her stern ports.

After the Revenge was entangled with this Philip, four others boarded her, two on her larboard, and two on her starboard. The fight, thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon, continued very terrible all that evening. But the great San Philip, having received the lower tier of the Revenge, discharged with crossbar shot, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth, unless we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, — in some two hundred besides the mariners, in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all beside the mariners but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards

deliberated to enter the Revenge, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the George Noble of London, having received some shot through her by the armadas, fell under the lee of the Revenge, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victualers and of small force. Sir Richard bade him save himself, and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons of the armada, and the admiral of the hulks both sunk, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the Revenge's own company brought home in a ship of Lima from the islands, examined by some of the lords and others, affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck, till an hour before midnight, and then, being shot into the body with a musket, as he was dressing was again shot into the head, and withal his surgeon wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination, taken by Sir Francis Godolphin, of four other mariners of the same ship, being returned, which examinations the said Sir Francis sent unto Master William Killigrew, of her Majesty's privy chamber.

But to return to the fight: the Spanish ships which attempted to board the Revenge as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her. So that ere the morning, from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several armadas assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment as they were by the break of day far more willing to hearken to a composition than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the Pilgrim, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning, bearing with the Revenge, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the Revenge to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hun-

dred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick, laid in hold upon the ballast; a small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron, all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead, either for flight or defense. Sir Richard, finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured, in this fifteen hours' fight, the assault of fifteen several armadas, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and that himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him (the Revenge not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billows of the sea), commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards, seeing in so many hours' fight, and with so great a navy, they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honor of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days. The master gunner readily condescended and divers others; but the captain and the master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them, alleging that the Spaniard should be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same; and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And whereas Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of her Majesty, seeing they had so long and so notably defended themselves, they answered, that the ship had six foot water in hold, three shot under water, which were so weakly stopped as with the first working of the sea, she must needs sink, and was besides

so crushed and bruised as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons, the master of the Revenge (while the captain won unto him the greater party) was convoyed aboard the General Don Alfonso Bazan. Who (finding none over hasty to enter the Revenge again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the master of the Revenge his dangerous disposition) yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley or imprisonment. To this he so much the further condescended as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville, whom for his notable valor he seemed greatly to honor and admire.

ALFRED NICOLAS RAMBAUD

(1842–1905)

ALFRED RAMBAUD belonged to a generation of men upon whom an extraordinary crisis in the history of their nation had imposed unique duties, and who bravely strove to fulfill them. The general trend of his intellect toward the study of history, from a historical rather than a scholastic point of view, had already manifested itself before 1870; his best work, however, was done in the interest of his country, during that phase of French evolution when, by noble and courageous efforts in all directions, the race once more proved its vitality, and a new feeling of confidence gradually superseded the memory of recent defeat.

Born in 1842 at Besançon, Rambaud spent his childhood and early youth amidst the picturesque surroundings of that small and ancient city, which is full of historical interests. His inquiring and thoughtful turn of mind made him particularly apt to receive and store up impressions from without; some of his earliest reminiscences, supplemented by a ready imagination, are contained in his short story ‹La Chevauchée nocturne,› which appeared in the Revue bleue in 1885. After a promising school career, at Besançon and at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, he completed his studies at Paris and became lecturer in history at Nancy, Bourges, and Colmar, in quick succession. At Nancy, still very young, he was married.

Teaching, however, did not exhaust his mental activity. His interest became more and more centred on original studies in history. It is curious to note that this young beginner did not lack the courage to attack a subject which was as difficult as it was new, the history of Byzantium. A careful study of Greek and Slavonic, as well as a conscientious perusal of the documents at his command, had preceded the publication of his ‹Empire grec au 10e Siècle› (1869). In this work the young author, who had by that time become both teacher and student at the École des Hautes-Études in Paris, gave a first proof of the solidity of his groundwork and of the broad philosophy in the light of which he viewed historical events. A particularly striking word-picture illustrates the dramatic encounter between barbarism and civilization when, in the year 924, the victorious Bulgarian monarch Simeon confronted Emperor Lecapenus at Constantinople.

«Fourteen centuries of empire since Augustus, seven centuries of Christian monarchy since Constantine, the entire Orient, the peoples from the North, the

Bulgars, themselves initiated to Christianity by the Greeks, the very name of Byzantium the synonym of an entire civilization and a whole religious order — all this, joined to the spectacle of those immovable walls, covered with an immense mass of warriors and engines of destruction, was doubtless working on the imagination of the barbarian king while the Greek emperor was speaking to him.»

The success of this work, which very soon made the subject of Byzantium popular in all branches of literature and even on the stage, might perhaps have induced our writer to pursue his theme still farther; but the year 1870, with its political events, led his thoughts into fresh channels. Called to the University of Caen in 1871, he wrote there two volumes on ‹French Domination in Germany,› partly to show the influence of the French Revolution on Germany's development, partly to refute accusations of cruelty made against France by some German historians.

From the more evident questions of the day his mind soon made a new advance; his vision was attracted by the great Slav world which seemed, in more ways than one, to be closely connected with his first field of study. As he says himself: «The state in which the Oriental world found itself in the tenth century showed already the principal outlines of Eastern Europe in our days.» True to his scholarly habits, he first proceeded to study both language and people, partly with the help of books, partly through actual contact during several visits to Russia. So lively were the impressions received on such occasions that he could not refrain from issuing numerous short articles, containing descriptions of towns, translations of popular songs, personal experiences, and so on. In 1874 appeared his first connected publication on the subject, a volume entitled ‹Français et Russes; Moscou et Sevastopol.› This book brought him the congratulations of the Russian heir to the throne and future Czar, Alexander III., who gave him the tribute of having «helped towards bringing about a closer union between the two nations.» Thus Rambaud was one of the first to foreshadow a policy that has come to a climax in our days. His ‹History of Russia› (1878) is a masterpiece of dramatic exposition, and has passed through several editions; there is an English translation by Leonora B. Lang. This and the translations and critical extracts from Russian heroic songs, published under the title ‹La Russie épique› (1876), testify to the universal interest which the author took in matters Russian.

While his hours of leisure had been thus occupied, Rambaud had in the meantime obtained a professorship at Nancy, and had gradually spread his activities into the field of politics by contributing to journals such as the Progrès de l'Est. Being doubly linked to the Eastern provinces of France, by his own family traditions and those of his wife, as well as by the number of years he had successfully spent in that region, he must have been among those who felt the loss of Alsace-Lorraine

most keenly. But far from losing his dignity in bitter attacks or useless regrets, he soon found a nobler way in which to prove his zeal for the greatness of France. In 1879, Jules Ferry, who had just then become Minister of Public Instruction, asked him to be his private secretary. For nearly three years Rambaud worked at the side of this statesman, whose chief political aim was the colonial expansion of France. The moment was a decisive one in the history of colonization. The last available parts of the globe hitherto without owners were now in course of being appropriated by various European nations. France, still smarting from the wounds so recently received, had to make a supreme effort in order to protect her interests and those of generations yet unborn. Few were able, at this critical hour, to embrace the policy of momentary sacrifice for the sake of benefits that could be foreseen only vaguely in a far-off future. When the country became involved in two unsuccessful expeditions, in Northern Africa and in Tonkin, Jules Ferry had to bear the brunt of public dissatisfaction and indignation. Rambaud himself never ceased to approve and share the ideals of the unfortunate minister, and in 1903, ten years after the latter's death, he paid tribute to the brilliant qualities and fearless energy of his leader in a volume which he wrote on Jules Ferry's life.

In 1885 he had published a work on «La France coloniale,» with the help of experts on matters of geography and commerce. At the same time his enthusiasm had urged him to write numerous articles in the Revue bleue, relating examples of extraordinary exploits or of individual prowess during the expeditions in the newly acquired territories; these were calculated to make their object more popular with the nation.

One of the problems of successful colonization which seemed to attract Rambaud more particularly was that of the education of the natives; in 1881 he went to Kabylia, charged with the mission of organizing the establishment of French schools. He himself also felt the necessity of studying the native language, judging that a mutual understanding could be reached most rapidly and effectively by an approach from both sides. Algeria seemed to have fascinated Rambaud. As late as 1892, he went there for a third time, and undertook an expedition of more than one thousand kilometers through the Algerian part of the Sahara.

About this same period, he first conceived the idea, and worked out the plan, of his greatest work, the «General History from the Fourth Century to Our Days.» This consists of twelve volumes published between the years 1893 and 1904, and covering the whole ground of the World's history, including also such wider fields as literature and art. The list of collaborators contains names of men each famous in his own special sphere: Émile Faguet, Petit de Julleville, Romain Rolland, and others. Rambaud had reserved to his own pen the chapters on Asia, Oriental Europe, Russia, and the French Colonial Empire. He and

Ernest Lavisse shared between them the considerable task of editing the whole work.

Some facts of his life have still to be noted. In 1881 he was called to the Sorbonne as Professor of Contemporary History; in this capacity, he wrote a ‹History of the French Revolution› (1883), and a ‹History of Contemporary Civilization in France› (1888). In 1895 he was elected Senator for the Département du Doubs; a year later, he became Minister of Public Instruction, Public Worship, and Fine Arts. He re-organized the system of high schools and helped to promote provincial universities; another cause for which he worked with great intrepidity and frankness, namely the fight against alcoholism, made him some very bitter enemies. In 1902, he had the misfortune of losing his senatorial seat, chiefly owing to the fact that his health broke down before the end of the election campaign.

The last three years of his life were spent in unbroken activity, though marked by repeated illness and much suffering. Besides the book on Ferry already mentioned, he wrote, amongst other things, a historical novel, ‹L'Empereur de Carthage,› which led his imagination back to the field of his earliest researches; and a number of valuable articles in the Journal des Savants.

Uniting within himself the gift of the pen with the qualities of an eminent historian, Rambaud was remarkable also in private life as a man of high culture, generous feeling, and sound judgment. The ordeals of a political career had not impaired his character. When dignity and power came to him, he remained as he had been before, simple, modest, impartial; when they left him, he quietly resumed his former life of work and study. His death took place in Paris on November 10th, 1905.

HALTING STEPS TOWARD DEMOCRACY

From the 'History of Civilization in France'

NAPOLEON, as First Consul and Emperor, modeled his court on that of former kings, and endeavored to give good manners to his officers and their wives, and to attract the members of the old noblesse; saying, "They alone know how to serve." The revolution of 1848 gave back to the popular classes their rights and power; but the impatience of the workmen and the apathy of the peasants let a new Cæsar rise, who treated democracy and universal suffrage as children. To-day they are full-grown men. Among the nations of Europe, France stands alone as being the sole important State at once democratic, republican, and with universal suffrage.

RUSSIAN EXPANSION WEST AND SOUTH

From the 'General History'

THE GREEK PROJECT OF CATHARINE II.

SHE intended, if successful in driving out the Turks, to create a Greek empire under a Russian Grand-Duke independent of Russia. She gave a Greek name, Constantine, a Greek nurse and playmates, to her grandson born in 1779; and invited the Emperor to visit her in South Russia and settle the European Turkish question. Her progress through New Russia in 1787 was a triumphal march, where all was not show; for the colonization of New Russia, lately a desert exposed to the incursions of Cossacks and Tartars (now peopled with six million human beings), was commenced. On Catharine's return to her capital, war was declared (1787). Neither party was well prepared. French and Prussian officers drilled the Ottoman recruits.

POLAND AND KOSCIUSZKO

POLAND was waking up from its intestine quarrels. The Jesuits were dismissed by a bull of Clement XIV. This was no misfortune: they had taught the Poles intolerance and the exterior forms of religion; moreover, they had taught Latin to the exclusion of Polish. On their disappearance there was a

national awakening; at least in the hearts of the middle classes, who were educated better than the nobles, less apart from European civilization, already imbued with French ideas, and who were deeply saddened by the misfortunes of their country, which they compared to the wonderful success of the French Revolution against the allied kings. Some nobles were animated with the same sentiments.

Such was Thadeus Kosciuszko. Born in 1757, in the district of Novogrodek (Lithuania), he had entered in 1764 the cadet school founded by Czartoryski. This son of a country gentleman received, one after another, two cruel lessons of social equality: his father was assassinated by some exasperated peasants; while he himself, having fallen in love with the daughter of a nobleman of high rank, found himself scornfully refused.

In America, where Washington appointed him colonel, and where he distinguished himself at Saratoga, Kosciuszko learned what real liberty was, and completed the knowledge he had first sought in our philosophers. During the last war, he was the only Polish general who had been victorious. After the second partition of Poland he became a Russian subject, but refused to serve in the Russian army. He passed into Saxony, and thence to Paris on a mission. Already the Legislative Assembly had named him a French citizen.

BENEFITS TO GERMANY FROM FRENCH INVASIONS

From 'Germany under Napoleon, 1804–1811' .

THE Germans complain of the harm we have done them in the wars, almost always defensive, which our kings carried on against the ambition of Austria. Who could calculate the harm done to us by their princes, when in 1791 they turned France from her task of reorganization; when they stirred up hatred between our working classes and our nobility, between the Assembly and Royalty; when they caused the Revolution to end in the Terror? Afterwards, even if the Emperor, the King of Prussia, and the Ecclesiastic Electors did declare war, the people called and welcomed us. After a glorious defensive war, we were able to wage the most humane, the most beneficial of propagating wars. . . . Even under Napoleon I., French

intervention in Germany was essentially different from German invasion of France: the former brought with it the elements of progress. Thus it may be said that in all times, and under every form of government, we have done more good than harm to the Germans; and a Prussian empire, founded on a so-called right of revenge of Germany against us, is based on injustice and falsehood. . . .

It is strange that Germany should accept from Prussia, along with new laws, its opinions ready-made. . . . What magic spell has its new masters used to make Germany forget history? . . . Before the Revolution there was no trace of hatred between France and Germany; and that is why the wars of the Revolution were none of them a war of races. All western Germany accepted French influence willingly. Our language was written and spoken there, our literary traditions and our fashions were followed with even too much docility. Frenchmen were enticed to dwell there; but not always chosen with sufficient discernment, so that adventurers by whom the Germans were duped gave a sorry idea of our nation. On the other hand, the feeling of hostility against England dates very far back. It is that nation which, from the first, made us understand what a foreigner was, and by trampling on France revealed her to herself. . . .

Large German States owe their prosperity to French political and religious refugees. Nor was the influx less from Germany into France. Princes came as pilgrims to the shrine of Versailles to admire and worship the kingliest King; to Paris, where they found the greatest number of men of genius and of sharpers, the wittiest ladies, and the lightest women. There came those who wished to serve in the army; like Maurice of Saxe, the victor of Fontenoy, and the Count of Löwendal, the victor of Berg-op-Zoom. The Rhenish provinces were but a continuation of France beyond the frontier; their sons fought under French colors: war and hate were not between the peoples, they were the business of the governments. Men were cosmopolitan, citizens of the world, rather than French, German, or Prussian.

The Revolution of 1803 in Germany was relatively as radical as the French Revolution. The German people looked on it with indifference, neither rejoicing nor grieving at the fall of its past; because there was a great difference between the two revolutions. The sacrifices exacted from the privileged classes

of France had served to found the unity of a great people, had brought liberty into the State and equality among the citizens. In Germany no such advantages had been obtained. The French had despoiled themselves for the grandeur of their country; in Germany for some great or petty sovereign, often more a princeling than a prince.

It was not as an enemy but as an Emperor that Napoleon was received. Princes and people crowded to see the small lank-haired man, so unlike the legendary Charlemagne, whose sallow complexion, sinister unfathomable glance, and Roman features, reminded them of the pagan Cæsar who had first crossed the mighty river.

CIVIL LIFE IN FRANCE DURING THE MIDDLE AGES

From the 'History of French Civilization'

IF JUSTICE was cruel, the police of Paris were feeble. The multiplicity of jurisdictions among which Paris was divided, and the right of sanctuary allowed to nearly all the churches and abbeys, permitted criminals to elude pursuit.

Paris, although Philip Augustus had paved some streets and filled up the filthy holes which infected his palace, was still horribly dirty.

The narrow streets, with the houses overhanging in successive corbelings so that the upper stories touched, were incumbered with stalls, sign-boards, and goods exposed for sale. Swine, geese, and cattle wandered through them. There the butchers slaughtered their beasts at night; there was no light except that of the moon when it shone. The police were not responsible for anything after sunset. When once the curfew had rung, the honest bourgeois went to his home and shut himself in securely. The watch—that is, the *prevost's* archers—were too few to control the dangerous classes. To thrash the watch was a student's sport: naturally, ill-doers feared it little.

Sometimes a watchman like Gautier Rallard found an ingenious means of never entering into a fight with the robbers: he made his rounds preceded by music. The night watchman who went through the streets in a coat embellished with tears and death's-heads,—armed with a lantern and a bell, announcing

the hours, and calling the sleepers to "pray for the dead,"—scarcely interfered with the cutpurses and the pillagers of shops.

The robbers, assassins, beggars, vagabonds, were organized in corporations just like the honest folk. They had their regular chiefs, their rules of apprenticeship, their trials for the mastery, their places of reunion. In Paris they formed a State apart,—the Kingdom of Argot,—where was spoken the "*langue vert*," and across the boundaries of which the archers of the watch did not venture. Their elected chief was the great Coësre or King of Thune, who was drawn in a cart by dogs. He held his court—his Court of Miracles—sometimes in the cul-de-sac Saint Sauveur, sometimes in the rue des Frams-Bourgeois, or near the Convent of the Filles-Dieu, or in the streets of Grande and Petite Truanderie. He had in each province, like the king, his bailiff,—called the *cagou*. Sometimes he summoned a sort of States-General in the Pré aux Gueux (Beggars' Field) near Notre Dame d'Auray. His immense people, including all the beggars, blacklegs, and vagabonds of France, were divided into numerous classes. All paid a tribute to the King of Thune, and rendered him homage.

Another powerful monarch was the King of Egypt, sovereign of the Gipsies. In 1427 the advance guard of these mysterious Asiatics had appeared in Paris; a duke, a count, ten knights, followed by a hundred men, women, and children. These people, known as Bohemians, Saracens, Egyptians, Tsiganes, were soon swarming on the roads and at the gates of the towns, as showmen of bears and apes, as tinkers, counterfeiters, fortune-tellers.

From these swarming crowds the army of crime was recruited. From time to time justice cast in her net, and exposed her capture in the pillory of the Halles or on the gibbet of Montfauçon; but the mass was not thereby diminished. If the *prevost* hung some scamp in broad day, the King of Thune in turn hung in broad night some rash bourgeois or too inquisitive sergeant.

As in India there were pariahs, despised even by the slave, and whose contact was pollution, so in France there were outcast races. These were called *marrons* in Auvergne; *cagots* or *cagoux* in the Pyrenees; *gaffots*, *caffots*, *capots*, in Béarn and Navarre; *cagueux*, *cacuas*, *cacoux*, in Bretagne; *gahets*, *gaffets*, in Guyenne. Whence came they, and who were they? Were they, as was said, descendants of the Mussulmans left in France by Abderrahman, or of the Spaniards who were driven from their homes by the

Arabs, or of converted heretics, or of ancient lepers? No one knew, not even those who persecuted them. The only sure thing is, that they were treated like veritable lepers, forbidden to frequent churches, taverns, public festivals; forced in Bretagne and Béarn to wear a red costume, and not permitted to go barefoot on the roads or to carry arms. Marriage or any contact with them was refused. They lived in isolated villages hidden in the country, or in obscure valleys; intermarrying, hated by all and hating all the world.

Although ancient slavery had disappeared from our soil through transformation into serfdom, there was a tendency to reconstitute it in Europe at the expense of the infidels taken in war. The Italian republics trafficked in their captives. In the twelfth century they were sold at fairs in Champagne, and Saracen slaves were bequeathed in a will to the bishop of Béziers. In the thirteenth century, slaves were traded in Provence. The new slavery was then in force in Roussillon,—which was not French territory,—but royal France spurned it. Then was established the maxim by virtue of which every slave who touched French soil became free. In 1402 and in 1406 the municipality of Toulouse applied this to the profit of fugitive slaves from Perpignan.

In the Middle Ages, the duty of charity toward the poor was generally discharged. The pouch full of money which hung at the belts of nobles and bourgeois, men and women, was called an alms-purse; a chaplain was an almoner. Kings, nobles, and ladies were often surrounded, as they walked, by the poor whom they maintained. King Robert allowed them to enter so freely into his palace, to go under his table, to sit on the floor beside him, almost between his legs, that on a certain day one of them cut a gold acorn from his clothing. Not only did alms-givers aid the poor with money, food, and clothing; but seeing in them the image of suffering Christ, they gloried in sometimes serving them at table, and in washing their feet upon Holy Thursday. The religious orders, founded for the relief of the poor, consecrated to them at least a part of their revenues. In certain convents there were cells reserved for the poor; in nearly all, distributions of soup and bread were made at the door of the monastery.

Nevertheless, this charity of the Middle Ages was unintelligent enough. The kings would have done better to aid their people

instead of surrounding themselves with a few tatterdemalions; the monasteries, while distributing their charity, became by seizing upon the land a cause of impoverishment for a vast radius around them. They relieved a few poor people; but these were infinitely less to be pitied than thousands of peasants crushed under feudal laws, the ecclesiastical tenth, or the laws of the royal treasury. The problem of how to aid the poor without increasing pauperism and without offering a reward to idleness, so difficult even to modern France, was not one which the Middle Ages could solve. Moreover, the French of the thirteenth century, thoroughly imbued with religious ideas, were charitable not from philanthropy, but from piety; to secure salvation. The "virtuous poor," with knees worn callous by many prostrations, with mouths full of prayers, well trained and indoctrinated by the Church, always present on the skirts of the sanctuary, always ready to reap the benefit of a pious thought, were very convenient to whoever wished to acquit himself of the Christian duty of charity. Poverty was too wide-spread to be possibly diminished; at least one did what one was called upon to do, leaving the rest to God.

The sick formed a more limited category of the distressed, and charity toward them was more efficacious. From the Merovingian epoch, St. Clotilde and St. Abofiède, the wife and sister of Clovis; St. Radegonde, the wife of Clotaire; St. Bathilde, the wife of Clovis II.,— are cited as founders of hospitals. The hospitals were usually annexed to a monastery, as was that of Bathilde to the royal abbey of Chelles. At the time of the Crusades, the valiant Knights of St. John prided themselves above all upon being Hospitallers. The diffusion of leprosy in the twelfth century brought about the creation of special hospitals —leper-houses. In the thirteenth century there were nearly two thousand of these in France. They were usually managed by Knights of St. Lazarus, another military order. Louis VII. established them at the end of the Faubourg St. Denis; their mother-house was the domain of Boigny. He also created at Saussaie near Villejuif a convent of women to care for lepers. The kings made large benefactions to these houses: when they died, their personal linen and all their horses, mules, etc., belonged to the leper-house of La Saussaie. When Jean II. died in England, so that the house was deprived of his horses, his son paid it an indemnity. Later, Charles VI. bought back from this convent for

twenty-five hundred francs the horses of his father Charles V. The knights showed themselves deserving of these favors by caring not only for the lepers, but for all kinds of invalids.

St. Louis was a Grand-Hospitaller. It was he who enlarged and endowed the Maison-Dieu (Hotel-Dieu) of Paris, who founded the Hospital of the Quinze-Vingts for three hundred blind men, who instituted the *hostelleries des postes* in the principal towns of the kingdom. Devout nobles followed his example; and in the thirteenth century Elzéar de Sabran and his wife are cited as having given everything—life and fortune—to the service of the sick.

The Church did not content itself with offering prayers for travelers. In the most difficult passes of the mountains, in the snows of the Alps, rose pious hostelries: those of St. Bernard, of St. Gothard, of the Simplon, of Mont Cenis, are of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The wars with the Saracens, the Mussulman piracy on the Mediterranean, peopled the markets and prisons of the Orient and Africa with Christian captives. Religious orders,—the Mathurins, founded in 1198, and the Fathers of Mercy, founded in 1223,—went with money to ransom Christian prisoners.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Jane Grosvenor Cooke

FRENCH MEDICAL SCIENCE DURING THE MIDDLE AGES

From the 'History of French Civilization'

THE most celebrated physicians of antiquity were among the Greeks, Hippocrates of Cos, Galen of Pergamus, Herophilus, Erasistratus; among the Romans, Celsus and Cœlius Aurelianus. Their knowledge of anatomy was still imperfect; their physiology amounted to nothing, since they were not acquainted either with the circulation of the blood or the functions of the nervous system; their remedies were few, and often purely imaginary. The downfall of Roman civilization arrested the progress of this science. The Arabs succeeded. In a compilation of a certain Aaron Christian, priest of Alexandria, known under the name of "Pandects of Medicine," they rediscovered extracts from ancient writings. They seized upon these and made some progress. The most celebrated Arabian physicians wer-

Rhazès (850–923), and Avicenna (980–1037), both born in the caliphate of Bagdad; Avenzoar (1072–1162), and Averroës (1120–1198), both Spanish Arabs. Maimonides (1135–1204) was a Jewish rabbi of Spain. The 'Canon' of Avicenna, translated into Latin, was the medical work most extensively known throughout Europe. Thus Europeans seldom knew the physicians of antiquity except through a triple series of translations from Greek into Syriac, from Syriac into Arabic, and from Arabic into Latin.

For a long time the Christians abandoned the study of medicine to the Arabs and Jews. It was to these infidel masters that later the most daring went to learn the elements of the science.

Charlemagne in 805 had prescribed the study of medicine in the monasteries. About the ninth century, the school of Salerno in Italy began to be famous throughout Christendom. In the tenth century some Jews founded the school of Montpellier, which in the thirteenth became a faculty. In 1200 the University of Paris was founded, which was not until later anything more than a faculty of medicine; but already in 1213 there was question of professors of medicine. The Church showed little favor to this science, which seemed an evidence of distrust toward Providence. "The precepts of medicine are contrary to Divine knowledge," wrote St. Ambrose: "they condemn prayers and vigils." The councils of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries forbade the study of this art to prelates and archdeacons, and only permitted it to the lower clergy. No clergyman could practice surgery, because it sheds blood. Boniface VIII. menaced with excommunication whoever should dissect a dead body.

Anatomy being proscribed; the natural sciences, such as botany, mineralogy, and chemistry, being in their infancy,—one can imagine our medical science of the Middle Ages. It consisted of prescriptions often childish and incomplete; observations borrowed from antiquity or from the Arabs. The prejudices and superstitions of the time played an important part in it. The doctors, also called physicians or *mires*, were also alchemists and astrologers. They taught that the brain increases and decreases according to the phases of the moon; that it has, like the sea, its ebb and flow twice a day. The purpose of the lungs was to air the heart, the liver was the seat of love, the spleen that of laughter. They made use of formulas and cabalistic words; they ordered strange remedies, such as the liver of a toad, the blood of a

frog, a rat, or a goat; they sought universal remedies or panaceas; they bled people only upon certain days, and after having observed the position of the stars and the phases of the moon. Such-and-such a remedy was good for the noble but bad for the serf; the noble must purge himself with hyssop, the peasant with myrobolan. The one cured a fracture with an earth bolus; the other with the dung of his cattle.

Surgery was considered an inferior art. As the clergy was forbidden to exercise it, it was separated from medicine. It was abandoned to the practitioners who had not received degrees, and who were also barbers and even bath-keepers. Even in the seventeenth century, in 1613, there were corporations of surgeon-barbers. They shaved people, bled them, and bandaged their wounds. The surgeons traced their organization into a corporation back to St. Louis, but their Collège de Saint-Côme does not seem to date farther back than the fourteenth century. They were placed under the authority of the "king's barber," who had his delegates in all the towns of the kingdom.

Further, the doctors and surgeon-barbers served only the nobles and the rich. The people had their own therapeutics; in medicine, the remedies of wise women and sorcerers; in surgery, the bone-setters, who had charms and secrets for restoring broken limbs with ointments of their own composition, signs of the cross, and formulas. The bone-setter above all others was the executioner: since he understood so well how to break limbs, he ought to understand how to mend them. It was he who furnished a precious panacea,—the fat of the hanged.

They believed, too, that a donkey's breath expelled all poison. Aching teeth they cured by touching them with a dead man's tooth. To arrest hemorrhage or nose-bleed they dropped a key down the back. By spitting in the mouth of a living frog they stopped a cough.

Rather than apply to the doctor they had recourse to the apothecary, who, in spite of the prohibitions of the faculty, took a part in healing. Charlatans swarmed.

Religion too had its medicine, in which Christian beliefs were amalgamated with old pagan superstitions. Epilepsy was then called the sacred evil, the Divine evil. The epileptic was believed to be possessed by a demon; the only consideration was to drive out the evil spirit from him. Therefore the priest sprinkled him with holy water; and while the sufferer was rolling in

convulsions, read the formula of exorcism. It is known that nervous maladies are easily communicated to persons with sensitive nerves; thus the demon driven from one body often gave himself the pleasure of entering into the body of a spectator, who writhed in his turn. Sometimes in revenge he entered into the exorciser. The possessed were also cured by a pilgrimage to Saint-Maur near Paris, by a novena at the church of Bon-Secours near Nancy, or by touching the holy cerement at Besançon.

Heaven was peopled with healing saints. If one had sore throat he addressed himself to Saint Christopher; if dropsy, to Saint Eutropius; if fever, to Saint Pernella; if insanity, to Saint Mathurin; if the plague, to Saint Roque; if hydrophobia, to Saint Hubert, the patron of the chase and of dogs. At the monastery of Saint Hubert, near Liege, a monk touched the patient with the saint's stole, and cauterized him with «the key of Saint Hubert.»

Often the choice of the saint was determined by a kind of pun. For scurf (teigne) they addressed to Saint Aignan (pronounced «Saint Teignan»); for trouble with the eyes, to Saint Claire; for gout, to Saint Genou (*genou*, knee); for cramps, to Saint Crampan.

Certain maladies were even designated only by the name of the saint who cured them: thus Saint Vitus's dance, a nervous disease which we now call chorea; Saint John's ill, which was epilepsy; Saint Anthony's evil, which was canker; Saint Eloy's evil, which was scurvy; Saint Firmin's evil, which was erysipelas; Saint Lazarus's evil, which was leprosy; Saint Quentin's evil, which was dropsy; Saint Sylvan's evil, which seems to have been a kind of eruptive fever.

The monks who practiced this medicine sometimes drew illicit profits from it. In the thirteenth century, those of Saint Anthony were accused of receiving into their hospitals only healthy people, upon whose bodies they painted apparent sores, and then sent them to solicit the charity of the faithful. Those of Saint Sylvan retained as serfs those who had recovered their health under the porch of their church. In order to increase the number of supplicants they forbade all competition. In 1263 they prohibited women from attempting «to heal those afflicted with Saint Sylvan's evil, with the exception of the lord and any of his family»; for these could not be reduced to serfdom.

Kings too cured by touching: the King of England cured epilepsy; the King of France scrofula. The King of England, when he had added to his title that too of King of France, also cured scrofula. The heads of certain noble families, like that of the house of Aumont in Bourgogne, had the same gift. The progress of royal power put an end to these feudal healings.

Yet never would a truly serious medical science have been more useful than at certain epochs of the Middle Ages, when diseases raged which have since disappeared, and when those which still exist attained an unequaled violence. Then they ignored or neglected the most elementary principles of hygiene. The peasant lived on his refuse heap, huddled in with his beasts, like the wretched Irish peasant of to-day; the townsman lived in the stench of narrow streets. The clergy, by preaching contempt of the body, indirectly encouraged neglect of the most necessary care of it. Until toward the middle of the fourteenth century hemp and linen cloth was little used, even by the upper classes; and woolen fabrics in direct contact with the skin must have irritated it. The peasant was poorly nourished, and by way of meat had scarcely anything but salt provisions.

Such a regimen naturally favored skin diseases. In the tenth and eleventh centuries a scrofula or gangrene raged, which loosed the members of the body joint by joint. Ulcers, tetter, scurf, the itch were frequent. The poverty of the blood increased the number of the scrofulous. Leprosy, which began with the first Crusades, and later developed enormously, lasted throughout the Middle Ages. In 1250 the army of Saint Louis in Egypt was decimated by dysentery and scrofula.

Nervous diseases multiplied, incited by terror of the wars, by the spectacle of tortures, by fear of the devil and of hell, by the isolation and monotony of life in castle and cloister. There were epidemics of Saint Vitus's dance, which seized upon entire populations and drew them into a mad round; frequent cases of epilepsy, the victims of which were thought to be possessed by devils; melancholia, or black sadness; lycanthropy, or mania of those who believed themselves changed into wolves, and who were called were-wolves; demonomania, which made thousands of unfortunates believe themselves in commerce with the infernal spirit; the mania of scourging; hallucinations taken for visions.

Small-pox first appeared in Gaul in the sixth century: from this disease, described by Gregory of Tours, died the children of

Frédégonde. The Oriental plague or bubonic pest began to show itself about 540.

The black pest, also a bubonic pest, ran over all Europe in the fourteenth century, and destroyed a large part of the population.

In the fifteenth century the whooping-cough appeared, which in 1414 killed many old people; and the English sweating-sickness, which made many ravages down to the sixteenth century, but which then became limited to England, and to Calais which was occupied by the English.

Medical science remained powerless before these scourges: often it let rule a superstition which it shared. Those believed to be possessed of evil spirits were exorcised; those who were asserted to be sorcerers were burned. The lepers recommended to Saint Lazarus were confined,—sometimes in isolated huts, sometimes in leper-houses, but always away from other people. They made them wear a striking costume,—a red blouse; they covered their hands with gloves; they supplied them with a rattle to warn those who passed. The priest, when lepers were brought to him, forbade them to go barefoot, or to go elsewhere than on the broad thoroughfares, lest they should brush against travelers; to enter churches, or to bathe in streams. He consoled them, however, by recalling to them that their spiritual communion with Christians still subsisted. Then he pronounced prayers, turned a shovelful of earth upon their heads as a sign that they were cut off from the living, and offered them the sole of his shoe to kiss. Lepers could associate only with lepers, and marry only with lepers; and when they died, their huts were burned.

In the fifteenth century there seems to have been a reawakening of medical science. At Montpellier, under Charles VI., the body of a criminal was dissected for the first time in France. In 1484, an ordinance of Charles VIII. fixed at four years the duration of apprenticeship in the corporation of the grocers and apothecaries of Paris; for pharmacists or apothecaries formed a single corporation with the grocers, which had obtained second rank among the trades of Paris. An ordinance of Louis XII. distinctly separates the two professions. These are the origins of French pharmacy.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Jane Grosvenor Cooke

THE MIDDLE AGES

CHARACTER OF THEIR CIVILIZATION

From the 'History of French Civilization'

THE Middle Ages were only considered by the historians of the eighteenth century as a period of ignorance and barbarism, unproductive and void. They are considered to-day in an entirely different light.

It was during the Middle Ages that new nations and new languages originated in Europe; among these the French nation and the French language. Institutions which would have astonished the Greeks and Romans were developed during this period. The ancients knew no other political life than the municipal life; they had only the idea of a city, not at all that of a nation; they did not believe liberty possible except within the walls of a town. As soon as the Romans had to govern not only towns but an empire, they believed that they could only govern by the most absolute despotism. On the contrary, the new nations found the means, in dominating vast regions, to harmonize the principle of authority with that of the liberty of the subjects. They outlined the system of representation, from which have proceeded the modern constitutions; they established the jury,—that is, the judgment of the accused by his peers.

Great steps were accomplished in social progress. Slavery, that curse of the ancient world, disappeared. The laborer in the field began to enfranchise himself from the servitude of the globe, which Roman law had consecrated. The sphere of woman was enlarged in the family and in society, not only by effect of law but by custom; and this feature alone was sufficient to distinguish in the strongest manner the Middle Ages from the ancient civilization.

In literature we remained in the Middle Ages far behind the classic perfection, but we created original methods and styles—epic poems, the "mysteries," and the lyric poetry of the south.

In the sciences, it is to the Middle Ages that we owe the modern system of numeration, algebra, the compass, the magnifying glass, gunpowder, the process of distillation, the discovery of gas, the most important acids, the first fulminating elements, and numberless chemical combinations.

In the arts, the Middle Ages were glorified by two grand creations: French architecture (Roman and ogival) and musical harmony. A more rational notation of music was adopted. Engraving was begun, and painting in oils made its début. If modern painting and sculpture owe to ancient art the perfection of form, the artists of the Middle Ages have preceded us in the choice of expression.

Besides the invention of printing, it may be noted that during that time were manufactured for the first time in Europe, sugar, silk tissues, plate mirrors, clocks, and watches. New conditions of life, comforts unknown to the ancients, such as body linen and chimneys, characterized the private life of the Middle Ages.

The world itself was enlarged. No Roman navigator had, like the Scandinavians, or perhaps the Basques, brought the ancient world in contact with America; no Roman explorer had, like Marco Polo and his emulators, revealed to his compatriots central Asia and the extreme Orient.

The majority of the weak points in the civilization of the Middle Ages are identical with those of the Roman civilization; for example, the barbarism of criminal procedure, the cruelty of torture, and the grosser superstitions.

Our old French civilization on only three points of view—the glory and the perfection of the arts, the liberty of thought, and the power of the scientific spirit—is perhaps inferior to the civilization of the Greeks, which was the mother of all the others, and which has remained incomparable as the initiative, original, and prolific. But assuredly our own old civilization is not inferior to the Roman civilization. Between that of the Romans and that of our ancestors there is a difference, not of degree, but of nature. A colder climate, instincts and needs peculiar to the Gallic and Germanic races, and the great influence of the religious sentiment, have contributed to this result. It is the civilization of the north contrasted with the civilization of the south. One cannot say that the France of the thirteenth century was barbaric in comparison with the Rome of the emperors; for amid the ruins of the Empire it regained all that it was possible to possess of political culture.

The Close of the Middle Ages

The close of the mediæval period is marked by the following stages:—

In the political order: The taking of Constantinople, and the establishment of the Turks in Oriental Europe upon the débris of the Greek empire; the fall of the papacy as the directing power of Europe; the succeeding of national wars to holy wars; the birth of the patriotic sentiment; the progress of the royal power; the new form taken by the power of the third estate, which is not the form of local communes, but the national form of general States.

In the social order: The emancipation of the rural classes; the enrichment of the middle classes, and their increasing influence.

In the religious order: The appearance of new heresies, notably that of John Huss in Bohemia, which appears to have prepared the way for the advent of Protestantism.

In the literary order: The end of chivalric poetry; the appearance of philosophy in history (under Comines); the decadence of the ancient theatre, the «mysteries» and the «moralities»; the first steps in the progress of printing; and the introduction in the Occident, after the fall of Constantinople, of new Greek and Latin manuscripts.

In the scientific order: The tendency of the sciences to free themselves from the yoke of scholasticism and theology through the resumption of the theory of the world according to Nicholas de Cusa; and by the revival of medicine in the times of Louis XI.

In the artistic order: The relaxation in the construction of ogival (pointed arched) cathedrals; the emancipation of the arts —sculpture, painting, and music—from the religious influence.

In the military order: The decline of the ideas of chivalry; the perfection of cannon and portable firearms; the establishment of permanent armies; the improvement of infantry.

In the economic order: The discovery of new routes of communication with the Indies; the development of navigation, and the first voyages across the ocean.

ALLAN RAMSAY

(1686–1758)

THE criticism which ranks Allan Ramsay with Theocritus and Tasso, as a writer of pastoral poetry, is to a great degree justifiable. The Edinburgh wig-maker resembles the singer of Greece and the singer of Italy in that his verse is redolent of the soil. In an age given over to the composition of artificial pastorals, of impossible Arcadias, peopled by Strephons and Chloes and Phyllises, Ramsay portrayed real shepherds in the actual country life of the Scotch peasantry. Instead of placing high-flown, impossible language upon their lips, he made them use the familiar Lowland Scotch dialect. He wrote a poem breathing of the fields, and full of the homely sights and sounds of rustic existence. His naturalness and his spontaneity in an artificial age constitute his right to be named as a worthy progenitor of Burns.

ALLAN RAMSAY

The author of 'The Gentle Shepherd' was born in 1686, in Leadhills, Lanarkshire, Scotland, in the heart of the Lowther hills. It is significant that the future poet, while born and bred among the peasantry, was far enough removed from them by a strain of gentler blood to be in the position of observer and critic, rather than in that of a comrade. On his father's side he was related to the Earls of Dalhousie, on his mother's to the great Douglas clan. Neither his father nor his mother were native to Leadhills, and between Ramsay and the rough mining population there could have been little sympathy. He remained in the bleak region until his sixteenth year, aiding his stepfather, David Crichton, on his farm; he was then apprenticed to an Edinburgh wig-maker, whom he served until 1707, when having received back his indentures, he began business for himself.

The Edinburgh of this period, deprived of its political prominence by the Act of Union, passed in 1707, which united England and Scotland under the name of Great Britain, gave itself up to certain literary and social activities, which took concrete form in a variety of

clubs. Of one of these, "The Easy Club," Ramsay was made a member; and it was through its encouragement and stimulus that his poetical talents bore fruit. He published occasional pieces — "elegies," as he called them — full of humor and insight into the life of which he formed a part. In 1716 appeared the poem which first showed him to be a master in the portrayal of rustic Scottish life. This was 'Christ's Kirk on the Green.' King James I. of Scotland had written a single canto under this title, describing a brawl at a country wedding. Ramsay supplied a second and a third canto, imitating so perfectly the spirit and form of the royal author's work that the whole appears as the work of one hand.

In 1725 'The Gentle Shepherd' was published. The immediate cause of its composition is said to have been an article in the Guardian for April 7th, 1713; which, taking Pope's 'Windsor Forest' as its starting-point of discussion, proceeded to describe the characteristics of a true pastoral poem. These differed essentially from the popular ideal, which regarded the "shepherd" of literature as a kind of Dresden-china embodiment of all the virtues; a silken swain living an exquisite life among beribboned sheep and dainty shepherdesses. Ramsay, with the instinct of the true poet, brushed this flummery aside, and following the prescription of nature as set forth in the Guardian, went direct to the "common people" to obtain material for his pastoral. 'The Gentle Shepherd' is a poetical embodiment of rustic Scotland. It is written in the language of the peasantry; it is an intimate reproduction of their life. The simple tale, told with such truthfulness of detail and sincerity of feeling, became at once popular with all classes. It found its way not only into the homes of the London and Edinburgh wits, but into the farm-houses of the country people, to whom it became a kind of Bible. Its maxims passed into proverbs; its many passages of beautiful verse found their true home in the hearts of those whose manner of life had been the author's inspiration.

It is through 'The Gentle Shepherd' that Allan Ramsay is chiefly remembered as a poet only second to Burns himself. Yet he claims recognition as one who did not a little for the literature of his country by the publication of the 'Tea-Table Miscellany' and the 'Evergreen,' — collections of ancient Scottish verse, which went far to revive interest in that golden age of Scotland's literature extending from the time of King James I. to the death of Drummond of Hawthornden.

The remainder of Ramsay's life was uneventful. He opened a book-store in Edinburgh, with which was connected the first circulating library ever established in the country. He continued to write until late in his life: many of his poems were issued in "broadsides,"

or quarto sheets, which were hawked through the streets of Edinburgh; their popularity was enormous. They have long since dropped into the limbo of obscurity; but 'The Gentle Shepherd' is read and loved in Scotland to this day.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD

Prologue to the Scene

BENEATH the south side of a craigy bield,
Where crystal springs the halesome waters yield.
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.

Sang

Tune—'The Wauking of the Faulds.'

PATIE

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just entered in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,—
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow,
At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,—
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld:

And naething gi'es me sic delight
As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the rest it is confest,—
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
With innocence, the wale o' sense,
At wauking of the fauld.

This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
How heartsome is't to see the rising plants,—
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!
How halesome is't to snuff the cawler air,
And all the sweets it bears, when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

ROGER

I'm born, O Patie! to a thrawart fate;
I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great!
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies and tods to grein for lambkins' blood,
But I, opprest with never-ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

PATIE

The bees shall loath the flower, and quit the hive,
The saughs on boggie ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of warldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear!

ROGER

Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whase saul's sae sadly out of tune.
You have sae saft a voice, and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith old and young.
If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confused with mony a vexing thought.

Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's ee;
For ilka sheep ye have, I'll number ten;
And should, as ane may think, come farther ben.

PATIE

But aiblins! nibour, ye have not a heart,
And downa eithly with your cunzie part:
If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

ROGER

My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were smoored,
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endured:
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Though scores of wathers perished in the snaw.

PATIE

Were your bein rooms as thinly stocked as mine,
Less ye wad loss, and less ye wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep;
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

ROGER

May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss;
Oh, may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench:
Till brised beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

PATIE

Sax good fat lambs, I sald them ilka clute
At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round,
A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound:
I'll be mair canty wi't,—and ne'er cry dool,—
Than you with all your cash, ye dowie fool!

ROGER

Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast;
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast.
I dreamed a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet with the fright.

PATIE

Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretense,—
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens!
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
Take courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursell.

ROGER

Indeed now, Patie, ye have guessed o'er true;
And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you.
Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint,—
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint;
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombazed and unco blate.
But yesterday I met her yont a knowe,—
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow.
She Bauldy looes,—Bauldy that drives the car,—
But gecks at me and says I smell of tar.

PATIE

But Bauldy looes not her. Right well I wat
He sighs for Neps. Sae that may stand for that.

ROGER

I wish I couldna looe her—but in vain:
I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like:
Till he yowled sair she strak the poor dumb tyke;
If I had filled a nook within her breast,
She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
With a' her face she shaws a cauldrife scorn.
Last night I played,—ye never heard sic spite:
'O'er Bogie' was the spring, and her delyte,
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speered
Gif she could tell what tune I played, and sneered!
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care:
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair!

PATIE

E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck?
Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabbit chuck,—

Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint all houp:
Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp!

ROGER

I needna mak sic speed my blood to spill:
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

PATIE

Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whingin way;
Seem careless,—there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I served my lass I looe as weel
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel.
Last morning I was gay and early out;
Upon a dyke I leaned glowring about;
I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me,—
For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
And she was close upon me e'er she wist;
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snaw.
Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek,
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheek sae ruddy, and her een sae clear;
And oh! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
Blythsome I cried, "My bonny Meg, come here:
I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer;
But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew."
She scoured awa, and said, "What's that to you?"
"Then fare ye weel, Meg-dorts; and e'en's ye like!"
I careless cried, and lap in o'er the dyke.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack
She came with a right thieveless errand back:
Miscawed me first; then bad me hound my dog,
To wear up three waff ewes strayed on the bog.
I leugh; and sae did she; then with great haste
I clasped my arms about her neck and waist;
About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul came lowping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.

Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb:
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

Sang

Tune—'Fye, gar rub her o'er wi' strae.'

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answer kindness with a slight,
Seem unconcerned at her neglect;
For women in a man delight,
But them despise who're soon defeat,
And with a simple face give way
To a repulse: then be not blate,—
Push bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
Say often what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

ROGER

Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,—
Ye're ay sae cadgy, and have sic an art
To hearten ane! for now, as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherished me since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll mak ye a propine
(My mother, rest her saul! she made it fine):
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawslock woo,
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue;
With spraings like gowd and siller crossed with black:
I never had it yet upon my back.
Weel are ye wordy o't, wha have sae kind
Redd up my raveled doubts, and cleared my mind.

PATIE

Weel, had ye there! And since ye've frankly made
To me a present of your braw new plaid,

My flute's be yours; and she too that's sae nice
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll take my advice.

ROGER

As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring,
For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing.

PATIE

But first we'll take a turn up to the height,
And see gif all our flocks be feeding right:
Be that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese,
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please;
Might please the daintiest gabs were they sae wise
To season meat with health instead of spice.
When we have ta'en the grace drink at this well,
I'll whistle syne, and sing t'ye like mysell.

[*Exeunt.*

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY*

O H, Bessy Bell and Mary Gray!
They are twa bonny lasses;
They bigged a bower on yon burn-brae,
And thecked it o'er with rashes:
Fair Bessy Bell I looed yestreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter,
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap,
She smiles like a May morning,
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis's lap,
The hills with rays adorning;
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fou genty,
With ilka grace she can command;
Her lips, oh, wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like the craw,
Her eyes like diamonds glances;

* The first four lines of this are from an old ballad,—see under 'The Ballad,' Vol. iii. of this work.

She's ay sae clean red up and braw,
  She kills whene'er she dances;
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
  She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs sae graceful still,
  O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
  Ye unco sair oppress us;
Our fancies jee between you twae,
  Ye are sic bonny lasses:
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,—
  To ane by law we're stinted;
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
  And be with ane contented.

LOCHABER NO MORE

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
  Where heartsome with thee I've mony day been;
  For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on wear,
Though bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse!
Since honor commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favor I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING

AN THOU were my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
An thou were my ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee.

Like bees that suck the morning dew
Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou',
And gar the gods envy me.
An thou were, etc.

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight;
Syne in saft whispers through the night
I'd tell how much I looed thee.
An thou were, etc.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean!
She moves a goddess o'er the green:
Were I a king, thou should be queen,
Nane but myself aboon thee.
An thou were, etc.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
Whilst thou like ivy, or the vine,
Around my stronger limbs should twine,
Formed hardy to defend thee.
An thou were, etc.

Time's on the wing and will not stay;
In shining youth let's make our hay,
Since love admits of no delay;
Oh, let na scorn undo thee.
An thou were, etc.

While love does at his altar stand,
Hae, there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And with ilk smile thou shalt command
The will of him wha loves thee.
An thou were, etc.

A SANG

Tune—'Busk ye, my bonny bride.'

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
Busk, and go to the braes of Yarrow:
There will we sport and gather dew,
Dancing while lavrocks sing the morning:
There learn frae turtles to prove true:
O Bell! ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes Flora yields;
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
And nature looks mair fresh and charming:
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,—
Though on their banks the roses blossom,
Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,
And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,
Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee;
With free consent my fears repel,
I'll with my love and care reward thee.—
Thus sang I saftly to my fair,
Wha raised my hopes with kind relenting:
O queen of smiles! I ask nae mair,
Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE

THE Lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're sour and unco saucy;
Sae proud they never can be kind
Like my good-humored Highland lassie.

Chorus

O my bonny, bonny Highland lassie,
My hearty, smiling Highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Than ony lass in borrows-town,
  Wha makes their cheeks with patches motie,
I'd take my Katie but a gown,
  Barefooted, in her little coatie.
Chorus.

Beneath the brier or breken bush,
  Whene'er I kiss and court my dautie,
Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
  My flighteren heart gangs pittie-pattie.
Chorus.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll sten,
  With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
  To feast my lass on dishes dainty.
Chorus.

There's noane shall dare, by deed or word,
  'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can wield my trusty sword,
  Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.
Chorus.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
  And berries ripe, invite my treasure
To range with me; let great fowk gloom,
  While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.
Chorus.

LEOPOLD VON RANKE

(1795–1886)

LEOPOLD VON RANKE, the founder of the objective school of history, was born at Wiehe in Thuringia, on December 21st, 1795. He studied at the gymnasium at Pforta, famous for the excellence of its training in the humanities, and at the university of Leipzig, where he devoted himself to theology and philology. He took the degree of doctor of philosophy in 1817, and the year after became a teacher in the Gymnasium at Frankfort-on-the-Oder.

LEOPOLD VON RANKE

His reading as a Protestant student of divinity had aroused his interest in the history of the Reformation. He regarded the Reformation as the beginning of modern history; and its importance was enhanced in his mind by the fact that it illustrated in an admirable manner his theory of the unity of history. He held that European civilization was fundamentally a unit; and that it was made up of a mixture of Romanic and Germanic elements, represented by the French, the Spaniards, and the Italians on the one hand, and by Germany, England, and Scandinavia on the other. Accordingly, at Frankfort, he began that research into the history of the Reformation and of the counter-Reformation which occupied the better part of his life. His first book, which bore the title 'History of the Romanic and Germanic Peoples,' appeared in 1824; and in conformity with its author's conception of European history, aimed to exhibit in a single view the great religious and political movements that simultaneously agitated the Romanic and Germanic nations at the beginning of the Reformation. It opened with the year 1494, when all Europe met in the wars of Italy; and closed with the year 1514.

The 'History of the Romanic and Germanic Peoples' formulated the theory of the unity of history. It announced, besides, a new aim and a new method of history. Von Ranke maintained that the aim of history was, not to enforce preconceived theological or political views, but to narrate events as they happened, without regard to their moral worth. He denied that history was auxiliary to politics,

theology, or ethics; and insisted that it was an independent science. As the aim of history was to narrate the simple and unadulterated truth, it followed that the writer of history must divest himself as far as possible of his own opinions and prejudices. He must adopt the objective style of narration, and let the events speak for themselves. Literary art was not to be excluded, but it must be subservient to the facts.

This dignified conception of history demanded a new method of historiography. Hitherto writers of history had depended chiefly on the printed accounts of persons contemporary with the events related, such as memoirs and formal histories. Von Ranke showed the untrustworthiness of such sources; for even if the contemporaneous author had a personal knowledge of the events of which he wrote, and even if, in addition, he intended to tell the truth concerning them, it was not at all certain that he had appreciated their relative importance, or that he had narrated them clearly. Von Ranke therefore insisted that the true method of historiography was to rely upon primary sources of information, such as diplomatic correspondence and State papers generally; in short, on original documents. Succinctly stated in his own words, the aims and methods of history were "a critical study of the genuine sources, an impartial apprehension of their contents, an objective representation, . . . the presentation of the whole truth."

The 'History of the Romanic and Germanic Peoples' took its place at once as a classic in German historical literature. In recognition of its extraordinary merits, Von Ranke, a year after its appearance, was appointed to a professorship of history in the University of Berlin. His personal history, aside from his scientific achievements, is devoid of incident. At the age of thirty he became a university professor; thirty years later he retired from the active duties of his professorship; the remaining thirty years of his life were devoted wholly to literary labors. In 1841 he was appointed historiographer of Prussia, and in 1865 he was raised to the rank of the hereditary nobility. During the years of his professorship he trained hundreds of young men in his own peculiar method of historical research; and most of the leading historians of Germany have either sat under his oral instruction, or have been influenced by his writings.

As to his works, the 'History of the Romanic and Germanic Peoples' was followed by a series of histories of the separate States in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in which the aim was to exhibit the special national aspect which the great religious and political movements of the period assumed among the several nations. This series included 'Fürsten und Völker von Südeuropa im XVI. und XVII. Jahrhundert' (The Princes and Peoples of Southern Europe in

the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries), 1827; 'Die Römischen Päbste, ihre Kirche und ihr Staat im XVI. und XVII. Jahrhundert' (The Roman Popes, their Church and their State in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries), 1834–36; 'Deutsche Geschichte im Zeitalter der Reformation' (German History in the Period of the Reformation), 1839–47; 'Neun Bücher Preuszischer Geschichte' (Nine Books of Prussian History), 1847–48; 'Französische Geschichte, Vornehmlich im XVI. und XVII. Jahrhundert' (French History, Especially in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries), 1852–61; 'Englische Geschichte im XVI. und XVII. Jahrhundert' (A History of England, Principally in the Seventeenth Century), 1859–68; 'Geschichte Wallensteins' (History of Wallenstein), 1869; and 'Zur Deutschen Geschichte vom Religionsfrieden bis zum Dreiszigjährigen Kriege' (German History from the Religious Peace to the Thirty Years' War), 1869. Other works dealt with the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries.

In his eighty-third year Ranke undertook a history of the world, the first volume of which appeared in 1880, when he was fourscore and five years of age. Thenceforward a new volume appeared each year until his death, which occurred on May 23d, 1886. The seventh volume, which was nearly ready for the press at the time of his death, brought the history down to the beginning of the Middle Ages.

The most typical, certainly the most popular, of all Ranke's works is his 'History of the Popes.' Macaulay speaks of it as the "work of a mind fitted both for minute researches and for large speculations." By way of introduction, it gave a rapid sketch of the rise of the papal power, emphasizing the characteristic features of the principal epochs or stages of its development, and frankly recognizing its importance as an agency of civilization during the Middle Ages. The body of the work discussed with admirable clearness, fullness, and insight the causes, political and religious, of the Reformation and of the counter-Reformation. In symmetry of plan, in animation of thought, and in directness of language, the 'History of the Popes' was a model of historical writing, and was no less notable as a contribution to literature than as a contribution to historical science.

THE FALL OF STRAFFORD

From 'A History of England, Principally in the Seventeenth Century'

THE King was still very far from giving up his own or Strafford's cause. On Saturday, May 1st, he declared that he would never again endure Strafford in his council or his presence, but that he thought him not deserving of death; and the Lords seemed of the same opinion. Equally little did it seem necessary to give way to the proposals against the bishops. On Sunday, May 2d, the wedding of the young Prince of Orange with the princess Mary of England — who however was but ten years old, and was to stay longer in England — was celebrated at Whitehall. Charles himself presided with address and good-humor over the wedding festivities, and seemed to be well pleased with his new son-in-law. Once more a numerous court crowded with the usual zeal around the highest personages in the country. Yet at that very hour the pulpits of the city were ringing with fiery addresses on the necessity of bringing the arch-offender to justice; disquieting rumors were in the air, and kept every one in suspense. The next morning, Monday, May 3d, Westminster presented a disorderly spectacle. In order to throw into the scale the expression of their will on impending questions, which already had been so effective once, thousands of petitioners repaired to the Houses of Parliament; the members of the lower House who had voted for the Bill of Attainder, and the unpopular Lords, were received on their arrival with insults and abusive cries. At the hour when the sitting of the lower House ought to have begun, — prayers were already over, — all the members remained in profound silence. There was a presentiment of what was coming: the attempt of the clerk to bring on some unimportant matter was greeted with laughter. After some time the doors were closed, and John Pym rose to make a serious communication. He said that desperate plots against the Parliament and the peace of the realm were at work within and without the country, for bringing the army against Parliament, seizing the Tower, and releasing Strafford; that there was an understanding with France on the subject, and that sundry persons in immediate attendance on the Queen were deep in the plot.

Pym might and did know that the French government was in no way inclined to take part with the Queen; and the Parliamentary leaders had already sent their joint thanks to Cardinal

Richelieu for preventing the Queen's journey. We must leave it in doubt whether Pym was notwithstanding led by the appearance of things and by rumor to believe in the possibility of an alliance between the French government and the Queen, or whether he merely thought it advisable to arouse the apprehension in others. His speech conveyed the idea that a plot was at work for the overthrow of Parliament and the Protestant religion, which must be resisted with the whole strength of the nation. The mob, assembled outside the doors, where vague reports of Pym's exordium reached them, certainly received this impression: a conspiracy had been detected, as bad as the Gunpowder Plot or worse, for massacring the members of Parliament, and even all Strafford's opponents among the inhabitants. The fact that the Tower, which commanded the city, was reckoned on for this purpose, caused an indescribable agitation. At times the cry "To Whitehall!" was heard: at others it seemed as if the mob would go to the Tower in order to storm it.

With these tumultuous proceedings were connected a consistent and systematic series of decisive measures taken by Parliament. The strongest motive for agitation in England as well as in Scotland was the danger to religion: and a similar attempt was made to obtain security on this point. A kind of covenant was devised in England also,—a Parliamentary and national oath, —by which every man pledged himself to defend with body and life the true Protestant religion against all Popish devices, as well as the privileges of Parliament and the liberties of the subject. Since in this oath the doctrines, if not the constitution, of the English Church were maintained, and the allegiance due to the King was mentioned, no great trouble was found in obtaining its acceptance by Parliament and the nation. Its importance lies in the connection it established between Protestantism and the interests of Parliament: whoever took it pledged himself to defend the privileges of Parliament. Amid the general agreement it was not forgotten that an eye must be kept on the immediate sources of danger. The undeniable needs of the army were provided for, and precautions taken against any possible movement in that quarter.

For several days the rumor of impending danger grew. The French ambassador was warned at that time, as if he or his government had a share in the matter, and it might still at any moment be carried out. But in truth the disclosure of the

scheme was equivalent to its defeat. Jermyn and Percy fled; other persons suspected or implicated were arrested; the Queen herself one day prepared to quit London. But she had nowhere to go: she could not but be aware that the Governor of Portsmouth, with whom she intended to take refuge, had caused the discovery of the scheme.

Little as her attempt to cause a reaction may have been matured, it had nevertheless the effect of doubling the violence of the previous movement. The royal power itself immediately felt the force of the shock. The King had sanctioned the proposal to strengthen his hold on the Tower with trustworthy troops: the number of men that he desired to introduce was not more than a hundred, but even this now appeared a dangerous innovation. The commandant Balfour hesitated to admit the troops; the tumultuous mob directed against it a more urgent petition than ever. The Lords were induced to make representations on the subject to the King; who justified the arrangement on the score of his duty to provide for the safety of the ammunition stored in the Tower, but in view of the popular agitation did not insist on its being carried out. The Lords further empowered the Constable and Lord Mayor, if necessary, to introduce a body of militia into the Tower; and thus the control of the fortress which might keep the city in check began to slip out of the King's hands. The measures taken for the security of Portsmouth, for the arming of the militia in several inland counties for this purpose, and for the defense of Jersey and Guernsey,—those islands seeming to be in danger from France,—were in effect so many usurpations of the military authority of the Crown, however well justified they may have been under the circumstances.

Out of the necessity for satisfying the English army arose an idea involving the most serious consequences. As the Scottish army must be paid and the Irish one disbanded, which was impossible without discharging the arrears due them, new and extensive loans were needed. Yet who was likely to lend money to the Parliament, so long as its existence depended on the resolve and arbitrary will of the King, with whom it had engaged in violent strife? As the only security for the capitalists, a provision was desired that Parliament should not be dissolved at the simple will of the King. On May 5th a motion was made to this effect: on the 6th the special committee brought the bill

before the assembled House: on the 7th it passed the third reading, and went to the upper House, where it was agreed to after a few objections of trifling importance.

The fate of Strafford formed the central point of all these movements in the nation and in Parliament; of the tumultuous agitation in the one, and the far-seeing resolutions of the other. For new loans and for the payment of taxes one condition was on all sides insisted on: that the Viceroy of Ireland should first expiate his crimes by death.

The Lords had alleged the troubles as the reason why they could not immediately deal with the bill of attainder: but the continued terror at length made all further opposition impossible. The sittings were now attended chiefly by those in whom government by prerogative, such as Strafford aimed at, had awakened from the first a spirit of aristocratic resistance. And when an opinion of the Court of King's Bench was given, to the effect that on the points which had been taken as proved by the Lords, Strafford certainly merited the punishment for high treason, all opposition was at length silenced: the bill of attainder passed the upper House by a majority of 7 votes, 26 against 19.

A deputation of the Lords went immediately to the King, to recommend him to assent to the bill on account of the danger which would attend a refusal. It was Saturday, May $\frac{8}{18}$: in the afternoon the bill, together with the one for not dissolving Parliament, was laid before him by the two Houses, with a prayer for his immediate assent to both. Two or three thousand men had assembled at Whitehall to receive his answer. To their great indignation the King deferred his decision until Monday.

The following Sunday was to him a day for the most painful determination;—for what an admission it was, to recognize as a capital crime the having executed his own will and purposes! The political tendency it fully carried out, obviously was to separate the Crown from its advisers, and make them dependent on another authority than that of the King; to make the King's power inferior to that of the Parliament. Charles I. had solemnly declared that he found the accused not guilty of high treason; he had given him his word to let no evil befall him, not to let a hair of his head be harmed. Could he nevertheless sanction his execution? Verily it was a great moment for the King: what glory would attend his memory had he lived up to his convictions, and opposed to the pressure put upon him an immovable

moral strength! To this end was he King, and possessed the right of sanctioning or of rejecting the resolutions of Parliament: that was the theory of the Constitution. But among the five bishops whom the King called to his side in this great case of conscience, only one advised him to follow his own convictions. The others represented that it was not the King's business to form a personal opinion on the legality of a sentence; that the acts which Strafford himself admitted had now been pronounced to be treasonable; and that he might allow the judgment without being convinced of its accuracy, as he would a judgment of the King's Bench or at the assizes. This may be the meaning of the doctrine attributed to Bishop Williams, that the King has a double conscience, a public and a private one, and that he may lawfully do as King what he would not do as a private man. But the constitutional principle essentially was that personal convictions in this high office should possess a negative influence. The distinction must be regarded as an insult to the theory of the Crown, implying its annihilation as a free power in the State. King Charles felt this fully; all the days of his life he regretted, as one of his greatest faults, that in this case he had not followed the dictates of his conscience. But he was told that he must not ruin himself, his future, and his house for the sake of a single man: the question was not whether he would save Strafford, but whether he would perish with him. The movement begun in the city was spreading throughout the country; from every county, men were coming up to join the city populace. From a letter of one of the best informed and most intelligent eye-witnesses, we gather that the idea of appealing to the Commons of the country against the King's refusal was mooted in the lower House. And so far as the assurances given to the Viceroy of Ireland were concerned, a letter from Strafford was laid before the King, in which he released him from his promise, and entreated him to avoid the disasters which would result from the rejection of the bill, and to sacrifice him, the writer, as he stood in the way of a reconciliation between the King and his people.

So it came to pass that on May 10th the King commissioned Lord Arundel and the Lord Keeper to signify his royal assent to the bill of attainder. The next day he made another attempt to return from the path of justice to that of mercy. Would it not be better to consign Strafford to prison for life, with the

provision that for any participation in public affairs, or attempt at flight, his life would certainly and finally be forfeited. He asked the Lords whether this was possible: they replied that it would endanger himself and his wife and children. For no relaxation was to be obtained from the universal disposition both in Parliament and in the city. Unless the King gave way it would be scarcely possible to maintain his government any longer.

At the news of the King's submission, Strafford exclaimed that "No one should trust in princes, who are but men." The genuineness of his letter has been denied, it being supposed that others wrote it in order to remove the King's personal scruples; but a thorough examination of the fact removes every doubt Though Strafford confirmed in his own person the experience expressed in the words of Scripture,* he himself with his last words gave, with high-minded forbearance, the opinion that it was necessary to sacrifice him, in consideration of the general circumstances and of the possible consequences.

Strafford went to the scaffold in an exalted frame of mind. On his way he saw Laud, who at his request appeared at the window of his prison. The archbishop was unable to speak. Strafford bade him farewell, and prayed that God might protect his innocence; for he had no doubt that he was in the right in fulfilling his King's will, and establishing his prerogative. He persisted that he had never intended either to destroy the parliamentary constitution, or to endanger the Protestant Church. He did not appeal to the judgment of posterity, as if he had been conscious that great antagonisms are transmitted from generation to generation: he looked for a righteous judgment in the other world.

Such moments must come, in order to bring to light the absolute independence of success and of the world's judgment which strong characters possess.

His guilt was of a nature entirely political; he had done his best to guide the King in these complications, undoubtedly in the belief that he was right in so doing, but still with indiscreet zeal. So also his execution was a political act: it was the expression of the defeat which he had suffered and occasioned, of the triumph of the ideas against which he had contended to the death.

* "Put not your trust in princes" was the exact phrase he used.

THE RISE OF THE JESUITS IN GERMANY

From the 'History of the Popes of Rome'

AT THE diet of Augsburg, in the year 1550, Ferdinand I. was accompanied by his confessor, Bishop Urban of Laibach. Urban was one of the few prelates whose opinions had remained unshaken. At home he often ascended the pulpit to exhort the people, in their own provincial dialect, to be constant to the faith of their fathers; he preached to them of the one fold under the one Shepherd. At this time the Jesuit Le Jay was also at Augsburg, and excited great attention by his conversions. Bishop Urban made his acquaintance, and from him first heard of the colleges which the Jesuits had founded in several universities. In order to rescue Catholic theology from the neglect into which it had fallen in Germany, he advised his master to establish a similar college at Vienna. Ferdinand eagerly embraced the project; and in the letter he addressed on the subject to Ignatius Loyola, he expressed his conviction that the only means of propping the declining cause of Catholicism in Germany was to give the rising generation learned and pious Catholic teachers. The arrangements were quickly made. In the year 1551 thirteen Jesuits, among whom was Le Jay himself, arrived at Vienna, where Ferdinand instantly granted them a dwelling, chapel, and pension; and shortly after incorporated them with the university, and assigned them the superintendence of it.

They soon after rose into consideration at Cologne, where they had already dwelt for two years, but had been so far from making any progress that they had even been forced to live separate; nor was it till the year 1556 that the endowed school, established under a Protestant regent, gave them the means of acquiring a more secure footing. For as there was a party in the city which was most deeply interested in keeping the university Catholic, the partisans of the Jesuits at length prevailed on the citizens to confide the direction of the establishment to that order. Their great advocates were—the prior of the Carthusians; the provincial of the Carmelites; and above all, Dr. Johann Gropper, who occasionally gave a feast to which he invited the most influential burghers, in order that after the good old German fashion, he might further the interests he had most at heart,

over a glass of wine. Fortunately for the Jesuits, one of their order was a native of Cologne,—Johann Rhetius, a man of patrician family,—to whom the endowed school could be more particularly intrusted. This could not however be done without very considerable restrictions: the Jesuits were expressly forbidden to introduce into the school those monastic rules of life which were in force in their colleges.

At the same period they also gained a firm footing in Ingolstadt. Their former attempts had been frustrated chiefly by the resistance of the younger members of the university, who would not suffer any privileged school to interfere with the private instruction they gave. In the year 1556, however,—after the duke, as we have already related, had been obliged to make important concessions in favor of the Protestants,—the duke's counselors, who were zealous Catholics, deemed it a matter of urgent necessity to have recourse to some vigorous measures for the support of the ancient faith. The principal movers were the chancellor, Wiguleus Hund,—a man who displayed as much zeal in the support of the Church as in the study of her ancient history and constitution,—and the duke's private secretary, Heinrich Schwigger. By their instrumentality the Jesuits were recalled, and eighteen of them entered Ingolstadt on the day of St. Wilibald, the 7th of July, 1556. They chose that day because St. Wilibald was said to have been the first bishop of the diocese. They still had to encounter great difficulties in the town and in the university; but they gradually overcame all opposition by the assistance of the same patronage to which they owed their establishment.

From these three metropolitan settlements the Jesuits now spread in all directions.

From Vienna they immediately extended over the whole of the Austrian dominions. In 1556, Ferdinand I. removed some of them to Prague, and founded a school there, intended principally for the young nobility. To this he sent his own pages, and the order found support and encouragement from the Catholic portion of the Bohemian nobility, especially from the families of Rosenberg and Lobkowitz. One of the most considerable men in Hungary at that time was Nicolaus Olahus, Archbishop of Gran,—of Wallachian extraction, as his name denotes. His father Stoia, in a fit of terror for the murder of a woiwode of his family, had consecrated him to the Church, and the success of his destination was complete. Under the last native kings he

filled the important office of private secretary, and he had subsequently risen still higher in the service of the Austrian party. At the time of the general decline of Catholicism in Hungary, he perceived that the only hope of support for it was from the common people, who were not entirely alienated. But here also Catholic teachers were wanting; in order to form them, he founded a college of Jesuits at Tyrnau in 1561, and gave them a pension out of his own income, to which the Emperor Ferdinand added the grant of an abbey. An assembly of the clergy of the diocese had just been convoked when the Jesuits arrived. Their first labors were devoted to an attempt to reclaim the Hungarian priests and clergymen from the heterodox opinions to which they leaned. They were immediately after summoned to Moravia also. William Prussinowski, bishop of Olmütz, who had become acquainted with the order when he was studying in Italy, invited them to his diocese: Hurtado Perez, a Spaniard, was the first rector in Olmütz. Shortly after we find them likewise established at Brünn.

From Cologne the society spread over the whole of the Rhenish provinces. We have already mentioned that Protestantism had found adherents, and had occasioned some fermentation in Trèves. The archbishop Johann von Stein had determined to inflict only slight punishments on the recalcitrants, and to oppose innovation by argument rather than by force. He summoned the two principals of the Jesuit college of Cologne to repair to him at Coblentz, and represented to them that he wished to have some of the members of their body with him; "in order," as he expresses it, "to lead the flock intrusted to him in their duty, rather by means of admonition and friendly instruction, than by arms or threats." He then addressed himself to Rome, and very soon came to an understanding with both. Six Jesuits were sent to him from Rome; the rest came from Cologne. They opened their college with great solemnity on February 3d, 1561, and undertook to preach during the approaching season of Lent.

Two privy-councilors of the elector Daniel of Mayence, Peter Echter and Simon Bagen, now thought they perceived that the introduction of the Jesuits was the only means of restoring the declining university of Mayence. In spite of the opposition of the canons and feudal lords, they founded for the order a college at Mayence and a preparatory school at Aschaffenburg.

The society continued to advance higher up the Rhine. What they more particularly desired was an establishment at Spires: partly because the body of assessors to the Kammergericht included so many remarkable men, over whom it would be of the greatest importance to obtain influence; and partly in order to place themselves in immediate and local opposition to the university of Heidelberg, which at that time enjoyed the greatest celebrity for its Protestant professors. The Jesuits gradually gained a footing at Spires.

Without further delay they also tried their fortune along the Main. Although Frankfort was wholly Protestant, they hoped to achieve something there during the fair. This was not to be done without danger, and they were forced to change their lodging every night for fear of being discovered.

At Würzburg they were far safer and more welcome. It seemed as if the exhortation which the Emperor Ferdinand addressed to the bishops at the Diet of 1559, imploring them to exert their strength at last in the support of the Catholic Church, had contributed greatly to the brilliant success of the order in the spiritual principalities. From Würzburg they spread throughout Franconia.

In the mean while the Tyrol had been opened to them from another point. At the desire of the Emperor's daughters they settled themselves at Innsbrück, and then at Hall in that neighborhood. In Bavaria they continued to make great progress. At Munich, which they entered in 1559, they were even better satisfied than at Ingolstadt, and pronounced it to be "the Rome of Germany." A large new colony had already arisen not far from Ingolstadt. In order to restore his university of Dillingen to its original purpose, Cardinal Truchsess resolved to dismiss all the professors who then taught there, and to commit the institution to the exclusive care of Jesuits. A formal treaty was accordingly concluded at Botzen, between German and Italian commissaries of the cardinal and of the order. In the year 1563 the Jesuits arrived in Dillingen, and took possession of the chairs of the university. They relate with great complacency how the cardinal, who, returning shortly afterwards from a journey, made a solemn entrance into Dillingen, turned with marked preference to the Jesuits, amidst all the crowd arrayed to receive him, stretched out his hand to them to kiss, greeted them as his brethren, visited their cells himself, and dined with them. He encouraged

them to the utmost of his power, and soon established a mission for them in Augsburg.

This was a most extraordinary progress of the society in so short a time. As late as the year 1551 they had no firm station in Germany: in 1566 their influence extended over Bavaria and Tyrol, Franconia and Suabia, a great part of the Rhineland, and Austria; they had penetrated into Hungary, Bohemia: and Moravia. The effects of their labors were already perceptible; in the year 1561, the papal nuncio affirms that "they gain over many souls, and render great service to the Holy See." This was the first counteracting impulse, the first anti-Protestant impression, that Germany received.

Above all, they labored at the improvement of the universities. They were ambitious of their rivaling the fame of those of the Protestants. The education of the time, being a purely learned one, rested exclusively on the study of the languages of antiquity. These the Jesuits cultivated with great ardor; and in a short time they had among them teachers who might claim to be ranked with the restorers of classical learning. They likewise addicted themselves to the strict sciences; at Cologne, Franz Koster taught astronomy in a manner equally agreeable and instructive. Theological discipline, however, of course continued the principal object. The Jesuits lectured with the greatest diligence, even during the holidays; they re-introduced the practice of disputations, without which they said all instruction was dead. These were held in public, and were dignified, decorous, rich in matter: in short, the most brilliant that had ever been witnessed. In Ingolstadt they soon persuaded themselves that they had attained to an equality with any other university in Germany, at least in the faculty of theology. Ingolstadt acquired (in the contrary spirit) an influence like that which Wittenberg and Geneva possessed.

The Jesuits devoted an equal degree of assiduity to the direction of the Latin schools. It was one of the principal maxims of Lainez, that the lower grammar-schools should be provided with good masters. He maintained that the character and conduct of man were mainly determined by the first impressions he received. With accurate discrimination, he chose men who, when they had once undertaken this subordinate branch of teaching, were willing to devote their whole lives to it; for it was only with time that so difficult a business could be learned, or the authority indispensable to a teacher be acquired. Here the

Jesuits succeeded to admiration: it was found that their scholars learned more in one year than those of other masters in two; and even Protestants recalled their children from distant gymnasia and committed them to their care.

Schools for the poor, modes of instruction suited to children, and catechizing, followed. Canisius constructed his catechism, which satisfied the mental wants of the learners by its well-connected questions and concise answers.

The whole course of instruction was given entirely in that enthusiastic, devout spirit which had characterized the Jesuits from their earliest institution.

Translated by Sarah Austin.

THE LAST YEARS OF QUEEN JOHANNA

From the 'History of the Latin and Teutonic Nations'

THE old hereditary faction of the Nuñez and Gamboa, whose heads were Najara and the Condestable, had already again showed themselves among the grandees. What was next to come depended chiefly upon the Queen's state of health. The disease from which she was suffering first declared itself on Philip's journey to Lyons; that is, in the year 1503. After taking leave of him with many tears, she never more raised her eyes, or said a word save that she wished to follow him. When she learnt that he had obtained a safe-conduct for her also, she heeded her mother no longer; but ordered her carriage to proceed to Bayonne; thence — for horses were refused her — she attempted to set out on foot; and when the gate was closed, she remained, in spite of the entreaties of her attendant ladies and her father confessor, in her light attire, sitting upon the barrier until late into the November night; it was only her mother who at length contrived to persuade her to seek her chamber. At last she found her husband. She found him devoted to a beautiful girl with fair hair. In a momentary outburst of jealous passion, she had the girl's hair cut off. Philip did not conceal his vexation. Here — who can fathom the unexplored depths of the soul, see where it unconsciously works, and where it unconsciously suffers; who can discover where the root of its health or sickness lies? — her mind became overshadowed. In Spain her love for Philip, and in the Netherlands her reverence for her father, were her guiding passions: these two feelings possessed her whole being,

alternately influenced her, and excluded the rest of the world. Since then, she still knew the affairs of ordinary life, and could portray vividly and accurately to her mind distant things; but she knew not how to suit herself to the varying circumstances of life.

Whilst still in the Netherlands, she expressed the wish that her father should retain the government in his hands. On her return to Spain, she entered her capital in a black-velvet tunic and with veiled face; she would frequently sit in a dark room, her cap drawn half over her face, wishing to be able only to speak for once with her father. But it was not until after her husband's death that her disease became fully developed. She caused his corpse to be brought into a hall, attired in dress half Flemish, half Spanish, and the obsequies celebrated over it. She never, the while, gave vent to a sob. She did not shed tears, but only sat and laid her hand to her chin. The plague drove her away from Burgos, but not away from her loved corpse. A monk had once told her that he knew of a king who awoke to life after being fourteen years dead. She took the corpse about with her. Four Frisian stallions drew the coffin, which was conveyed at night, surrounded by torches. Sometimes it halted, and the singers sang wailing songs. Having thus come to Furnillos, a small place of fourteen or fifteen houses, she perceived there a pretty house with a fine view, and remained there; "for it was unseemly for a widow to live in a populous city." There she retained the members of the government who had been installed, the grandees of her court dwelling with her. Around the coffin she gave her audiences. . . .

In Tortoles the King met his daughter. As soon as they set eyes on each other, the father took off his hat, and the daughter her mourning-veil. When she prostrated herself to kiss his feet, and he sank on one knee to recognize her royal dignity, they embraced and opened their hearts to each other. He shed tears. Tears she had none, but she granted his desire; only she would not consent to bury the corpse. "Why so soon?" she inquired. Nor would she go to Burgos, where she had lost her husband. He took her to Tordesillas. Here the queen of such vast realms lived for forty-seven years. She educated her youngest daughter, gazed from the window upon the grave of her dear departed, and prayed for his eternal happiness. Her soul never more disclosed itself to the world.

THE SWISS ARMY IN ITALY IN 1513: AND THE BATTLE OF NOVARA

From the 'History of the Latin and Teutonic Nations'

THE four thousand Swiss who were in the country retired from place to place. When thus the whole country rose up in revolt, the French from the Castle of Milan again marched through the city as lords and masters, and the four thousand with their duke at their head fled to Novara, the very city where Lodovico had been betrayed,—all appeared to be at an end; and Trivulzio boasted that he had the Swiss like molten lead in a spoon.

But on this occasion he boasted prematurely. The Swiss replied to his attempts to persuade them, "With arms should he try them, and not with words." They all followed in this matter the advice of Benedict von Weingarten,—a man, according to Anselm, stout, upright, and wise,—who, though he unwillingly took the command, led them bravely. The French attacks met with almost more contempt than resistance. The gates of Novara were left open, and the breach-holes hung with sheets. Whilst thus the Swiss, by this show of unanimous bravery, wiped out the shame of Novara of fourteen years before, their confederates of the reserve crossed the mountains: the greater portion, the Waldstadts and Berne, came over the St. Gothard and down by the Lake Maggiore; whilst the smaller contingent, the Zürichers and Churwalden, crossed the Little St. Bernard and descended to Lake Como. A messenger soon arrived, asking "why they hurried? there was no danger;" a priest shortly afterwards made the announcement that "the duke and all the Swiss had been slain." But they collected, and resolved to find their comrades, dead or alive. Both forces hastened; the nearest road from the St. Gothard was chosen; and on July 5th the greater part of the force had arrived close to Novara.

On the same day the French raised the siege. On the road to Trecas, Trivulzio selected a rising knoll called Riotta, which, owing to ditches and marshes, was well suited for defense; they bivouacked here at night, mounted their guns, and intended the following morning to fix their iron palisade. Their good intrenchments emboldened them to await the coming of the six thousand lansquenets, who with five hundred fresh lances were already in the Susa Valley.

As soon as the Swiss appear in the field, their whole thought is battle. They have neither generals nor plans, nor yet any carefully considered strategy: the God of their fathers and St. Urs, their strong arm and the halberd, are enough for them, and their bravery shows them the way. Those who had arrived at Novara on June 6th refreshed themselves with a draught, an hour's sleep, and another draught; and then, without waiting for the Zürichers, they all — both those who had been there and the fresh arrivals — rushed in disorder, like a swarm of bees flying from the hive into the summer sun, as Anselm describes it, through the gates and the breaches, into the open. They were almost without guns, entirely without cavalry, and many were without armor; but all the same they rushed on the enemy, well intrenched as he was behind good artillery, and upon those knights "without fear and blame" in full cuirass.

They stood face to face with the enemy; the first rays of the rising sun flashed from their breastplates; they seemed to them like a hill of gleaming steel.

They first attacked the lances and cannon of Robert von der Mark. Here were engaged the smaller body, in whose front ranks stood with their spears the bravest heroes,— two Diesbachs, Æmi Winkelried, and Niklaus Conrad, all distinguished for their ancestry or the nobility of virtue: the greater body, almost more by instinct than intention, made in the midst of the smoke and the first effect of the hostile artillery a detour round a copse; it sought and found the lansquenets. As these latter were reinforced by artillery, the Swiss again separated. Some fought against the Black Flags; the greater part, however, threw themselves upon the guns. Thus they fought in three distinct places: the first against the knights, who often broke up their own ranks and appeared behind their flags,— but they always rallied and threw back their assailants; the next, four hundred men, wielding the halberd in both hands, fought against a company of Fleuranges's Black Flags, dealing blow for blow and thrust for thrust; whilst the third and greatest body were engaged with the lansquenets, who, besides cannon, had eight hundred arquebuses. But soon the rain of bullets ceased: only the clash of swords and the crash of pikes was audible. At length the flags of the lansquenets sank; their leaders were buried under a heap of slain; their cannon were lost, and employed against them. Meanwhile the Blacks also gave way. Robert von der Mark looked about

him: he saw his foot soldiery and his sons lost; in order to save these, he also retreated. He found them among the dead, among the victors, bleeding still from wounds, and rescued them. In vain did Trivulzio appeal to St. Catherine and St. Mark; he too, as well as Tremouille who was wounded, was forced to retire. The Swiss gave no quarter to the fugitives whom they overtook: they then returned, ordered their ranks for prayer, and knelt down to give thanks to God and their saints. They next set about dividing the spoil and burying the dead.

It was the second hour in the morning when the tidings of the issue of the battle reached Milan. The French, who in anticipation of victory had left the castle, immediately fled,—some back thither, others to the churches and their friends' palaces; the Ghibelline faction at once rose, and city and country returned to their allegiance to Maximilian Sforza. The Swiss undertook to chastise those who had revolted. They compelled the Astesans who had left their houses to pay one hundred thousand ducats; Savoy, which had gone over to the enemy, fifty thousand; and Montferrat, which had insulted their ambassador, one hundred thousand. This event enabled the Spaniards to hold their heads high. In Genoa they restored the Fregosi, who had been expelled for twenty-one days, and Ottaviano among them; they reconquered Bergamo, Brescia, and Peschiera, which also had revolted.

After this victory, the Swiss enjoyed far greater power in Milan than ever before. "What you have restored by your blood and your strength," wrote Maximilian Sforza, "shall belong for the future as much to you as to me;" and these were not empty words. The Swiss perceived that they were strong enough to attempt other achievements. "If we could only reckon upon obedience in our men," they were heard to say, "we would march through the whole of France, long and broad as it is."

MAXIMILIAN AT THE DIET OF WORMS

From the 'History of the Latin and Teutonic Nations'

In March 1495, Maximilian came to the Diet at Worms. He showed himself in his full chivalrous bearing, when he himself entered the lists with a Frenchman who had come to challenge all the Germans, and conquered him. He appeared

in the full glory of his regal dignity when he sat in public between the archbishops and his chancellors. On such occasions, the Count Palatine sat on his right and held his orb, on his left stood the Duke of Saxony and held his sword; before him, facing him, stood the envoy of Brandenburg with the sceptre, and behind him, instead of Bohemia, the hereditary cupbearer of Limburg with the crown; and grouped round him were the rest of the forty princes, sixty-seven counts and lords,—as many as had come,—and the ambassadors of the cities, and others, all in their order. Then a prince would come before him, lower his colors before the royal throne, and receive enfeoffment. One could not perceive that the mode of enfeoffment involved any compulsion upon the King, or that the insignia of royal power resided in the hands of the princes.

At this Reichstag the King gained two momentous prospects. In Würtemberg there had sprung from two lines two counts of quite opposite characters. The elder was kind-hearted, tender, always resolute, and dared "sleep in the lap of any one of his subjects"; the younger, volatile, unsteady, violent, and always repentant of what he had done. Both were named Eberhard; but the elder, by special favor of the Imperial Court, also governed the land of the younger. In return for this he furnished four hundred horse for the Hungarian war, and dispatched aid against Flanders. With the elder, Maximilian now entered into a compact. Würtemberg was to be raised to a dukedom,—an elevation which excluded the female line from the succession; and in the event of the stock failing, was to be a "widow's portion" of the realm to the use of the Imperial Chamber. Now, as the sole hopes of this family centred in a weakling of a boy, this arrangement held out to Maximilian and his successors the prospect of acquiring a splendid country. Yet this was the smaller of his two successes. The greater was the espousal of his children, Philip and Margaret, with the two children of Ferdinand the Catholic, Juana and Juan, which was here settled. This opened to his house still greater expectations,—it brought him at once into the most intimate alliance with the kings of Spain.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

(1822–1872)

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ gained some distinction both as poet and painter, and the picturesqueness of his verse suggests one who saw things with the artist's eye. This is perhaps the most marked characteristic of his poetry, which also possesses an easy flow and a felicity of diction which make it pleasing,—though it is rather the product of taste and culture than the independent inspiration of one compelled to song.

T. BUCHANAN READ

Read was born on March 12th, 1822, in Chester, Pennsylvania; and spent his youth there. When he was fourteen the family went to Cincinnati; Thomas entered the studio of the sculptor Clevenger, and after a course of study turned his attention to painting. From 1840 to 1845 he lived in Boston, busy with pen and brush, winning recognition as an artist, and contributing poems to Graham's Magazine, and to the Boston newspapers. In 1846 he went to Philadelphia, spent the year of 1850–1 in Florence, and made several subsequent Italian journeys; residing mostly abroad, and only returning for brief visits in Philadelphia and Cincinnati. He came back from Europe in 1872, to die in New York May 11th of that year.

When Read began to publish his verse in Boston its merit was pointed out by Longfellow; and the young poet gathered his fugitive pieces together and brought out his first volume of 'Poems' in 1847. The contemporary criticism was kindly; in some cases what now seems extravagant in laudation. Poe called Read "one of our truest poets." Other volumes of verse followed: 'Lays and Ballads' (1848); 'Poems' (1852); 'Poems' (1853); 'The New Pastoral' (1855), —sketches of country life, the result of observation in Italy; 'The House by the Sea' (1856); 'Sylvia' (1857); 'Rural Poems' (1857); 'The Wagoner of the Alleghanies,' a poem of the American Revolution (1862); 'A Summer Story, Sheridan's Ride, and Other Poems' (1865); and 'Good Samaritans' (1867). A general edition of his poetical works appeared in 1860, and an enlarged edition in 1867.

His prose writings include a romance, 'The Pilgrims of the Great St. Bernard,' published serially in a magazine; and a critical work on 'The Female Poets of America' (1848).

From the various books of verse published by Read during his literary career, two or three poems have become popular favorites; a slender legacy, but one sufficient to perpetuate his name. This is true pre-eminently of the graceful and familiar 'Drifting,' which with its happy form and expression is imbued with the very spirit of dreamy revery, of sweet do-nothingness. It is the verse of the genial traveler who muses over rich foreign impressions. 'Sheridan's Ride' is another poem found in the anthologies. It is a ballad that uses to good purpose a stirring national theme. It bears the mark of being an improvisation, not a finished piece of ballad-writing, and hardly belongs in the class of ballad masterpieces. But it is decidedly effective. 'The Closing Scene' is an example of the blending of human interest with descriptions of nature. It is on a few of these lyrics that Read's reputation rests; and he has had the good fortune to strike an occasional note to which there was and is a response from many readers.

[The following poems are reprinted with the approval of the J. B. Lippincott Co., publishers.]

DRIFTING

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote;

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius's misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,—
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies;
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;

Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar:
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

UP FROM the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;

And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled;
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down:
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed:
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops:
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and the red nostril's play

He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down, to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah! for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah! for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:—
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester — twenty miles away!"

THE CLOSING SCENE

WITHIN his sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued;
The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumberous wings the vulture held his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hillside crew —
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before,

Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young.
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows, circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east,—
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom·
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there
Firing the floor with his inverted torch;—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow,—he had walked with her,
Oft supped and broke the bitter ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned and she gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume—
Regave the swords to rust upon her wall.

Regave the swords,—but not the hand that drew
And struck for Liberty its dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene:
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

INEZ

DOWN behind the hidden village, fringed around with hazel brake,
(Like a holy hermit dreaming, half asleep and half awake,
One who loveth the sweet quiet for the happy quiet's sake,)
Dozing, murmuring in its visions, lay the heaven-enamored lake.

And within a dell where shadows through the brightest days abide,
Like the silvery swimming gossamer by breezes scattered wide,
Fell a shining skein of water that ran down the lakelet's side,
As within the brain by beauty lulled, a pleasant thought may glide.

When the sinking sun of August, growing large in the decline,
Shot his arrows long and golden through the maple and the pine;
And the russet-thrush fled singing from the alder to the vine,
While the cat-bird in the hazel gave its melancholy whine;

And the little squirrel chattered, peering round the hickory bole,
And, a-sudden like a meteor, gleamed along the oriole;—
There I walked beside fair Inez, and her gentle beauty stole
Like the scene athwart my senses, like the sunshine through my soul.

And her fairy feet that pressed the leaves, a pleasant music made,
And they dimpled the sweet beds of moss with blossoms thick inlaid:

There I told her old romances, and with love's sweet woe we played,
Till fair Inez's eyes, like evening, held the dew beneath their shade.

There I wove for her love ballads, such as lover only weaves,
Till she sighed and grieved, as only mild and loving maiden grieves;
And to hide her tears she stooped to glean the violets from the leaves,
As of old sweet Ruth went gleaning 'mid the Oriental sheaves.

Down we walked beside the lakelet: gazing deep into her eye,
There I told her all my passion! With a sudden blush and sigh,
Turning half away with look askant, she only made reply,
"How deep within the water glows the happy evening sky!"

Then I asked her if she loved me, and our hands met each in each,
And the dainty, sighing ripples seemed to listen up the reach;
While thus slowly with a hazel wand she wrote along the beach,
"Love, like the sky, lies deepest ere the heart is stirred to speech."

Thus I gained the love of Inez, thus I won her gentle hand;
And our paths now lie together, as our footprints on the strand;
We have vowed to love each other in the golden morning land,
When our names from earth have vanished like the writing from the sand!

CHARLES READE

(1814–1884)

IN THE early fifties, Mrs. Seymour, a popular actress at the Haymarket Theatre, London, received a call one day from a stranger, a Mr. Charles Reade. He was a tall, heavily built man of attractive manner, and seemed younger than his age, which was nearly forty. For some years he had been writing plays, and trying unsuccessfully to get them accepted. He had brought part of a manuscript drama, which he was anxious to read her. Mrs. Seymour listened politely, was complimentary, but added, "Why don't you write a novel?" This indirect criticism stung the would-be dramatist, who hurried away. Good-natured Mrs. Seymour, sorry to have wounded her visitor, and concluding that he was pressed by poverty, wrote him a kindly note inclosing a £5 note as a loan. Charles Reade promptly returned the money, but he welcomed the frank sympathy. The two became friends; and his talent thus gained a much-needed practical stimulus. Up to this time he had been somewhat of a dilettante,—ardent, ambitious, and energetic, but disseminating his forces too widely for adequate achievement.

CHARLES READE

From his boyhood he had been strongly attracted toward drama. Its life and action, the visual presentment of moral problems, suited his taste. Yet all his first plays were refused by the managers. To the end of his life he considered himself primarily a playwright, in spite of the greater success of his fiction. Some of his plots took form first as plays, and some first as stories; but sooner or later most of them found their way to the stage.

Among his early works are many sketches and short stories, written for cheap London journals; and it is characteristic of the man that he did these as well as he could, and signed his own name to them, although by so doing he led the critics to consider him beneath their notice.

His first noteworthy original work—he had done some translation—was the well known and brilliant comedy, 'Masks and Faces,'

which he wrote in collaboration with Tom Taylor. The effective plot-development shows dramatic instinct; and the spontaneity and sparkling dialogue gave it great vogue. Later, acting upon Mrs. Seymour's suggestion, he turned it into a novel, 'Peg Woffington' (1852). The next year he published another story, 'Christie Johnstone,' which resembles 'Peg Woffington' in its primarily dramatic arrangement. In vivid characterization, descriptive charm, and emotional range, the two are as fine and as distinctive as anything he ever wrote. During holiday trips in Scotland he had gathered material for 'Christie Johnstone'; and he was thoroughly at home in the breezy fishing hamlet where Joan and Christie, sturdy young fishwives, teach the blasé young viscount the true values of life. The wit though sharp is good-natured, and mingled with deeper sentiment. Humor and pathos, tragedy and comedy, are all blended in the one short tale. With drawing-room life Reade was not in sympathy; nor does he describe it successfully. But he excels in the strong presentment of individuals, and in establishing the harmony between them and their environment. Rugged Griffith Gaunt is an unpleasant but very real country gentleman of a past century. Jael Dence in her reserve and simple strength is the product of her native village.

Charles Reade was born at Ipsden in 1814, youngest of the eleven children of John Reade, a good country squire. His father and mother were busy, healthy people, fond of society, of religious observances, of regulating village affairs. Among their many interests their children were decidedly in the way; and although they loved them heartily, they gladly turned them over to tutors and governesses as soon as possible. Charles spent much of his childhood in boarding-school; for years with a merciless Mr. Slater, who flogged his pupils daily, and whose only idea of teaching was memory-cramming. It was not until he escaped from this thraldom that Reade began to show his quickness of mind.

In 1831 he entered Magdalen College on a demyship; and three years later, when he took his degree, he was appointed to a fellowship, which he held for fifty years, until his death in 1884. In spite of this long connection he did not love Oxford. His free-lance spirit detested her conventions, and he preferred the freer air of London. Nor did he love the fellowship which he could not resign. Charles Reade never experienced acute poverty, yet for years his means were just meagre enough to make him feel pinched and uncomfortable. His fellowship with its income was necessary to him. So his life was perforce influenced by monasticism; and he showed a deep personal appreciation of all the commonplace happiness renounced by the monk Gerard, the epic hero of 'The Cloister and the Hearth.' After his graduation he read law; in rather desultory fashion, for his

livelier interests were in general reading, in making himself an authority upon violins ancient and modern, and in traveling whenever he could afford it.

It took the public some time to relish Reade's new flavor and to recognize his merit. But with 'It's Never too Late to Mend' (1856) he found himself a popular novelist. The book provoked wide discussion, and was read, praised, and reviled on both sides of the Atlantic.

Charles Reade was a fighting Englishman, always ready for a fray, always believing himself or somebody else ill-used. He was a man of deep feeling, too alive to human suffering to take life lightly. He was a man of intense energy which constantly sought vent. He was generous and warm-hearted, ready to give time, money, and influence for the relief of others. The morbid sensitiveness to criticism which continually embroiled him with critics and publishers, and most of those with whom he had business dealings, made him a butt of ridicule. It was not all self-love, but a stout demand for justice, which he was as ready to make for others as for himself. No sooner was he fairly launched as a writer of repute than he aspired to become a social reformer. This inclination was doubtless strengthened by his friendship with Dickens, for whose Household Words and All the Year Round he wrote; and whom he warmly admired. The two had been introduced by Bulwer-Lytton, and found themselves in sympathy at once. Like the author of 'Nicholas Nickleby,' Reade longed to right abuses. 'It's Never too Late to Mend' was an exposition of the evils of the English prison system. So strong was the indignation aroused, that when reproduced at the Princess Theatre years after its first dramatization, there was almost a riot in the audience. What he himself said in it might stand as a motto to most of his novels:

«I have taken a few undeniable truths out of many, and have labored to make my readers realize those appalling facts of the day which most men know, but not one in a thousand comprehends, and not one in a hundred thousand realizes, until fiction — which, whatever you may have been told to the contrary, is the highest, widest, noblest, and greatest of all the arts — comes to his aid, studies, penetrates, digests the hard facts of chronicles and blue-books, and makes their dry bones live.»

He took up one alleged evil after another: in 'Hard Cash,' abuses of insane asylums, and still more the legal power of physicians to commit for insanity, which he accused them of exercising on the sane for bribes; in 'Foul Play,' those in the merchant shipping service; in 'Put Yourself in His Place,' those resulting from trades-unions and labor conditions. Upon these different themes he employed all his strength of mind and imagination, and he produced novels which

were read, and are still read, for their lively romantic interest. Never dully didactic, they fully achieved a forceful presentment of the evil.

The system upon which he worked was laborious. «I propose never to guess what I can know,» he said; and was an indefatigable collector of newspaper clippings, institution reports, and the like. When his statements were questioned, his facts denied, or he was accused of exaggeration, he would turn triumphantly to his carefully classified collections, and refute the objection with positive proof. He knew how to fuse this material into an artistic whole. «It would require a chemical analysis to separate the fiction from the reality,» said Justin McCarthy of Reade's novels.

«I studied the great art of fiction closely for fifteen years before I presumed to write a word of it. I was a ripe critic long before I became an artist,» wrote Reade. One result of this study was the determination to seek personal sincerity of expression above everything else. In the effort to see things for himself, not through other people's eyes, his unusualness of phrase is sometimes startling. The effect is often delightfully novel, occasionally harsh and jagged. Yet there is always a charm in his trenchant wit and uncompromising frankness. He pictured English life as he saw it, with an intuition of what was salient in a character, a locality, or a period.

In 1859 Charles Reade published in Once a Week a short serial called 'A Good Fight.' While writing it he discovered other possibilities in the plot, and resolved to give it a more comprehensive treatment. But the publishers of the magazine took editorial liberties with the manuscript, which Reade quickly resented. Therefore he hurried up the tale to a happy but inartistic conclusion, and soon set about remodeling it on a different scale, and with the new title, 'The Cloister and the Hearth.'

'The Cloister and the Hearth' (1861), Reade's masterpiece, stands out clearly differentiated from anything else he did. He put his best into it, and the maturity of his mind. He was a scholar as well as man of general reading, and for all his knowledge he found scope in this great mediæval romance. All the minor characters — as well as the pathetic figures of Gerard and Margaret, and the gay Burgundian Denys — are drawn with an artistic insight and power of sympathy which make the old time live again. With rare synthetic power, his imagination grasped the social conditions of the fifteenth century, and recognized what the lives of men and women must have been. His book is truer than history; for while based on historical records, it reflects with life and color, not alone outward fact but also the workings of minds and hearts.

VISCOUNT AND LOWER CLASSES

From 'Christie Johnstone'

THE air was tepid, pure and sweet as heaven. This bright afternoon, nature had grudged nothing that could give fresh life and hope to such dwellers in dust and smoke and vice as were there, to look awhile on her clean face and drink her honeyed breath.

This young gentleman was not insensible to the beauty of the scene. He was a little lazy by nature, and made lazier by the misfortune of wealth: but he had sensibilities. He was an artist of great natural talent. Had he only been without a penny, how he would have handled the brush! And then he was a mighty sailor. If he had sailed for biscuit a few years, how he would have handled a ship!

As he was, he had the eye of a hawk for nature's beauties; and the sea always came back to him like a friend after an absence.

This scene, then, curled round his heart a little; and he felt the good physician was wiser than the tribe that go by that name, and strive to build health on the sandy foundation of drugs.

"Saunders, do you know what Dr. Aberford means by the lower classes?"

"Perfectly, my lord."

"Are there any about here?"

"I am sorry to say they are everywhere, my lord."

"Get me some" — (cigarette).

Out went Saunders, with his usual graceful *empressement*, but an internal shrug of his shoulders.

He was absent an hour and a half; he then returned with a double expression on his face. Pride at his success in diving to the very bottom of society, and contempt of what he had fished up thence.

He approached his lord mysteriously, and said, *sotto voce* but impressively, "This is low enough, my lord." Then glided back, and ushered in, with polite disdain, two lovelier women than he had ever opened a door to in the whole course of his perfumed existence.

On their heads they wore caps of Dutch or Flemish origin, with a broad lace border, stiffened, and arched over the forehead

about three inches high, leaving the brow and cheeks unincumbered.

They had cotton jackets, bright red and yellow, mixed in patterns, confined at the waist by the apron-strings, but bobtailed below the waist; short woolen petticoats, with broad vertical stripes, red and white, most vivid in color; white worsted stockings, and neat though high-quartered shoes. Under their jackets they wore a thick spotted cotton handkerchief, about one inch of which was visible round the lower part of the throat.

Of their petticoats, the outer one was kilted, or gathered up towards the front; and the second, of the same color, hung in the usual way.

Of these young women, one had an olive complexion, with the red blood mantling under it, and black hair, and glorious black eyebrows.

The other was fair, with a massive but shapely throat, as white as milk; glossy brown hair, the loose threads of which glittered like gold, and a blue eye, which being contrasted with dark eyebrows and lashes, took the luminous effect peculiar to that rare beauty.

Their short petticoats revealed a neat ankle, and a leg with a noble swell; for Nature, when she is in earnest, builds beauty on the ideas of ancient sculptors and poets, not of modern poetasters, who with their air-like sylphs, and their smoke-like verses, fight for want of flesh in woman and want of fact in poetry as parallel beauties.

They are, my lads.— *Continues!*

These women had a grand corporeal trait: they had never known a corset! so they were straight as javelins; they could lift their hands above their heads!— actually! Their supple persons moved as nature intended; every gesture was ease, grace, and freedom.

What with their own radiance, and the snowy cleanliness and brightness of their costume, they came like meteors into the apartment.

Lord Ipsden, rising gently from his seat, with the same quiet politeness with which he would have received two princes of the blood, said, "How do you do?" and smiled a welcome.

"Fine! hoow's yoursel'?" answered the dark lass, whose name was Jean Carnie, and whose voice was not so sweet as her face.

"What'n lord are ye?" continued she. "Are you a juke?—I wad like fine to hae a crack wi' a juke."

Saunders, who knew himself the cause of this question, replied *sotto voce*, "His Lordship is a viscount."

"I dinna ken't," was Jean's remark. "But it has a bonny soond."

"What mair would ye hae?" said the fair beauty, whose name was Christie Johnstone. Then appealing to his Lordship as the likeliest to know, she added, "Nobeelity is just a soond itsel', I'm tauld."

The viscount, finding himself expected to say something on a topic he had not attended much to, answered dryly, "We must ask the republicans: they are the people that give their minds to such subjects."

"And yon man," asked Jean Carnie,—"is he a lord too?"

"I am his Lordship's servant," replied Saunders gravely, not without a secret misgiving whether fate had been just.

"Na!" replied she, not to be imposed upon. "Ye are statelier and prooder than this ane."

"I will explain," said his master. "Saunders knows his value: a servant like Saunders is rarer than an idle viscount."

"My lord, my lord!" remonstrated Saunders, with a shocked and most disclamatory tone. "Rather!" was his inward reflection.

"Jean," said Christie, "ye hae muckle to laern. Are ye for herrin' the day, Vile Count?"

"No: are you for this sort of thing?"

At this, Saunders, with a world of *empressement*, offered the Carnie some cake that was on the table.

She took a piece, instantly spat it out into her hand, and with more energy than delicacy flung it into the fire.

"Augh!" cried she, "just a sugar and saut butter thegither: buy nae mair at yon shoep, Vile Count."

"Try this, out of Nature's shop," laughed their entertainer; and he offered them, himself, some peaches and things.

"Hech! a medi-cine!" said Christie.

"Nature, my lad," said Miss Carnie, making her ivory teeth meet in their first nectarine, "I dinna ken whaur ye stoep, but ye beat the other confectioners, that div ye."

The fair lass, who had watched the viscount all this time as demurely as a cat cream, now approached him.

This young woman was the thinker: her voice was also rich, full, and melodious, and her manner very engaging; it was half advancing, half retiring, not easy to resist or to describe.

"Noo," said she, with a very slight blush stealing across her face, "ye maun let me catecheeze ye, wull ye?"

The last two words were said in a way that would have induced a bear to reveal his winter residence.

He smiled assent. Saunders retired to the door, and excluding every shade of curiosity from his face, took an attitude half majesty, half obsequiousness.

Christie stood by Lord Ipsden, with one hand on her hip (the knuckles downwards), but graceful as Antinoüs, and began:—

"Hoo muckle is the Queen greater than y'are?"

His Lordship was obliged to reflect.

"Let me see;—as is the moon to a wax taper, so is her Majesty the Queen to you and me and the rest."

"An' whaur does the juke come in?"

"On this particular occasion, the duke makes one of us, my pretty maid."

"I see! Are na ye awfu' prood o' being a lorrd?"

"What an idea!"

"His Lordship did not go to bed a spinning-jenny, and rise up a lord, like some of them," put in Saunders.

"Saunders," said the peer doubtfully, "eloquence rather bores people."

"Then I mustn't speak again, my lord," said Saunders, respectfully.

"Noo," said the fair inquisitor, "ye shall tell me how ye came to be lorrds, your faemily."

"Saunders!"

"Na! ye mauna flee to Sandy for a thing: ye are no a bairn, are ye?"

Here was a dilemma: the Saunders prop knocked rudely away, and obliged to think for ourselves.

But Saunders would come to his distressed master's assistance. He furtively conveyed to him a plump book,—this was Saunders's manual of faith; the author was Mr. Burke—not Edmund.

Lord Ipsden ran hastily over the page, closed the book, and said, "Here is the story:—

"Five hundred years ago—"

"Listen, Jean," said Christie: "we're gaun to get a boeny story. 'Five hundre' years ago,'" added she, with interest and awe.

«—was a great battle,» resumed the narrator in cheerful tones, as one larking with history, «between a King of England and his rebels. He was in the thick of the fight—»

«That's the King, Jean,—he was in the thick o't.»

«My ancestor killed a fellow who was sneaking behind him; but the next moment a man-at-arms prepared a thrust at his Majesty, who had his hands full with three assailants.»

«Eh! that's no fair,» said Christie, «as sure as deeth.»

«My ancestor dashed forward, and as the King's sword passed through one of them, he clove another to the waist with a blow.»

«Weel done! weel done!»

Lord Ipsden looked at the speaker: her eyes were glittering and her cheek flushing.

«Good Heavens!» thought he: «she believes it!» So he began to take more pains with his legend.

«But for the spearsman,» continued he, «he had nothing but his body: he gave it,—it was his duty,—and received the death leveled at his sovereign.»

«Hech! puir mon.» And the glowing eyes began to glisten.

«The battle flowed another way, and God gave victory to the right; but the King came back to look for him, for it was no common service.»

«Deed no!»

Here Lord Ipsden began to turn his eye inwards, and call up the scene. He lowered his voice.

«They found him lying on his back, looking death in the face.

«The nobles by the King's side uncovered as soon as he was found, for they were brave men too. There was a moment's silence: eyes met eyes, and said, This is a stout soldier's last battle.

«The King could not bid him live,—»

«Na! lad, King Deeth has ower strong a grrip.»

«But he did what kings can do: he gave him two blows with his royal sword.»

«Oh, the robber, and him a deeing mon!»

«Two words from his royal mouth, and he and we were barons of Ipsden and Hawthorn Glen from that day to this.»

«But the puir dying creature?»

«What poor dying creature—?»

«Your forbear, lad.»

"I don't know why you call him poor, madam: all the men of that day are dust; they are the gold dust, who died with honor.

"He looked round uneasily for his son,—for he had but one,—and when that son knelt, unwounded, by him, he said, 'Good night, Baron Ipsden;' and so he died, fire in his eye, a smile on his lip, and honor on his name for ever. I meant to tell you a lie, and I've told you the truth."

"Laddie," said Christie, half admiringly, half reproachfully, "ye gar the tear come in my een. Hech! look at yon lassie! how could you think t'eat plums through siccan a boeny story?"

"Hets," answered Jean, who had in fact cleared the plate, "I aye listen best when my ain mooth's stappit."

"But see now," pondered Christie: "two words fra a king—thir titles are just breeth."

"Of course," was the answer. "All titles are. What is popularity? Ask Aristides and Lamartine: the breath of a mob,—smells of its source,—and is gone before the sun can set on it. Now, the royal breath does smell of the Rose and Crown, and stays by us from age to age."

The story had warmed our marble acquaintance. Saunders opened his eyes, and thought, "We shall wake up the House of Lords some evening,—*we* shall."

His Lordship then added, less warmly, looking at the girls:

"I think I should like to be a fisherman." So saying, my lord yawned slightly.

To this aspiration the young fishwives deigned no attention, doubting perhaps its sincerity; and Christie, with a shade of severity, inquired of him how he came to be a Vile Count.

"A baron's no a Vile Count, I'm sure," said she; "sae tell me how ye came to be a Vile Count."

"Ah!" said he, "that is by no means a pretty story, like the other: you will not like it, I am sure."

"Ay will I,—ay will I: I'm aye seeking knoewledge."

"Well, it is soon told. One of us sat twenty years on one seat, in the same house, so one day he got up a—Viscount."

"Ower muckle pay for ower little wark."

"Now don't say that; I wouldn't do it to be Emperor of Russia."

"Aweel, I hae gotten a heap out o' ye; sae noow I'll gang, since ye are no for herrin': come away, Jean."

At this their host remonstrated, and inquired why bores are at one's service night and day, and bright people are always in a hurry. He was informed in reply, "Labor is the lot o' man. Div ye no ken that muckle? And abune a', o' women."

"Why, what can two such pretty creatures have to do, except to be admired?"

This question coming within the dark beauty's scope, she hastened to reply:—

"To sell our herrin',—we hae three hundre' left in the creel."

"What is the price?"

At this question the poetry died out of Christie Johnstone's face; she gave her companion a rapid look, indiscernible to male eye, and answered:—

"Three a penny, sirr: they are no plenty the day," added she, in smooth tones that carried conviction.

(Little liar,—they were selling six a penny everywhere.)

"Saunders, buy them all, and be ever so long about it, count them, or some nonsense."

"He's daft! he's daft! Oh, ye ken, Jean, an Ennglishman and a lorrd,—twa daft things thegither, he couldna' miss the road. Coont them, lassie."

"Come away, Sandy, till I coont them till ye," said Jean.

Saunders and Jean disappeared.

Business being out of sight, curiosity revived.

"An' what brings ye here from London, if you please?" recommenced the fair inquisitor.

"You have a good countenance; there is something in your face. I could find it in my heart to tell you, but I should bore you."

"De'el a fear! Bore me, bore me! whaat's thaat, I wonder?"

"What is your name, madam? Mine is Ipsden."

"They ca' me Christie Johnstone."

"Well, Christie Johnstone, I am under the doctor's hands."

"Puir lad! What's the trouble?" (solemnly and tenderly).

"Ennui!" (rather piteously).

"Yawn-we? I never heerd tell o't."

"Oh you lucky girl!" burst out he; "but the doctor has undertaken to cure me: in one thing you could assist me, if I am not presuming too far on our short acquaintance. I am to relieve one poor distressed person every day, but I mustn't do two: is not that a bore?"

"Gie's your hand, gie's your hand. I'm vexed for ca'ing you daft. Hech! what a saft hand ye hae. Jean, I'm saying, come here; feel this."

Jean, who had run in, took the viscount's hand from Christie.

"It never wroucht any," explained Jean.

"And he has boeny hair," said Christie, just touching his locks on the other side.

"He's a boeny lad," said Jean, inspecting him scientifically and point-blank.

"Ay is he," said the other. "Aweel, there's Jess Rutherford, a widdy, wi' four bairns: ye meicht do waur than ware your siller on her."

"Five pounds to begin?" inquired his Lordship.

"Five pund! Are ye made o' siller? Ten schell'n!"

Saunders was rung for, and produced a one-pound note.

"The herrin' is five and saxpence; it's four and saxpence I'm awin' ye," said the young fishwife, "and Jess will be a glad woman the neicht."

The settlement was effected, and away went the two friends, saying:—

"Good boye, Vile Count."

Their host fell into thought.

"When have I talked so much?" asked he of himself.

"Dr. Aberford, you are a wonderful man; I like your lower classes amazingly."

"Méfiez-vous, Monsieur Ipsden!" should some mentor have said.

As the devil puts into a beginner's hands ace, queen, five trumps, to give him a taste for whist, so these lower classes have perhaps put forward one of their best cards to lead you into a false estimate of the strength of their hand.

Instead however of this, who should return to disturb the equilibrium of truth but this Christina Johnstone. She came thoughtfully in, and said:—

"I've been taking a thoucht, and this is no what yon gude physeecian meaned: ye are no to fling your chaerity like a bane till a doeg; ye'll gang yoursel' to Jess Rutherford; Flucker Johnstone, that's my brother, will convoy ye."

"But how is your brother to know me?"

"How? Because I'll give him a sair, sair hiding if he lets ye gang by."

She then returned the one-pound note, a fresh settlement was effected, and she left him.

At the door she said, "And I am muckle obleeged to ye for your story and your goodness."

Whilst uttering these words she half kissed her hand to him, with a lofty and disengaged gesture such as one might expect from a queen, if queens did not wear stays,—and was gone.

When his Lordship, a few minutes after, sauntered out for a stroll, the first object he beheld was an exact human square: a handsome boy, with a body swelled out, apparently to the size of a man's, with blue flannel, and blue cloth above it, leaning against a wall, with his hands in his pockets,—a statuette of *insouciance*.

This marine puff-ball was Flucker Johnstone, aged fourteen.

Stain his sister's face with diluted walnut-juice, as they make the stage gipsy and red Indian (two animals imagined by actors to be one), and you have Flucker's face.

A slight moral distinction remains, not to be so easily got over.

She was the best girl in the place, and he a baddish boy.

He was however as sharp in his way as she was intelligent in hers.

This youthful mariner allowed his Lordship to pass him, and take twenty steps, but watched him all the time, and compared him with a description furnished him by his sister.

He then followed, and brought him to, as he called it.

"I daursay it's you I'm to convoy to yon auld faggitt!" said this baddish boy.

On they went, Flucker rolling and pitching and yawing to keep up with the lordly galley; for a fisherman's natural waddle is two miles an hour.

At the very entrance of Newhaven, the new pilot suddenly sung out, "Starboard!"

Starboard it was: and they ascended a filthy "close" or alley, they mounted a staircase which was out of doors, and without knocking, Flucker introduced himself into Jess Rutherford's house.

"Here a gentleman to speak till ye, wife."

The widow was weather-beaten and rough. She sat mending an old net.

"The gentleman's welcome," said she; but there was no gratification in her tone, and but little surprise.

His Lordship then explained that, understanding there were worthy people in distress, he was in hopes he might be permitted to assist them; and that she must blame a neighbor of hers if he had broken in upon her too abruptly with this object. He then, with a blush, hinted at ten shillings, which he begged she would consider as merely an installment, until he could learn the precise nature of her embarrassments, and the best way of placing means at her disposal.

The widow heard all this with a lack-lustre mind.

For many years her life had been unsuccessful labor; if anything ever had come to her, it had always been a misfortune; her incidents had been thorns,—her events, daggers.

She could not realize a human angel coming to her relief, and she did not realize it; and she worked away at her net.

At this Flucker, to whom his Lordship's speech appeared monstrously weak and pointless, drew nigh, and gave the widow in her ear his version; namely, his sister's embellished. It was briefly this: "That the gentleman was a daft lord from England who had come with the bank in his breeks, to remove poverty from Scotland, beginning with her. Sae speak loud aneuch, and ye'll no want siller," was his polite corollary.

His Lordship rose, laid a card on a chair, begged her to make use of him, et cetera; he then, recalling the oracular prescription, said, "Do me the favor to apply to me for any little sum you have a use for, and in return I will beg of you (if it does not bore you too much) to make me acquainted with any little troubles you may have encountered in the course of your life."

His Lordship, receiving no answer, was about to go, after bowing to her and smiling gracefully upon her.

His hand was on the latch, when Jess Rutherford burst into a passion of tears. He turned with surprise.

"*My troubles*, laddie," cried she, trembling all over. "The sun wad set, and rise, and set again, ere I could tell ye a' the trouble I hae come through.

"Oh! ye needna vex yourself for an auld wife's tears: tears are a blessin', lad, I shall assure ye. Mony's the time I hae prayed for them, and could na hae them. Sit ye doon! sit ye doon! I'll no let ye gang fra my door till I hae thankit ye,—

but gie me time, gie me time. I canna greet a' the days of the week."

Flucker, ætat. 14, opened his eyes, unable to connect ten shillings and tears.

Lord Ipsden sat down, and felt very sorry for her.

And she cried at her ease.

If one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, methinks that sweet and wonderful thing, sympathy, is not less powerful. What frozen barriers, what ice of centuries, it can melt in a moment!

His bare mention of her troubles had surprised the widow woman's heart: and now she looked up, and examined his countenance; it was soon done.

A woman, young or old, high or low, can discern and appreciate sensibility in a man's face at a single glance.

What she saw there was enough. She was sure of sympathy. She recalled his resolve, and the tale of her sorrows burst from her like a flood.

The old fishwife told the young aristocrat how she had borne twelve children, and buried six as bairns; how her man was always unlucky; how a mast fell on him, and disabled him a whole season; how they could but just keep the pot boiling by deep-sea fishing, and he was not allowed to dredge for oysters because his father was not a Newhaven man. How, when the herring-fishing came to make all right, he never had another man's luck; how his boat's crew would draw empty nets, and a boat alongside him would be gunwale down in the water with the fish. How at last, one morning, the 20th day of November, his boat came into Newhaven Pier without him, and when he was inquired for, his crew said "he had stayed at home, like a lazy loon, and not sailed with them the night before." How she was anxious, and had all the public-houses searched, "for he took a drop now and then,—nae wonder, and him aye in the weather." Poor thing! when he was alive she used to call him a drunken scoundrel to his face. How when the tide went down, a mad wife, whose husband had been drowned twenty years ago, pointed out something under the pier, that the rest took for seaweed floating,—how it was the hair of her man's head, washed about by the water; and he was there, drowned without a cry or a struggle by his enormous boots, that kept him in an upright position, though he was dead; there he stood,—dead,—drowned

by slipping from the slippery pier, close to his comrades' hands, in a dark and gusty night; how her daughter married, and was well-to-do, and assisted her; how she fell into a rapid decline, and died, a picture of health to inexperienced eyes. How she, the mother, saw and knew and watched the treacherous advance of disease and death; how others said gayly "her daughter was better," and she was obliged to say "Yes." How she had worked eighteen hours a day at making nets; how when she let out her nets to the other men at the herring-fishing, they always cheated her because her man was gone. How she had many times had to choose between begging her meal and going to bed without it,—but thank Heaven! she had always chosen the latter.

She told him of hunger, cold, and anguish. As she spoke they became real things to him; up to that moment they had been things in a story-book. And as she spoke she rocked herself from side to side.

Indeed, she was a woman "acquainted with grief." She might have said, "Here I and sorrow sit! This is my throne; bid kings come bow to it!"

Her hearer felt this: and therefore this woman, poor, old, and ugly, became sacred in his eye; it was with a strange sort of respect that he tried to console her.

He spoke to her in tones gentle and sweet as the south wind on a summer evening.

"Madam," said he, "let me be so happy as to bring you some comfort. The sorrows of the heart I cannot heal; they are for a mightier hand: but a part of your distress appears to have been positive need; that we can at least dispose of, and I entreat you to believe that from this hour want shall never enter that door again. Never! upon my honor!"

The Scotch are icebergs with volcanoes underneath; thaw the Scotch ice, which is very cold, and you shall get to the Scotch fire, warmer than any sun of Italy or Spain.

His Lordship had risen to go. The old wife had seemed absorbed in her own grief; she now dried her tears.

"Bide ye, sirr," said she, "till I thank ye."

So she began to thank him, rather coldly and stiffly.

"He says ye are a lord," said she; "I dinna ken, an' I dinna care: but ye're a gentleman, I daursay, and a kind heart ye hae."

Then she began to warm.

"And ye'll never be a grain the poorer for the siller ye hae gi'en me; for he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

Then she began to glow.

"But it's no your siller; dinna think it,—na, lad, na! Oh, fine! I ken there's mony a supper for the bairns and me in yon bits metal; but I canna feel your siller as I feel your winsome smile,—the drop in your young een,—and the sweet words ye gied me, in the sweet music o' your Soothern tongue, Gude bless ye!" (Where was her ice by this time?) "Gude bless ye! and I bless ye!"

And she did bless him; and what a blessing it was!—not a melodious generality, like a stage parent's, or papa's in a damsel's novel. It was like the son of Barak on Zophim.

She blessed him as one who had the power and the right to bless or curse.

She stood on the high ground of her low estate and her afflictions, and demanded of their Creator to bless the fellow-creature that had come to her aid and consolation.

This woman had suffered to the limits of endurance; yesterday she had said, "Surely the Almighty doesna *see* me a' these years!"

So now she blessed him, and her heart's blood seemed to gush into words.

She blessed him by land and water.

She knew most mortal griefs; for she had felt them.

She warned them away from him one by one.

She knew the joys of life; for she had felt their want.

She summoned them one by one to his side.

"And a fair wind to your ship," cried she; "an' the storms aye ten miles to leeward o' her."

Many happy days, "an' weel spent," she wished him.

"His love should love him dearly, or a better take her place."

"Health to his side by day; sleep to his pillow by night."

A thousand good wishes came, like a torrent of fire, from her lips, with a power that eclipsed his dreams of human eloquence; and then, changing in a moment from the thunder of a Pythoness to the tender music of some poetess mother, she ended:—

"An' oh, my boeny, boeny lad, may ye be wi' the rich upon the airth a' your days,—AN' WI' THE PUIR IN THE WARLD TO COME!"

His Lordship's tongue refused him the thin phrases of society. "Farewell for the present," said he, and he went quietly away.

He paced thoughtfully home.

He had drunk a fact with every sentence; and an idea with every fact.

For the knowledge we have never realized is not knowledge to us,—only knowledge's shadow.

IN THE GREEN-ROOM

From 'Peg Woffington'

"MR. CIBBER, what do you understand by an actor? Tell me; for I am foolish enough to respect your opinion on these matters!"

"An actor, young lady," said he gravely, "is an artist who has gone deep enough in his art to make dunces, critics, and greenhorns take it for nature; moreover, he really personates, which your mere *man of the stage* never does. He has learned the true art of self-multiplication. He drops Betterton, Booth, Wilkes, or—a-hem—"

"Cibber," inserted Sir Charles Pomander. Cibber bowed.

"—in his dressing-room, and comes out young or old, a fop, a valet, a lover, or a hero, with voice, mien, and every gesture to match. A grain less than this may be good speaking, fine preaching, deep grunting, high ranting, eloquent reciting; but I'll be hanged if it is acting!"

"Then Colley Cibber never acted," whispered Quin to Mrs. Clive.

"Then Margaret Woffington is an actress," said M. W.: "the fine ladies take my Lady Betty for their sister; in Mrs. Day I pass for a woman of seventy; and in Sir Harry Wildair I have been taken for a man. I would have told you that before, but I didn't know it was to my credit," said she slyly, "till Mr. Cibber laid down the law."

"Proof!" said Cibber.

"A warm letter from one lady, diamond buckles from another, and an offer of her hand and fortune from a third: *rien que cela.*"

Mr. Cibber conveyed behind her back a look of absolute incredulity; she divined it.

"I will not show you the letters," continued she, "because Sir Harry, though a rake, was a gentleman: but here are the buckles;" and she fished them out of her pocket, capacious of such things. The buckles were gravely inspected: they made more than one eye water; they were undeniable.

"Well, let us see what we can do for her," said the Laureate. He tapped his box, and without a moment's hesitation produced the most execrable distich in the language:—

"Now who is like Peggy, with talent at will?
A maid loved her Harry, *for want of a Bill.*"

"Well, child," continued he, after the applause which follows extemporary verses had subsided, "take *me* in. Play something to make me lose sight of saucy Peg Woffington, and I'll give the world five acts more before the curtain falls on Colley Cibber."

"If you could be deceived," put in Mr. Vane, somewhat timidly. "I think there is no disguise through which grace and beauty such as Mrs. Woffington's would not shine, to my eyes."

"That is to praise my person at the expense of my wit, sir, is it not?" was her reply.

This was the first word she had ever addressed to him; the tones appeared so sweet to him that he could not find anything to reply for listening to them; and Cibber resumed:—

"Meantime I will show you a real actress: she is coming here to-night to meet me. Did ever you children hear of Ann Bracegirdle?"

"Bracegirdle!" said Mrs. Clive: "why, she has been dead this thirty years; at least I thought so."

"Dead to the stage. There is more heat in her ashes than in your fire, Kate Clive! Ah! here comes her messenger," continued he, as an ancient man appeared with a letter in his hand. This letter Mrs. Woffington snatched and read, and at the same instant in bounced the call-boy. "Epilogue called," said this urchin, in the tone of command which these small-fry of Parnassus adopt; and obedient to his high behest, Mrs. Woffington moved to the door with the Bracegirdle missive in her hand, but not before she had delivered its general contents: "The great actress will be here in a few minutes," said she; and she glided swiftly out of the room.

People whose mind or manners possess any feature, and are not as devoid of all eccentricity as half-pounds of butter bought of metropolitan grocers, are recommended not to leave a roomful of their acquaintances until the last but one. Yes, they should always be penultimate. Perhaps Mrs. Woffington knew this; but epilogues are stubborn things, and call-boys undeniable.

"Did you ever hear a woman whistle before?"

"Never; but I saw one sit astride of an ass in Germany!"

"The saddle was not on her husband, I hope, madam?"

"No, sir: the husband walked by his kinsfolk's side, and made the best of a bad bargain, as Peggy's husband will have to."

"Wait till some one ventures on the gay Lothario,—*illi æs triplex;* that means he must have triple brass, Kitty."

"I deny that, sir; since his wife will always have enough for both."

"I have not observed the lady's brass," said Vane, trembling with passion; "but I observed her talent, and I noticed that whoever attacks her to her face comes badly off."

"Well said, sir," answered Quin; "and I wish Kitty here would tell us why she hates Mrs. Woffington, the best-natured woman in the theatre?"

"I don't hate her,—I don't trouble my head about her."

"Yes, you hate her; for you never miss a cut at her, never!"

"Do you hate a haunch of venison, Quin?" said the lady.

"No! you little unnatural monster," replied Quin.

"For all that, you never miss a cut at one, so hold your tongue!"

"Le beau raisonnement!" said Mr. Cibber. "James Quin, don't interfere with nature's laws: let our ladies hate one another,—it eases their minds; try to make them Christians and you will not convert their tempers, but spoil your own. Peggy there hates George Anne Bellamy because she has gaudy silk dresses from Paris, by paying for them as *she* could, if not too stingy. Kitty here hates Peggy because Rich has breeched her, whereas Kitty, who now sets up for a prude, wanted to put delicacy off and small-clothes on in Peg's stead; that is where the Kate and Peg shoe pinches,—near the femoral artery, James.

"Shrimps have the souls of shrimps," resumed this *censor castigatorque minorum.* "Listen to me, and learn that really great actors are great in soul, and do not blubber like a great school-

girl because Anne Bellamy has two yellow-silk dresses from Paris, as I saw Woffington blubber in this room, and would not be comforted; nor fume like Kitty Clive, because Woffington has a pair of breeches and a little boy's rapier to go a-playing at acting with. When I was young, two giantesses fought for empire upon this very stage, where now dwarfs crack and bounce like parched peas. They played Roxana and Statira in the 'Rival Queens.' Rival queens of art themselves, they put out all their strength. In the middle of the last act the town gave judgment in favor of Statira. What did Roxana? Did she spill grease on Statira's robe, as Peg Woffington would? or stab her, as I believe Kitty here capable of doing? No! Statira was never so tenderly killed as that night: she owned this to me. Roxana bade the theatre farewell that night, and wrote to Statira thus—I give you word for word: 'Madam, the best judge we have has decided in your favor. I shall never play second on a stage where I have been first so long, but I shall often be a spectator; and methinks none will appreciate your talent more than I, who have felt its weight. My wardrobe, one of the best in Europe, is of no use to me: if you will honor me by selecting a few of my dresses you will gratify me, and I shall fancy I see myself upon the stage to greater advantage than before.'»

«And what did Statira answer, sir?» said Mr. Vane eagerly.

«She answered thus: 'Madam, the town has often been wrong, and may have been so last night, in supposing that I vied successfully with your merit; but thus much is certain,—and here, madam, I am the best judge,—that off the stage you have just conquered me. I shall wear with pride any dress you have honored, and shall feel inspired to great exertions by your presence among our spectators, unless indeed the sense of your magnanimity and the recollection of your talent should damp me by the dread of losing any portion of your good opinion.'»

«What a couple of stiff old things!» said Mrs. Clive.

«Nay, madam, say not so,» cried Vane warmly: «surely this was the lofty courtesy of two great minds, not to be overbalanced by strife, defeat, or victory.»

«What were their names, sir?»

«Statira was the great Mrs. Oldfield. Roxana you will see here to-night.»

This caused a sensation.

Colley's reminiscences were interrupted by loud applause from the theatre: the present seldom gives the past a long hearing.

The old war-horse cocked his ears.

"It is Woffington speaking the epilogue," said Quin.

"Oh! she has got the length of their foot, somehow," said a small actress.

"And the breadth of their hands, too," said Pomander, waking from a nap.

"It is the depth of their hearts she has sounded," said Vane.

In those days, if a metaphor started up, the poor thing was coursed up hill and down dale, and torn limb from jacket; even in Parliament, a trope was sometimes hunted from one session into another.

"You were asking me about Mrs. Oldfield, sir," resumed Cibber rather peevishly. "I will own to you, I lack words to convey a just idea of her double and complete supremacy. But the comedians of this day are weak-strained *farceurs* compared with her, and her tragic tone was thunder set to music.

"I saw a brigadier-general cry like a child at her 'Indiana.' I have seen her crying with pain herself at the wing (for she was always a great sufferer): I have seen her then spring upon the stage as Lady Townley, and in a moment sorrow brightened into joy; the air seemed to fill with singing-birds, that chirped the pleasures of fashion, love, and youth, in notes sparkling like diamonds, and stars, and prisms. She was above criticism,—out of its scope, as is the blue sky; men went not to judge her,—they drank her, and gazed at her, and were warmed at her, and refreshed by her. The fops were awed into silence; and with their humbler betters thanked Heaven for her, if they thanked it for anything.

"In all the crowded theatre, care and pain and poverty were banished from the memory whilst Oldfield's face spoke and her tongue flashed melodies; the lawyer forgot his quillets; the polemic, the mote in his brother's eye; the old maid, her grudge against the two sexes; the old man, his gray hairs and his lost hours. And can it be that all this, which should have been immortal, is quite, quite lost, is as though it had never been?" he sighed. "Can it be that its fame is now sustained by me? who twang with my poor lute, cracked and old, these feeble praises of a broken lyre—

> "'Whose wires were golden, and its heavenly air
> More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
> When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.'"

He paused, and his eye looked back over many years; then with a very different tone he added:—

"And that Jack Falstaff there must have seen her, now I think on't."

"Only once, sir," said Quin; "and I was but ten years old."

"He saw her once, and he was ten years old; yet he calls Woffington a great comedian, and my son The's wife, with her hatchet face, the greatest tragedian he ever saw! Jemmy, what an ass you must be!"

"Mrs. Cibber always makes me cry, and t'other always makes me laugh," said Quin stoutly: "that's why."

Ce beau raisonnement met no answer but a look of sovereign contempt.

A very trifling incident saved the ladies of the British stage from further criticism. There were two candles in this room, one on each side; the call-boy had entered, and poking about for something, knocked down and broke one of these.

"Awkward imp!" cried a velvet page.

"I'll go *to the Treasury* for another, ma'am," said the boy pertly, and vanished with the fractured wax.

I take advantage of the interruption to open Mr. Vane's mind to the reader. First he had been astonished at the freedom of sarcasm these people indulged in without quarreling; next at the non-respect of sex.

"So sex is not recognized in this community," thought he. Then the glibness and merit of some of their answers surprised and amused him. He, like me, had seldom met an imaginative repartee except in a play or a book. "Society's" repartees were then, as they are now, the good old three in various dresses and veils: *Tu quoque, tu mentiris, vos damnemini;* but he was sick and dispirited on the whole, such very bright illusions had been dimmed in these few minutes.

She was brilliant: but her manners, if not masculine, were very daring; and yet when she spoke to him, a stranger, how sweet and gentle her voice was! Then it was clear nothing but his ignorance could have placed her at the summit of her art.

Still he clung to his enthusiasm for her. He drew Pomander aside. "What a simplicity there is in Mrs. Woffington!" said he: "the rest, male and female, are all so affected; she is so fresh and natural. They are all hot-house plants; she is a cowslip with the May dew on it."

"What you take for simplicity is her refined art," replied Sir Charles.

"No!" said Vane: "I never saw a more innocent creature!"

Pomander laughed in his face: this laugh disconcerted him more than words; he spoke no more—he sat pensive. He was sorry he had come to this place, where everybody knew his goddess, yet nobody admired, nobody loved, and alas! nobody respected her.

He was roused from his reverie by a noise; the noise was caused by Cibber falling on Garrick, whom Pomander had maliciously quoted against all the tragedians of Colley Cibber's day.

"I tell you," cried the veteran, "that this Garrick has banished dignity from the stage, and given us in exchange what you and he take for fire; but it is smoke and vapor. His manner is little; like his person, it is all fuss and bustle. This is his idea of a tragic scene: A little fellow comes bustling in, goes bustling about, and runs bustling out." Here Mr. Cibber left the room to give greater effect to his description, but presently returned in a mighty pother, saying: "'Give me another horse! Well, where's the horse? don't you see I'm waiting for him? Bind up my wounds! Look sharp now with these wounds. Have mercy, Heaven! but be quick about it, for the pit can't wait for Heaven.' Bustle! bustle! bustle!"

The old dog was so irresistibly funny that the whole company were obliged to laugh; but in the midst of their merriment Mrs. Woffington's voice was heard at the door.

"This way, madam."

A clear and somewhat shrill voice replied, "I know the way better than you, child;" and a stately old lady appeared on the threshold.

"Bracegirdle," said Mr. Cibber.

It may well be supposed that every eye was turned on this new-comer,—that Roxana for whom Mr. Cibber's story had prepared a peculiar interest. She was dressed in a rich green-velvet gown with gold fringe. Cibber remembered it: she had played the 'Eastern Queen' in it. Heaven forgive all concerned! It was fearfully pinched in at the waist and ribs, so as to give the idea of wood inside, not woman.

Her hair and eyebrows were iron-gray, and she had lost a front tooth, or she would still have been eminently handsome. She was tall and straight as a dart, and her noble port betrayed

none of the weakness of age; only it was to be seen that her hands were a little weak, and the gold-headed crutch struck the ground rather sharply, as if it did a little limbs'-duty.

Such was the lady who marched into the middle of the room, with a "How do, Colley?" and looking over the company's heads as if she did not see them, regarded the four walls with some interest. Like a cat, she seemed to think more of places than of folk. The page obsequiously offered her a chair.

"Not so clean as it used to be," said Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Unfortunately, in making this remark, the old lady graciously patted the page's head for offering her the chair; and this action gave, with some of the ill-constituted minds that are ever on the titter, a ridiculous direction to a remark intended, I believe, for the paint and wainscots, etc.

"Nothing is as it used to be," remarked Mr. Cibber.

"All the better for everything," said Mrs. Clive.

"We were laughing at this mighty little David, first actor of this mighty little age."

Now if Mr. Cibber thought to find in the new-comer an ally of the past in its indiscriminate attack upon the present, he was much mistaken; for the old actress made onslaught on this nonsense at once.

"Ay, ay," said she, "and not the first time by many hundreds. 'Tis a disease you have. Cure yourself, Colley. David Garrick pleases the public; and in trifles like acting, that take nobody to heaven, to please all the world is to be great. Some pretend to higher aims, but none have 'em. You may hide this from young fools, mayhap, but not from an old 'oman like me. He! he! he! No, no, no,—not from an old 'oman like me."

She then turned round in her chair, and with that sudden, unaccountable snappishness of tone to which the brisk old are subject, she snarled: "Gie me a pinch of snuff, some of ye, do."

Tobacco dust was instantly at her disposal. She took it with the points of her fingers, delicately, and divested the crime of half its uncleanness and vulgarity—more an angel couldn't.

"Monstrous sensible woman, though," whispered Quin to Clive.

"Hey, sir! what do you say, sir? for I'm a little deaf." (Not very to praise, it seems.)

"That your judgment, madam, is equal to the reputation of your talent."

The words were hardly spoken, before the old lady rose upright as a tower. She then made an oblique preliminary sweep, and came down with such a curtsy as the young had never seen.

James Quin, not to disgrace his generation, attempted a corresponding bow, for which his figure and apoplectic tendency rendered him unfit; and whilst he was transacting it, the graceful Cibber stepped gravely up, and looked down and up the process with his glass, like a naturalist inspecting some strange capriccio of an orang-outang. The gymnastics of courtesy ended without back-falls, Cibber lowered his tone:—

"You are right, Bracy,—it is nonsense denying the young fellow's talent; but his Othello, now, Bracy! be just—his Othello!"

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried she: "I thought it was Desdemona's little black boy come in without the tea-kettle."

Quin laughed uproariously.

"It made me laugh a deal more than Mr. Quin's Falstaff. Oh dear! oh dear!"

"Falstaff, indeed! Snuff!" in the tone of a trumpet.

Quin secretly revoked his good opinion of this woman's sense.

"Madam," said the page timidly, "if you would but favor us with a specimen of the old style!"

"Well, child, why not? Only what makes you mumble like that? But they all do it now, I see. Bless my soul! our words used to come out like brandy-cherries; but now a sentence is like raspberry jam, on the stage and off"

Cibber chuckled.

"And why don't you men carry yourself like Cibber here?"

"Don't press that question," said Colley dryly.

"A monstrous poor actor, though," said the merciless old woman, in a mock aside to the others,—"only twenty shillings a week for half his life;" and her shoulders went up to her ears —then she fell into a half-revery. "Yes, we were distinct," said she; "but I must own, children, we were slow. Once in the midst of a beautiful tirade my lover went to sleep and fell against me. A mighty pretty epigram, twenty lines, was writ on't by one of my gallants. Have ye as many of them as we used?"

"In that respect," said the page, "we are not behind our great-grandmothers."

"I call that pert," said Mrs. Bracegirdle, with the air of one drawing scientific distinctions. "Now, is that a boy or a lady that spoke to me last?"

"By its dress, I should say a boy," said Cibber, with his glass; "by its assurance, a lady!"

"There's one clever woman amongst ye: Peg something, plays Lothario, Lady Betty Modish, and what not."

"What! admire Woffington?" screamed Mrs. Clive: "why, she is the greatest gabbler on the stage."

"I don't care," was the reply: "there's nature about the jade. Don't contradict me," added she with sudden fury: "a parcel of children!"

"No, madam," said Clive humbly. "Mr. Cibber, will you try and prevail on Mrs. Bracegirdle to favor us with a recitation?"

Cibber handed his cane with pomp to a small actor. Bracegirdle did the same; and striking the attitudes that had passed for heroic in their day, they declaimed out of the 'Rival Queens' two or three tirades, which I graciously spare the reader of this tale. Their elocution was neat and silvery; but not one bit like the way people speak in streets, palaces, fields, roads, and rooms. They had not made the grand discovery, which Mr. A. Wigan on the stage, and every man of sense off it, has made in our day and nation: namely, that the stage is a representation not of stage, but of life; and that an actor ought to speak and act in imitation of human beings, not of speaking machines that have run and creaked in a stage groove, with their eyes shut upon the world at large, upon nature, upon truth, upon man, upon woman, and upon child.

"This is slow!" cried Cibber: "let us show these young people how ladies and gentlemen moved fifty years ago; *dansons.*"

A fiddler was caught, a beautiful slow minuet played, and a bit of "solemn dancing" done. Certainly it was not gay, but it must be owned it was beautiful; it was the dance of kings, the poetry of the courtly saloon.

The retired actress, however, had friskier notions left in her: "This is slow!" cried she, and bade the fiddler play 'The Wind that Shakes the Barley,'—an ancient jig tune; this she danced to in a style that utterly astounded the spectators.

She showed them what fun was: her feet and her stick were all echoes to the mad strain; out went her heel behind, and returning, drove her four yards forward. She made unaccountable

slants, and cut them all over in turn if they did not jump for it. Roars of inextinguishable laughter arose; it would have made an oyster merry. Suddenly she stopped, and put her hands to her side, and soon after she gave a vehement cry of pain.

The laughter ceased.

She gave another cry of such agony that they were all round her in a moment.

"Oh! help me, ladies," screamed the poor woman, in tones as feminine as they were heart-rending and piteous. "Oh, my back! my loins! I suffer, gentlemen," said the poor thing, faintly

What was to be done? Mr. Vane offered his penknife to cut her laces.

"You shall cut my head off sooner," cried she with sudden energy. Don't pity me," said she sadly, "I don't deserve it;" then lifting her eyes, she exclaimed with a sad air of self-reproach, "O vanity! do you never leave a woman?"

"Nay, madam!" whimpered the page, who was a good-hearted girl: "'twas your great complaisance for us, not vanity. Oh! oh! oh!" and she began to blubber to make matters better.

"No, my children," said the old lady, "'twas vanity. I wanted to show you what an old 'oman could do; and I have humiliated myself, trying to outshine younger folk. I am justly humiliated, as you see;" and she began to cry a little.

"This is very painful," said Cibber.

Mrs. Bracegirdle now raised her eyes (they had set her in a chair), and looking sweetly, tenderly, and earnestly on her old companion, she said to him, slowly, gently, but impressively:—

"Colley, at threescore years and ten, this was ill done of us! You and I are here now—for what? to cheer the young up the hill we mounted years ago. And, old friend, if we detract from them we discourage them. A great sin in the old! Every dog his day. We have had ours." Here she smiled, then laying her hand tenderly in the old man's, she added with calm solemnity: "And now we must go quietly towards our rest, and strut and fret no more the few last minutes of life's fleeting hour."

How tame my cacotype of these words compared with what they were! I am ashamed of them and myself, and the human craft of writing, which, though commoner far, is so miserably behind the godlike art of speech: *Si ipsam audivisses!*

These ink scratches, which in the imperfection of language we have called words till the unthinking actually dream they

are words, but which are the shadows of the corpses of words, — these word-shadows then were living powers on her lips, and subdued, as eloquence always does, every heart within reach of the imperial tongue.

The young loved her: and the old man, softened and vanquished, and mindful of his failing life, was silent, and pressed his handkerchief to his eyes a moment; then he said: —

"No, Bracy — no. Be composed, I pray you. She is right. Young people, forgive me that I love the dead too well, and the days when I was what you are now. Drat the woman," continued he, half ashamed of his emotion: "she makes us laugh and makes us cry, just as she used."

"What does he say, young woman?" said the old lady dryly, to Mrs. Clive.

"He says you make us laugh, and make us cry, madam; and so you do me, I'm sure."

"And that's Peg Woffington's notion of an actress! Better it, Cibber and Bracegirdle, if you can," said the other, rising up like lightning.

She then threw Colley Cibber a note, and walked coolly and rapidly out of the room, without looking once behind her.

The rest stood transfixed, looking at one another and at the empty chair. Then Cibber opened and read the note aloud. It was from Mrs. Bracegirdle: "Playing at tric-trac; so can't play the fool in your green-room to-night. — B."

On this, a musical ringing laugh was heard from outside the door, where the pseudo-Bracegirdle was washing the gray from her hair and the wrinkles from her face, — ah! I wish I could do it as easily! — and the little bit of sticking-plaster from her front tooth.

"Why, it is the Irish jade!" roared Cibber.

"Divil a less!" rang back a rich brogue; "and it's not the furst time we put the comether upon ye, England, my jewal!"

One more mutual glance, and then the mortal cleverness of all this began to dawn on their minds: and they broke forth into clapping of hands, and gave this accomplished *mime* three rounds of applause; Mr. Vane and Sir Charles Pomander leading with "Brava, Woffington!"

EXTRACT FROM A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY LETTER

From 'The Cloister and the Hearth'

[Margaret has received a letter from her young husband, Gerard, who is traveling afoot to Italy. She reads it to his father and mother, brothers and sister.]

ELI—"Whisht, wife!"

"And I did sigh, loud and often. And me sighing so, one came caroling like a bird adown t'other road. 'Ay, chirp and chirp,' cried I bitterly. 'Thou hast not lost sweetheart and friend, thy father's hearth, thy mother's smile, and every penny in the world.' And at last he did so carol and carol, I jumped up in ire to get away from his most jarring mirth. But ere I fled from it, I looked down the path to see what could make a man so light-hearted in this weary world; and lo! the songster was a humpbacked cripple, with a bloody bandage o'er his eye, and both legs gone at the knee."

"He! he! he! he! he!" went Sybrandt, laughing and cackling.

Margaret's eyes flashed; she began to fold the letter up.

"Nay, lass," said Eli, "heed him not! Thou unmannerly cur, offer't but again and I put thee to the door."

"Why, what was there to gibe at, Sybrandt?" remonstrated Catherine more mildly. "Is not our Kate afflicted? and is she not the most content of us all, and singeth like a merle at times between her pains? But I am as bad as thou: prithee read on, lass, and stop our gabble wi' somewhat worth the hearkening."

"'Then,' said I, 'may this thing be?' And I took myself to task: 'Gerard, son of Eli, dost thou well to bemoan thy lot, that hast youth and health; and here comes the wreck of nature on crutches, praising God's goodness with singing like a mavis?'"

Catherine—"There you see."

Eli—"Whisht, dame, whisht!"

"And whenever he saw me, he left caroling and presently hobbled up and chanted, 'Charity, for love of Heaven, sweet master, charity;' with a whine as piteous as wind at keyhole. 'Alack, poor soul,' said I, 'charity is in my heart, but not my purse; I am poor as thou.' Then he believed me none, and to melt me undid his sleeve, and showed a sore wound on his arm, and said he, 'Poor cripple though I be, I am like to lose this

eye to boot, look else.' I saw and groaned for him, and to excuse myself, let him wot how I had been robbed of my last copper. Thereat he left whining all in a moment, and said in a big manly voice, 'Then I'll e'en take a rest. Here, youngster, pull thou this strap: nay, fear not!' I pulled, and down came a stout pair of legs out of his back; and half his hump had melted away, and the wound in his eye no deeper than the bandage."

"Oh!" ejaculated Margaret's hearers in a body.

"Whereat, seeing me astounded, he laughed in my face, and told me I was not worth gulling, and offered me his protection. 'My face was prophetic,' he said. 'Of what?' said I. 'Marry,' said he, 'that its owner will starve in this thievish land.' Travel teaches e'en the young wisdom. Time was I had turned and fled this impostor as a pestilence; but now I listened patiently to pick up crumbs of counsel. And well I did; for nature and his adventurous life had crammed the poor knave with shrewdness and knowledge of the homelier sort—a child was I beside him. When he had turned me inside out, said he, 'Didst well to leave France and make for Germany; but think not of Holland again. Nay, on to Augsburg and Nürnberg, the Paradise of craftsmen; thence to Venice, an thou wilt. But thou wilt never bide in Italy nor any other land, having once tasted the great German cities. Why, there is but one honest country in Europe, and that is Germany; and since thou art honest, and since I am a vagabone, Germany was made for us twain.' I bade him make that good: how might one country fit true men and knaves! 'Why, thou novice,' said he, 'because in an honest land are fewer knaves to bite the honest man, and many honest men for the knave to bite.' 'I was in luck, being honest, to have fallen in with a friendly sharp.' 'Be my pal,' said he: 'I go to Nürnberg; we will reach it with full pouches. I'll learn ye the *cul de bois*, and the *cul de jatte*, and how to maund, and chaunt, and patter, and to raise swellings, and paint sores and ulcers on thy body would take in the divell.' I told him, shivering, I'd liefer die than shame myself and my folk so."

Eli—"Good lad! good lad!"

"'Why, what shame was it for such as I to turn beggar? Beggary was an ancient and most honorable mystery. What did holy monks, and bishops, and kings, when they would win Heaven's smile? why, wash the feet of beggars, those favorites of the saints. The saints were no fools,' he told me. Then he did put

out his foot. 'Look at that, that was washed by the greatest king alive, Louis of France, the last holy Thursday that was. And the next day, Friday, clapped in the stocks by the warden of a petty hamlet.'

"So I told him my foot should walk between such high honor and such low disgrace, on the safe path of honesty, please God. 'Well then, since I had not spirit to beg, he would indulge my perversity. I should work under him; he be the head, I the fingers.' And with that he set himself up like a judge, on a heap of dust by the road's side, and questioned me strictly what I could do. I began to say I was strong and willing. 'Bah!' said he, 'so is an ox. Say, what canst do that Sir Ox cannot?' —I could write; I had won a prize for it. 'Canst write as fast as the printers?' quo' he, jeering: 'what else?'—I could paint. 'That was better.' I was like to tear my hair to hear him say so, and me going to Rome to write.—I could twang the psaltery a bit. 'That was well. Could I tell stories?' Ay, by the score. 'Then,' said he, 'I hire you from this moment.' 'What to do?' said I. 'Naught crooked, Sir Candor,' says he. 'I will feed thee all the way and find thee work; and take half thine earnings, no more.' 'Agreed,' said I, and gave my hand on it.

"'Now, servant,' said he, 'we will dine. But ye need not stand behind my chair, for two reasons: first, I ha' got no chair; and next, good-fellowship likes me better than state.' And out of his wallet he brought flesh, fowl, and pastry, a good dozen of spices lapped in flax-paper, and wine fit for a king. Ne'er feasted I better than out of this beggar's wallet, now my master. When we had well eaten I was for going on. 'But,' said he, 'servants should not drive their masters too hard, especially after feeding, for then the body is for repose and the mind turns to contemplation;' and he lay on his back gazing calmly at the sky, and presently wondered whether there were any beggars up there. I told him I knew but of one, called Lazarus. 'Could he do the *cul de jatte* better than I?' said he, and looked quite jealous like. I told him nay; Lazarus was honest, though a beggar, and fed daily of the crumbs fal'n from a rich man's table, and the dogs licked his sores. 'Servant,' quo' he, 'I spy a foul fault in thee. Thou liest without discretion; now, the end of lying being to gull, this is no better than fumbling with the divell's tail. I pray Heaven thou mayst prove to paint better than thou cuttest whids, or I am done out of a dinner. No

beggar eats crumbs, but only the fat of the land; and dogs lick not a beggar's sores, being made with spearwort, or ratsbane, or biting acids,—from all which dogs, and even pigs, abhor. My sores are made after my proper receipt; but no dog would lick e'en them twice. I have made a scurvy bargain: art a cozening knave, I doubt, as well as a nincompoop.' I deigned no reply to this bundle of lies, which did accuse heavenly truth of falsehood for not being in a tale with him.

"He rose and we took the road; and presently we came to a place where were two little wayside inns, scarce a furlong apart. 'Halt,' said my master. 'Their armories are sore faded—all the better. Go thou in; shun the master; board the wife; and flatter her inn sky-high, all but the armories, and offer to color them dirt cheap.' So I went in and told the wife I was a painter, and would revive her armories cheap; but she sent me away with a rebuff. I to my master. He groaned. 'Ye are all fingers and no tongue,' said he: 'I have made a scurvy bargain. Come and hear me patter and flatter.' Between the two inns was a high hedge. He goes behind it a minute and comes out a decent tradesman. We went on to the other inn, and then I heard him praise it so fulsome as the very wife did blush. 'But,' says he, 'there is one little, little fault: your armories are dull and faded. Say but the word, and for a silver franc my apprentice here, the cunningest e'er I had, shall make them bright as ever.' Whilst she hesitated, the rogue told her he had done it to a little inn hard by, and now the inn's face was like the starry firmament. 'D'ye hear that, my man?' cries she: 'The Three Frogs have been and painted up their armories. Shall The Four Hedgehogs be outshone by them?' So I painted, and my master stood by like a lord, advising me how to do, and winking to me to heed him none, and I got a silver franc. And he took me back to The Three Frogs, and on the way put me on a beard and disguised me, and flattered The Three Frogs, and told them how he had adorned The Four Hedgehogs, and into the net jumped the three poor simple frogs, and I earned another silver franc. Then we went on and he found his crutches, and sent me forward, and showed his *cicatrices d'emprunt*, as he called them, and all his infirmities, at The Four Hedgehogs, and got both food and money.

"'Come, share and share,' quoth he: so I gave him one franc. 'I have made a good bargain,' said he. 'Art a master limnor,

but takest too much time.' So I let him know that in matters of honest craft things could not be done quick and well. 'Then do them quick,' quoth he. And he told me my name was Bon Bec; and I might call him Cul de Jatte, because that was his lay at our first meeting. And at the next town my master Cul de Jatte bought me a psaltery, and sat himself up again by the roadside in state like him that erst judged Marsyas and Apollo, piping for vain glory. So I played a strain. 'Indifferent well, harmonious Bon Bec,' said he haughtily. 'Now tune thy pipes.' So I did sing a sweet strain the good monks taught me; and singing it reminded poor Bon Bec, Gerard erst, of his young days and home, and brought the water to my e'en. But looking up, my master's visage was as the face of a little boy whipt soundly, or sipping foulest medicine. 'Zounds, stop that belly-ache blether,' quoth he: 'that will ne'er wile a stiver out o' peasants' purses; 'twill but sour the nurses' milk, and gar the kine jump into rivers to be out of earshot on't. What, false knave, did I buy thee a fine new psaltery to be minded o' my latter end withal? Hearken! these be the songs that glad the heart and fill the minstrel's purse.' And he sung so blasphemous a stave, and eke so obscene, as I drew away from him a space that the lightning might not spoil the new psaltery. However, none came, being winter; and then I said, 'Master, the Lord is debonair. Held I the thunder, yon ribaldry had been thy last, thou foul-mouthed wretch.'

"'Why, Bon Bec, what is to do?' quoth he. 'I have made an ill bargain. O perverse heart, that turneth from doctrine.' So I bade him keep his breath to cool his broth: ne'er would I shame my folk with singing ribald songs. . . .

"Then I to him, 'Take now thy psaltery, and part we here; for art a walking prison, a walking hell.' But lo! my master fell on his knees, and begged me for pity's sake not to turn him off. 'What would become of him? He did so love honesty.' 'Thou love honesty?' said I. 'Ay,' said he: 'not to enact it; the saints forbid: but to look on. 'Tis so fair a thing to look on. Alas, good Bon Bec,' said he; 'hadst starved peradventure but for me. Kick not down thy ladder! Call ye that just? Nay, calm thy choler! Have pity on me! I must have a pal: and how could I bear one like myself after one so simple as thou? He might cut my throat for the money that is hid in my belt. 'Tis not much; 'tis not much. With thee I walk at mine ease; with a sharp I

dare not go before in a narrow way. Alas! forgive me. Now I know where in thy bonnet lurks the bee, I will 'ware his sting; I will but pluck the secular goose.' 'So be it,' said I. 'And example was contagious: he should be a true man by then we reached Nürnberg. 'Twas a long way to Nürnberg.' Seeing him so humble, I said, 'Well, doff rags, and make thyself decent: 'twill help me forget what thou art.' And he did so; and we sat down to our nonemete.

"Presently came by a reverend palmer with hat stuck round with cockle-shells from Holy Land, and great rosary of beads like eggs of teal, and sandals for shoes. And he leaned aweary on his long staff, and offered us a shell apiece. My master would none. But I, to set him a better example, took one, and for it gave the poor pilgrim two batzen, and had his blessing. And he was scarce gone when we heard savage cries, and came a sorry sight,—one leading a wild woman in a chain, all rags, and howling like a wolf. And when they came nigh us, she fell to tearing her rags to threads. The man sought an alms of us, and told us his hard case. 'Twas his wife stark raving mad; and he could not work in the fields, and leave her in his house to fire it, nor cure her could he without the saintys help, and had vowed six pounds of wax to St. Anthony to heal her, and so was fain beg of charitable folk for the money. And now she espied us, and flew at me with her long nails, and I was cold with fear, so devilish showed her face and rolling eyes and nails like birdys talons. But he with the chain checked her sudden, and with his whip did cruelly lash her for it, that I cried, 'Forbear! forbear! She knoweth not what she doth;' and gave him a batz.

"And being gone, said I, 'Master, of those twain I know not which is the more pitiable.' And he laughed in my face. 'Behold thy justice, Bon Bec,' said he. 'Thou railest on thy poor, good, within-an-ace-of-honest master, and bestowest alms on a "vopper."' 'Vopper!' said I: 'what is a vopper?' 'Why, a trull that feigns madness. That was one of us, that sham maniac, and wow but she did it clumsily. I blushed for her and thee. Also gavest two batzen for a shell from Holy Land, that came no farther than Normandy. I have culled them myself on that coast by scores, and sold them to pilgrims true and pilgrims false, to gull flats like thee withal.' 'What!' said I: 'that reverend man?' 'One of us!' cried Cul de Jatte; 'one

of us! In France we call them "Coquillarts," but here "Calmierers." Railest on me for selling a false relic now and then, and wastest thy earnings on such as sell naught else. I tell thee, Bon Bec,' said he, 'there is not one true relic on earth's face. The saints died a thousand years agone, and their bones mixed with the dust: but the trade in relics, it is of yesterday; and there are forty thousand tramps in Europe live by it, selling relics of forty or fifty bodies: oh, threadbare lie! And of the true Cross enow to build Cologne Minster. Why then may not poor Cul de Jatte turn his penny with the crowd? Art but a scurvy tyrannical servant to let thy poor master from his share of the swag with your whorson pilgrims, palmers, and friars, black, gray, and crutched; for all these are of our brotherhood and of our art,—only masters they, and we but poor apprentices, in guild.' For his tongue was an ell and a half.

"'A truce to thy irreverend sophistries,' said I, 'and say what company is this a-coming.' 'Bohemians,' cried he. 'Ay, ay, this shall be the rest of the band.' With that came along so motley a crew as never your eyes beheld, dear Margaret. Marched at their head one with a banner on a steel-pointed lance, and girded with a great long sword, and in velvet doublet and leathern jerkin, the which stuffs ne'er saw I wedded afore on mortal flesh, and a gay feather in his lordly cap, and a couple of dead fowls at his back,—the which an the spark had come by honestly, I am much mistook. Him followed wives and babes on two lean horses, whose flanks still rattled like parchment drum, being beaten by kettles and caldrons. Next an armed man a-riding of a horse, which drew a cart full of females and children: and in it, sitting backwards, a lusty, lazy knave, lance in hand, with his luxurious feet raised on a holy-water pail that lay along; and therein a cat, new kittened, sat glowing o'er her brood, and sparks for eyes. And the cart-horse cavalier had on his shoulders a round bundle; and thereon did perch a cock and crowed with zeal, poor ruffler, proud of his brave feathers as the rest,—and haply with more reason, being his own. And on an ass another wife and new-born child; and one poor quean afoot scarce dragged herself along, so near her time was she, yet held two little ones by the hand, and helplessly helped them on the road. And the little folk were just a farce: some rode sticks with horses' heads between their legs, which pranced and caracoled, and soon wearied the riders so sore they stood stock-still

and wept, which cavaliers were presently taken into cart and cuffed. And one, more grave, lost in a man's hat and feather, walked in Egyptian darkness, handed by a girl; another had the great saucepan on his back, and a tremendous three-footed clay pot sat on his head and shoulders, swallowing him so as he too went darkling, led by his sweetheart three foot high. When they were gone by, and we had both laughed lustily, said I, 'Natheless, master, my bowels they yearn for one of that tawdry band; even for the poor wife so near the down-lying, scarce able to drag herself, yet still, poor soul, helping the weaker on the way.'"

Catherine—"Nay, nay, Margaret. Why, wench, pluck up heart. Certes thou art no Bohemian."

Kate—"Nay, mother, 'tis not that, I trow, but her father. And dear heart, why take notice to put her to the blush?"

Richart—"So I say."

"And he derided me. 'Why, that is a "biltreger,"' said he, 'and you waste your bowels on a pillow,' or so forth. I told him he lied. 'Time would show,' said he: 'wait till they camp.' And rising after meat and meditation, and traveling forward, we found them camped between two great trees on a common by the wayside; and they had lighted a great fire, and on it was their caldron; and one of the trees slanting o'er the fire, a kid hung down by a chain from the tree-fork to the fire, and in the fork was wedged an urchin turning still the chain to keep the meat from burning, and a gay spark with a feather in his cap cut up a sheep; and another had spitted a leg of it on a wooden stake; and a woman ended chanticleer's pride with wringing of his neck.

"And under the other tree four rufflers played at cards and quarreled, and no word sans oath; and of these lewd gamblers one had cockles in his hat and was my reverend pilgrim. And a female, young and comely and dressed like a butterfly, sat and mended a heap of dirty rags. And Cul de Jatte said, 'Yon is the "vopper"'; and I looked incredulous, and looked again, and it was so: and at her feet sat he that had so late lashed her—but I ween he had wist where to strike, or woe betide him; and she did now oppress him sore, and made him thread her very needle, the which he did with all humility: so was their comedy turned seamy side without; and Cul de Jatte told me 'twas still so with "voppers" and their men in camp: they would don their bravery

though but for an hour, and with their tinsel, empire; and the man durst not the least gainsay the 'vopper,' or she would turn him off at these times, as I my master, and take another tyrant more submissive. And my master chuckled over me.

"Natheless we soon espied a wife set with her back against the tree, and her hair down, and her face white; and by her side a wench held up to her eye a new-born babe, with words of cheer; and the rough fellow, her husband, did bring her hot wine in a cup, and bade her take courage. And just o'er the place she sat, they had pinned from bough to bough of those neighboring trees two shawls, and blankets two, together, to keep the drizzle off her. And so had another poor little rogue come into the world: and by her own particular folk tended gipsywise; but of the roasters and boilers, and voppers and gamblers, no more noticed — no, not for a single moment — than sheep which droppeth her lamb in a field, by travelers upon the way. Then said I, 'What of thy foul suspicions, master? over-knavery blinds the eye as well as over-simplicity.' And he laughed and said, 'Triumph, Bon Bec, triumph. The chances were nine in ten against thee.' Then I did pity her, to be in a crowd at such a time; but he rebuked me:—'I should pity rather your queens and royal duchesses, which by law are condemned to groan in a crowd of nobles and courtiers, and do writhe with shame as well as sorrow, being come of decent mothers; whereas these gipsy women have no more shame under their skins than a wolf ruth, or a hare valor. And, Bon Bec,' quoth he, 'I espy in thee a lamentable fault. Wastest thy bowels. Wilt have none left for thy poor good master which doeth thy will by night and day.'

"Then we came forward; and he talked with the men in some strange Hebrew cant whereof no word knew I; and the poor knaves bade us welcome and denied us naught. With them, and all they had, 'twas lightly come and lightly go; and when we left them my master said to me, 'This is thy first lesson, but to-night we shall lie at Hansburg. Come with me to the "rotboss" there, and I'll show thee all our folk and their lays; and especially the "lossners," the "dutzers," the "schleppers," the "gickisses," the "schwanfelders" (whom in England we call "shivering Jemmies"), the "süntvegers," the "schwiegers," the "joners," the "sessel-degers," the "gennscherers" (in France "marcandiers" or "rifodés"), the "veranerins," the "stabulers," with a few foreigners

like ourselves, such as "pietres," "francmitoux," "polissons," "malingreux," "traters," "rufflers," "whipjalks," "dommerars," "glymmerars," "jarkmen," "patricos," "swadders," "autem morts," "walking morts"'— 'Enow,' cried I, stopping him: 'art as gleesome as the Evil One a-counting of his imps. I'll jot down in my tablet all these caitiffs and their accursed names; for knowledge is knowledge. But go among them, alive or dead, that will I not with my good will. Moreover,' said I, 'what need, since I have a companion in thee who is all the knaves on earth in one?' and thought to abash him; but his face shone with pride, and hand on breast he did bow low to me. 'If thy wit be scant, good Bon Bec, thy manners are a charm. I have made a good bargain.'

"So he to the 'rotboss': and I to a decent inn, and sketched the landlord's daughter by candlelight, and started at morn batzen three the richer, but could not find my master; so loitered slowly on, and presently met him coming west for me, and cursing the quiens. Why so? Because he could blind the culls but not the quiens. At last I prevailed on him to leave cursing and canting, and tell me his adventure.

"Said he, 'I sat outside the gate of yon monastery, full of sores, which I showed the passers-by. O Bon Bec, beautifuller sores you never saw; and it rained coppers in my hat. Presently the monks came home from some procession, and the convent dogs ran out to meet them, curse the quiens!' 'What, did they fall on thee and bite thee, poor soul?' 'Worse, worse, dear Bon Bec. Had they bitten me I had earned silver. But the great idiots — being, as I think, puppies, or little better — fell on me where I sat, downed me, and fell a-licking my sores among them. As thou, false knave, didst swear the whelps in heaven licked the sores of Lazybones, a beggar of old.' 'Nay, nay,' said I, 'I said no such thing. But tell me, since they bit thee not, but sportfully licked thee, what harm?'—'What harm, noodle? why, the sores came off.'—'How could that be?'—'How could aught else be, and them just fresh put on? Did I think he was so weak as bite holes in his flesh with ratsbane? Nay, he was an artist, a painter like his servant; and had put on sores made of pig's blood, rye meal, and glue.'—'So when the folk saw my sores go on tongues of puppies, they laughed, and I saw cord or sack before me. So up I jumped, and shouted, "A miracle! a miracle! The very dogs of this holy convent be

holy, and have cured me. Good fathers," cried I, "whose day is this?" "St. Isidore's," said one. "St. Isidore!" cried I, in a sort of rapture. "Why, St. Isidore is my patron saint; so that accounts." And the simple folk swallowed my miracle as those accursed quiens my wounds. But the monks took me inside and shut the gate, and put their heads together: but I have a quick ear, and one did say "Caret miraculo monasterium"; which is Greek patter, I trow—leastways it is no beggar's cant. Finally they bade the lay brethren give me a hiding, and take me out a back way and put me on the road; and threatened me did I come back to the town to hand me to the magistrate and have me drowned for a plain impostor. "Profit now by the Church's grace," said they, "and mend thy ways." So forward, Bon Bec, for my life is not sure nigh hand this town.'

"As we went he worked his shoulders. 'Wow, but the brethren laid on! And what means yon piece of monk's cant, I wonder?' So I told him the words meant 'The monastery is in want of a miracle,' but the application thereof was dark to me. 'Dark!' cried he: 'dark as noon. Why, it means they are going to work the miracle, my miracle, and gather all the grain I sowed. Therefore these blows on their benefactor's shoulders; therefore is he that wrought their scurvy miracle driven forth with stripes and threats. Oh, cozening knaves!' Said I, 'Becomes you to complain of guile.' 'Alas, Bon Bec,' said he, 'I but outwit the simple; but these monks would pluck Lucifer of his wing-feathers.' And went a league bemoaning himself that he was not convent-bred like his servant,—'he would put it to more profit'; and railing on quiens. 'And as for those monks, there was one Above—' 'Certes,' said I, 'there is one Above: what then?' '—who will call those shavelings to compt, one day,' quoth he. 'And all deceitful men,' said I.

"At one that afternoon I got armories to paint; so my master took the yellow jaundice, and went begging through the town, and with his oily tongue and saffron-water face did fill his hat. Now in all the towns are certain licensed beggars, and one of these was an old favorite with the townsfolk; had his station at St. Martin's porch, the greatest church: a blind man; they called him Blind Hans. He saw my master drawing coppers on the other side the street, and knew him by his tricks for an impostor; so sent and warned the constables, and I met my master in the constable's hands, and going to his trial in the town-hall. I

followed, and many more; and he was none abashed, neither by the pomp of justice nor memory of his misdeeds, but demanded his accuser like a trumpet. And blind Hans's boy came forward, but was sifted narrowly by my master, and stammered and faltered, and owned he had seen nothing, but only carried blind Hans's tale to the chief constable. 'This is but hearsay,' said my master. 'Lo ye, now, here standeth Misfortune backbit by Envy. But stand thou forth, blind Envy, and vent thine own lie.' And blind Hans behoved to stand forth, sore against his will. Him did my master so press with questions, and so pinch and torture, asking him again and again how, being blind, he could see all that befell, and some that befell not, across a way; and why, an he could not see, he came there holding up his perjured hand, and maligning the misfortunate, that at last he groaned aloud and would utter no word more. And an alderman said, 'In sooth, Hans, ye are to blame; hast cast more dirt of suspicion on thyself than on him.' But the burgomaster, a wondrous fat man, and methinks of his fat some had gotten into his head, checked him, and said: 'Nay, Hans we know this many years, and be he blind or not, he hath passed for blind so long, 'tis all one. Back to thy porch, good Hans, and let the strange varlet leave the town incontinent on pain of whipping.'

"Then my master winked to me: but there rose a civic officer in his gown of state and golden chain,—a Dignity with us lightly prized, and even shunned of some, but in Germany and France much courted save by condemned malefactors, to wit the hangman; and says he, 'An't please you, first let us see why he weareth his hair so thick and low.' And his man went and 'ifted Cul de Jatte's hair, and lo the upper gristle of both ears was gone. 'How is this, knave?' quoth the burgomaster. My master said carelessly, he minded not precisely: his had been a life of misfortunes and losses. 'When a poor soul has lost the use of his legs, noble sirs, these more trivial woes rest lightly in his memory.' When he found this would not serve his turn, he named two famous battles, in each of which he had lost half an ear, a-fighting like a true man against traitors and rebels. But the hangman showed them the two cuts were made at one time, and by measurement. ''Tis no bungling soldier's-work, my masters,' said he; ''tis ourn.' Then the burgomaster gave judgment: 'The present charge is not proven against thee; but an thou beest not guilty now, thou hast been at other times, witness thine ears.

Wherefore I send thee to prison for one month, and to give a florin towards the new hall of the guilds now a-building, and to be whipt out of the town and pay the hangman's fee for the same.' And all the aldermen approved, and my master was haled to prison with one look of anguish. It did strike my bosom.

«I tried to get speech of him, but the jailer denied me. But lingering near the jail I heard a whistle, and there was Cul de Jatte at a narrow window twenty feet from earth. I went under, and he asked me what made I there? I told him I was loath to go forward and not bid him farewell. He seemed quite amazed; but soon his suspicious soul got the better. That was not all mine errand, I told him — not all: the psaltery. 'Well, what of that?' 'Twas not mine, but his: I would pay him the price of it. 'Then throw me a rix-dollar,' said he. I counted out my coins, and they came to a rix-dollar and two batzen. I threw him up his money in three throws, and when he had got it all he said, softly, 'Bon Bec.' 'Master,' said I. Then the poor rogue was greatly moved. 'I thought ye had been mocking me,' said he: 'O Bon Bec, Bon Bec, if I had found the world like thee at starting, I had put my wit to better use, and I had not lain here.' Then he whimpered out, 'I gave not quite a rix-dollar for the jingler,' and threw me back that he had gone to cheat me of; honest for once, and over late: and so with many sighs bade me Godspeed.

«Thus did my master, after often baffling men's justice, fall by their injustice; for his lost ears proved not his guilt only, but of that guilt the bitter punishment: so the account was even; yet they for his chastisement did chastise him. Natheless he was a parlous rogue. Yet he holp to make a man of me. Thanks to his good wit, I went forward richer far with my psaltery and brush than with yon as good as stolen purse; for that must have run dry in time, like a big trough, but these a little fountain.»

MONK AND FATHER

From 'The Cloister and the Hearth'

HE STAGGERED to his den. "I am safe here," he groaned: "she will never come near me again,—unmanly, ungrateful wretch that I am." And he flung his emaciated, frozen body down on the floor, not without a secret hope that it might never rise thence alive.

But presently he saw by the hour-glass that it was past midnight. On this, he rose slowly and took off his wet things; and moaning all the time at the pain he had caused her he loved, put on the old hermit's cilice of bristles, and over that his breastplate. He had never worn either of these before, doubting himself worthy to don the arms of that tried soldier. But now he must give himself every aid: the bristles might distract his earthly remorse by bodily pain, and there might be holy virtue in the breastplate.

Then he kneeled down and prayed God humbly to release him that very night from the burden of the flesh. Then he lighted all his candles, and recited his psalter doggedly: each word seemed to come like a lump of lead from a leaden heart, and to fall leaden to the ground; and in this mechanical office every now and then he moaned with all his soul. In the midst of which he suddenly observed a little bundle in the corner he had not seen before in the feebler light, and at one end of it something like gold spun into silk.

He went to see what it could be; and he had no sooner viewed it closer, than he threw up his hands with rapture. "It is a seraph," he whispered, "a lovely seraph. Heaven hath witnessed my bitter trial, and approves my cruelty; and this flower of the skies is sent to cheer me, fainting under my burden."

He fell on his knees, and gazed with ecstasy on its golden hair, and its tender skin, and cheeks like a peach.

"Let me feast my sad eyes on thee ere thou leavest me for thine ever-blessed abode, and my cell darkens again at thy parting, as it did at hers."

With all this, the hermit disturbed the lovely visitor. He opened wide two eyes, the color of heaven; and seeing a strange figure kneeling over him, he cried piteously, "Mum-ma! Mum-ma!" And the tears began to run down his little cheeks.

Perhaps, after all, Clement, who for more than six months had not looked on the human face divine, estimated childish beauty more justly than we can; and in truth, this fair Northern child, with its long golden hair, was far more angelic than any of our imagined angels. But now the spell was broken.

Yet not unhappily. Clement, it may be remembered, was fond of children; and true monastic life fosters this sentiment. The innocent distress on the cherubic face, the tears that ran so smoothly from those transparent violets, his eyes, and his pretty, dismal cry for his only friend, his mother, went through the hermit's heart. He employed all his gentleness and all his art to soothe him: and as the little soul was wonderfully intelligent for his age, presently succeeded so far that he ceased to cry out, and wonder took the place of fear; while in silence, broken only in little gulps, he scanned with great tearful eyes this strange figure that looked so wild but spoke so kindly, and wore armor, yet did not kill little boys, but coaxed them. Clement was equally perplexed to know how this little human flower came to lie sparkling and blooming in his gloomy cave. But he remembered he had left the door wide open; and he was driven to conclude that owing to this negligence, some unfortunate creature of high or low degree had seized this opportunity to get rid of her child for ever. At this his bowels yearned so over the poor deserted cherub, that the tears of pure tenderness stood in his eyes; and still, beneath the crime of the mother, he saw the Divine goodness which had so directed her heartlessness as to comfort his servant's breaking heart.

"Now bless thee, bless thee, bless thee, sweet innocent, I would not change thee for e'en a cherub in heaven."

"At's pooty," replied the infant,—ignoring contemptuously, after the manner of infants, all remarks that did not interest him.

"What is pretty here, my love, besides thee?"

"Ookum-gars," said the boy, pointing to the hermit's breast-plate.

"Quot liberi, tot sententiunculæ!" Hector's child screamed at his father's glittering casque and nodding crest: and here was a mediæval babe charmed with a polished cuirass, and his griefs assuaged.

"There are prettier things here than that," said Clement; "there are little birds; lovest thou birds?"

"Nay. Ay. En um ittle, ery ittle? Not ike torks. Hate torks; um bigger an baby."

He then confided, in very broken language, that the storks, with their great flapping wings, scared him, and were a great trouble and worry to him, darkening his existence more or less.

"Ay, but my birds are very little, and good, and oh, so pretty!"

"Den I ikes 'm," said the child authoritatively. "I ont my mammy."

"Alas, sweet dove! I doubt I shall have to fill her place as best I may. Hast thou no daddy as well as mammy, sweet one?" . . .

The next moment the moonlight burst into his cell, and with it, and in it, and almost as swift as it, Margaret Brandt was down at his knee with a timorous hand upon his shoulder.

"Gerard, you do not reject us. You cannot."

The startled hermit glared from his nurseling to Margaret, and from her to him, in amazement equaled only by his agitation at her so unexpected return. The child lay asleep on his left arm, and she was at his right knee; no longer the pale, scared, panting girl he had overpowered so easily an hour or two ago, but an imperial beauty, with blushing cheeks and sparkling eyes, and lips sweetly parted in triumph, and her whole face radiant with a look he could not quite read, for he had never yet seen it on her,—maternal pride.

He stared and stared from the child to her, in throbbing amazement.

"Us?" he gasped at last. And still his wonder-stricken eyes turned to and fro.

Margaret was surprised in her turn. It was an age of impressions, not facts. "What!" she cried, "doth not a father know his own child? and a man of God too? Fie, Gerard, to pretend! nay, thou art too wise, too good, not to have—why, I watched thee; and e'en now look at you twain! 'Tis thine own flesh and blood thou holdest to thine heart."

Clement trembled. "What words are these?" he stammered; "this angel mine?"

"Whose else? since he is mine."

Clement turned on the sleeping child, with a look beyond the power of the pen to describe, and trembled all over, as his eyes seemed to absorb the little love.

Margaret's eyes followed his. "He is not a bit like me," said she, proudly; "but oh, at whiles he is thy very image in little; and see this golden hair. Thine was the very color at his age; ask mother else. And see this mole on his little finger; now look at thine own: there! 'Twas thy mother let me weet thou wast marked so before him: and O Gerard, 'twas this our child found thee for me; for by that little mark on thy finger I knew thee for his father, when I watched above thy window and saw thee feed the birds:" here she seized the child's hand and kissed it eagerly, and got half of it into her mouth, heaven knows how. "Ah, bless thee! thou didst find thy poor daddy for her, and now thou hast made us friends again after our little quarrel; the first, the last. Wast very cruel to me but now, my poor Gerard, and I forgive thee—for loving of thy child."

HENRY DE RÉGNIER

(1864-)

BY PIERRE DE BACOURT

HENRY DE RÉGNIER was born at Honfleur in Normandy. His father (who had been a playmate of Gustave Flaubert) belonged to a family of the lesser nobility of the province of Picardy of which all the men were officers in the King's army, brigadiers, Chevaliers of Saint-Louis; through his mother he descended from the du Bard of Burgundy with whom ability for letters seems to have been hereditary. His early childhood passed happy and carefree in the picturesque little city on the banks of the Seine, famous for its queer mediæval houses and its charming but diminutive Norman Museum. In 1871 Mr. de Régnier, the father, who was an Inspector of Customs, was promoted Receiver and sent to Paris. Three years later his son entered the Collège Stanislas. At fifteen he wrote his first poem. Larroumet, his professor, a poor littérateur who became later on a shrewd politician, declared it was simply «grotesque.» The young man was a rather indifferent student but an omnivorous reader, quite eclectic in his tastes, enjoying with the same relish Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Flaubert and . . . the tragedies of the eighteenth century, not only Voltaire's plays but even those of Prosper Crébillon — a perversion shared with Leconte de Lisle. After his graduation in 1883 he studied law and passed the examination for the diplomatic service, but this was all he could do to please his family; the call of the Muses was too insistent and he soon gave up all attempt at any career but that of a man of letters. Shortly after he began to publish his first verse in a little review called (Lutèce,) under the pen name of Hugues Vignix, a kind of monogram of Hugo and Vigny.

Stéphane Mallarmé at that time was famous in a mysterious sort of way. Ignored by the public at large, idolized by a small coterie of young artists of the pen, he was to his admirers a master, a demi-god, and a seer. De Régnier, introduced to him, became one of the most faithful habitués of the Tuesdays of the «rue de Rome,» where he met the élite of the new «symboliste» school. His intercourse with Mallarmé, Verlaine, Viélé-Griffin, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, Stuart Merrill, Jean Moréas, and Gustave Kahn had the greatest influence, at least at the beginning of his career, on his artistic development. So it is not surprising to find «mallarmean» inspiration in his first book, (Les Lendemains) (1885), which is a promise of much higher achievements.

In ‹Apaisement› (1886) the author shows a greater mastery of metre. But with ‹Sites› (1889) he wins the recognition of the public, and ‹Episodes› (1888) establishes once for all his claim to the noble title of poet.

These four pamphlets, reprinted in 1899 as ‹Premiers Poèmes,› form a logical sequence: ‹Les Lendemains,› first contact with life, painful realization of the difference between dream and reality; ‹Apaisement,› acceptance of the conditions of our world; hereafter the dream will reign on the inner life of the poet, who in ‹Sites› builds the palaces, depicts the landscapes where the ‹Episodes› of this inner life will unfold themselves.

About 1888 Henry de Régnier made the acquaintance of José Maria de Heredia, the author of ‹Les Trophées,› curator of the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal; there he came in contact not only with all the literary celebrities of the time, but also with the gifted daughters of his host. Marie had already composed poems which were to be published anonymously in La Revue des Deux Mondes in 1894. Common love for poetry was a scarcely needed tie between these two artistic young souls. In 1896 Henry de Régnier married Mlle. de Heredia; later on under the pen name of Gérard d'Houville she published some remarkable novels, including ‹L'Inconstante› and ‹Esclave,› and some excellent verse. Let us mention incidentally that her two sisters married also men of letters, Maurice Maindron and Pierre Louys. Henry de Régnier was at that time a tall and slender young man with long and elegant hands, an eye-glass in the left eye, a drooping mustache, but a powerful chin. His general appearance was one of distant, aristocratic, and rather languid distinction. Guarded in his words as well as in his gestures, he listened more than he talked, with an observant air rather suggestive of the diplomat than of the man of letters; but this outward frigidness was but the mask of an oversensitive soul.

Between 1887 and 1890 appeared in succession the various pieces of ‹Poèmes Anciens et Romanesques.› In full possession of the technic of his art and with an equal mastery of the alexandrine and of free verse, de Régnier enters upon a period of remarkable production, each new work of which is a seemingly impossible step towards higher perfection. ‹Rustic and Divine Games› (1897) and ‹Medals of Clay› (1900) pervaded with the clear beauty of Greece; ‹The City of the Waters,› in which the pomp of the Versailles of old and the solitude of the Versailles of to-day are sung with sumptuous melancholy; ‹The Winged Sandal› (1903–5) and ‹The Mirror of the Hours,› whose calm majesty and faultless versification reach to the highest summits of poetry, form an ensemble which permits us to affirm without fear of contradiction that Henry de Régnier is not only the greatest of the «symboliste» poets but one of the greatest France has known.

This was not enough for such a tireless worker, for, besides his

poems, he has published up to date five volumes of short stories, four of essays and criticism, and eleven novels.

The short stories appeared for the most part in reviews such as ‹Les Écrits pour l'Art,› ‹Les Entretiens Politiques et Littéraires,› ‹La Revue de Paris,› before being collected in book form under the various titles of ‹La Canne de Jaspe› (1897), ‹Les Amants singuliers› (1901), ‹Trois Contes à soi-même› (1907), ‹Couleur du Temps› (1908), and ‹Le Plateau de Laque› (1903). In all can be found the same elegance of style, poetic imagination, mysterious fancy, vivid evocation of the past; some are masterpieces of that particular form of literature, ranking with the best Maupassant has ever written.

‹Figures et Caractères› (1901) is not merely a criticism but rather a method for the proper understanding of Michelet, Vigny, Hugo, Mallarmé. ‹Sujets et Paysages› and ‹Esquisses Vénitiennes› (1906) tell of the many journeys the author has taken to the cities of dreams, Bruges, Arles, Aigues-Mortes, Constantinople the city of the fountains, Venice, Damascus the city of fruits, New Orleans, and others. ‹Portraits et Souvenirs› (1913) contains extremely clever studies of contemporary personalities.

We lack the space to give even a sketchy outline of de Régnier's many novels. They are fully equal to his verse. In a general way they might be divided into two classes, those which have for their setting the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as ‹La Double Maîtresse› (1899), ‹Le Bon Plaisir› (1902), ‹Les Rencontres de Monsieur de Bréot› (1911), and those of the present time, such as ‹Le Mariage de Minuit,› ‹Les Vacances d'un jeune Homme sage› (1903), and ‹La Peur de l'Amour› (1907), the last being ‹Romaine Mirmault› (1914). ‹Le Passé Vivant› (1905) spans the division and has a foot in either territory.

M. de Régnier received the cross of the Legion of Honor in 1897. In 1899 the Académie Française awarded to him the «Prix Vitet» and in 1911 admitted him among its members in the place of Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé. He had been unsuccessful in a previous attempt, when Jean Richepin won the election.

Some time in 1900 M. de Régnier came to the United States on a lecture tour; he obtained at best a success of curiosity, but brought back some pretty memories delightfully expressed later on.

As de Régnier achieved the rare distinction of writing in prose and in verse with the same skill, his work must be considered from two different angles. As a poet he is before all a poet's poet; his craftsmanship could not be appreciated by the public at large, which at first ignored him, then laughed at him, and admired him only when the unstinted praise of the littérateurs had proved that it was the proper thing to do. But nothing could deter him, for he loved his profession as the early artists loved theirs. For him writing was not a means of expression, it was an

end. He was, however, too profoundly intelligent not to feel that the brilliant fabric of his verse needed some solid background of thought, so by mere instinct, he never went as far as some of his rivals who were content in producing harmonious but meaningless combinations of words.

His poetical work has been divided into periods; in the first his individuality is not complete; in the second we detect the first manner that can be called his own, a remarkably clever use of free verse, as in «Jeux Rustiques et Divins»; in the third, the note is graver, and he returns to the alexandrine as in «La Sandale Ailée» and «Le Miroir des Heures.»

Such a division is purely artificial. Truly, we notice in his very first attempts the influence of Victor Hugo, then that of Mallarmé and Verlaine; later on, more even metre and more elaborate combinations of sounds may suggest Heredia; but nowhere can we find a trace of imitation. De Régnier is tuning his instrument, trying his chords, but he remains himself.

Some surprise has been expressed at his reversion to the classical forms. It was inevitable, for by heredity, nature, training, and taste he is a classic. Still, from his association with the «vers-libristes» he gained a freedom, a flexibility in the handling of his rhymes and rhythms which make of his lawless alexandrine an instrument of expression of the very highest order, in many ways superior or at least more supple than its classical ancestor.

As to the general trend of his poems, we can but repeat what Amy Lowell has said in «Six French Poets»:

«Henry de Régnier is the poet of sadness, of gentle melancholy. He is also the poet of the nude. He almost attains the chaste and cool treatment of Greek statues. Probably it is this similarity of point of view which makes him so often choose mythological subjects. His attitude is not Greek in the historical and pedantic meaning of that term, it is rather the attitude of certain of our English poets in treating classical subjects. Beaumont and Fletcher in «The Faithful Shepherdess» for instance, or Keats in «Endymion» or «The Grecian Urn.»»

Henry de Régnier's short stories might be considered as a transition between his poems and his novels. Not that poetic or rhythmic prose is to be found in them; the author knows his craft too well not to understand that different technics and qualities belong to different literary forms.

He always takes great care that the style matches the subject. This is noticeable in his novels. In the modern ones, the language is terse, the sentences short, the descriptions bare of details. He shows an objective psychological skill in the concise presentation of subtle traits which could hardly be expected in a poet.

The so-called historical novels are perhaps still more remarkable. They are absolutely free from that pedantic show of knowledge which frequently mars books of this kind. References to dates, portraits of sovereigns or famous men, obvious peculiarities of words, artificial «couleur locale» are carefully avoided. We feel that we are in the seventeenth or the eighteenth century because the characters think, speak, act as we know people of that period would have done. The style itself is of the time; the periods, full of subordinate and incidental clauses, unroll themselves with an easy majesty, the secret of which was thought to have been lost ages ago. The atmosphere is so true that we are inclined to close the volume and look at the title-page to ascertain its date of publication.

Henry de Régnier has sometimes been reproached for a certain Rabelaisian coarseness which surprises us in such a refined poet. He is thoroughly Gallic, and never hesitates to use the proper word even when that word happens to be improper. There is indeed no deliberate immorality in this — only a child's innocence of morals with a touch of delightful impertinence. But, to cite again Amy Lowell, «it is undoubtedly true that this fastidious gentleman enjoys a very loud laugh at times.»

What is de Régnier's outlook on life? Like many other modern authors, he has discarded the old creed. His temperament, firmly controlled by its own fine judgment and its own intuitive sense of measure, does not feel the need of the external restraint of social conventions which to ordinary people mean religion. He is inclined towards a pantheistic conception of the universe, or rather, as Mr. Havelock Ellis has very well said, a naturalistic pantheism of which we find some trace in Maurice de Guérin, with whom he has on one side some affinity.

But to seek in his work a solution of the problems which now perplex our modern world would be a waste of time; Henry de Régnier is a dreamer, a poet, an artist, his aim was simply to create beauty for the consolation of his fellow men,

«Car la forme, l'odeur et la beauté des choses
Sont le seul souvenir dont on ne souffre pas.»

THE FAUN WITH THE MIRROR

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SORROW, I have built your house, and the trees mingle their chequering with the stains of your marbles. Sorrow, I have built your green and black palace, where the yew of mourning mingles with the myrtles of hope; in the crystal panes of your windows are reflected the gardens, with balustrades and waters whose exactness frames the sky; the dismal echo converses with solitude who seeks herself among the cypresses; farther off is silence and all the forest, the rude life, and the prowling wind, the lush grass on which is printed, according to what thing passes, an animal shoe in place of a divine foot; farther off is the Satyr; and still farther, the God of the Woods and the Nymph, who, naked, inhabits the solitary fountains where, near the Thessalian waters, the Centaur nicks the pebbles in kicking; and then, gray sands after red sands, the monsters of Desire, the monsters of the Flesh, and beyond the arid beach is the Sea. Sorrow, I have built your house, and the trees have mottled the crystals of your basins like a marble; the white swan sees its black shadow in the water, as pale Joy sees in the lake of my memory her silver wings dimmed by a twilight through which her naked face, recoiling from her, makes signs to her across the forever that she is dead; and I, who have come in without shutting the door, I am afraid in the darkness of some hand on the key; and I walk from room to room, and I have veiled my dreams not to see myself in them any more; but, from beyond, I still feel shadows dogging my footsteps; and the crystal which tinkles, and the watered silk which my perpetually-weary hand crumples, warn my anguish, for I hear in the hypocritical, sleeping chandelier the sound of silver water laughing in golden flowers, and the dripping of antique fountains where Narcissus drank, lips pressed to his own lips, for which the spring laughed at the anxious drinker; and I cursed my mouth, and I cursed my eyes, for having seen the warm skin and touched the cold water, and when my fingers again wrinkle the stiff stuff, I hear, out of my gossiping past which will not be still, the leaves and the wind of the old forest; and I walk among the solitary rooms where some one speaks with a pretence of being silent, for my life has the eyes of a sister who is not dead, and I am afraid, when I enter, of seeing from the threshold of the door some laughing and ghostly monster come from the shadow with the smell of the woods on his naked hide, some Faun who still has mud, and grass, and leaves, sticking to his resonant shoes, and of seeing him, in the silent room, dancing upon the polished floor and laughing to himself in the mirrors!

THE VASE

My heavy hammer rang in the light air; I saw the river and the orchard, the field, and as far as the woods, beneath the sky growing bluer hour by hour, then rose and mauve in the twilight; then I stood up straight and stretched myself, happy in the task of the hours, numb with having crouched from dawn till twilight before the block of marble upon which I cut out the sides of the vase, still in its shell, that my ponderous hammer struck, stressing the clear morning and the good day, happy at being resonant in the light air.

The vase took shape in the worked stone. Slender and pure, it had grown larger, still unformed in its slenderness, and I waited, with idle and unquiet hands, for days, turning my head to the left, to the right, at the slightest sound, without polishing the belly farther or lifting the hammer. The water ran from the spring as though breathless. In the silence, I heard the fruits of the orchard trees falling, one by one, from branch to branch; I breathed a heralding perfume of distant flowers on the wind; often I thought that some one spoke low, and one day that I dreamed — not sleeping — I heard, beyond the fields and the river, the playing of flutes.

Still another day, between the ochre and gold leaves of the woods, I saw a faun with shaggy yellow legs dancing; I caught sight of him also, another time, coming out of the wood, along the road, and sitting down upon a stump to take a butterfly from one of his horns.

Another time, a centaur crossed the river swimming, the water streamed from his man's skin and his horse's coat; he advanced a few steps into the reeds, snuffed the wind, whinneyed, and crossed back over the water; the next day I saw the prints of his hoofs stamped in the grass.

Naked women passed carrying baskets and sheaves, very far off, quite at the other end of the plain. One morning I found three at the spring, and one of them spoke to me. She was naked. She said to me: «Carve the stone after the form of my body in your thoughts, and make my bright face smile in the marble block; listen all round you to the hours danced by my sisters, whose circle winds itself, interlaced, and revolves and sings and unwinds.»

And I felt her warm mouth upon my cheek.

Then the vast orchard, and the woods, and the plain, shivered to a strange noise, and the spring ran faster, with a laugh in its waters; the

three Nymphs standing near the three reeds took one another by the hand and danced; red-haired fauns came out of the wood in troupes, and voices sang beyond the trees of the orchard, with flutes awake in the light air. The ground echoed to the gallop of centaurs; they came from the depths of the resonant horizon, and one saw lame satyrs, stung by bees, sitting on the rushing cruppers, holding twisted staves and big-bellied leather bottles; hairy mouths and vermillion lips kissed each other, and the immense and frenzied circle — heavy hoofs, light feet, fleeces, cruppers, tunics — turned wildly about me, who, grave while it went on, carved on the rounded sides of the vase the whirl of the forces of life.

From the perfume sent out by the ripe earth, an intoxication mounted through my thoughts, and in the smell of fruits and crushed grapes, in the shock of hoofs and the stamping of heels, in the fallow odor of goats and stallions, under the breeze of the circle and the hail of laughter, I carved upon the marble what I heard humming; and amidst the hot flesh and the warm exhalations, neighings of muzzles or murmurings of lips, I felt, loving or savage, upon my hands, the breath of nostrils or the kisses of mouths.

Twilight came and I turned my head.

My intoxication was dead with the accomplished task; and upon its pedestal, at last, from foot to handles, the great vase stood up naked in the silence, and carved in a spiral about its living marble, the dispersed circle, of which a feeble wind brought the echo of the vanished noise, turned, with its goats, its gods, its naked women, its rearing centaurs, and its nimble fauns, silently round the side, while alone forever in the gloomy night, I cursed the dawn and wept toward the darkness.

ODELETTE I

A LITTLE reed has sufficed me to make the tall grass rustle, and the whole meadow, and the gentle willows, and the singing brook as well; a little reed has sufficed me to make the forest sing.

Those who pass have heard it in the depths of the evening, in their thoughts, in the silence and in the wind, clear or lost, near or far. . . . Those who pass listening to their thoughts in the depths of themselves will hear it still, and hear it always singing.

It has sufficed me, this little reed gathered at the spring where Love comes sometimes to mirror his grave, weeping face, to make those who pass weep, and to make the grass tremble and the water rustle, and I have made the whole forest sing in the breath of a reed.

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ERNEST RENAN

ERNEST RENAN

(1823–1892)

BY FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE

IN THE Preface to his 'Recollections of Infancy and Youth,' Ernest Renan himself recalled the legend of that town of Is, long ago engulfed by the sea in punishment of its crimes, the sound of whose bells one hears on calm days, rising from the depths of the abyss, where they continue always to call together for prayer a people who have not yet finished paying the debt of their repentance. And he adds: "It often seems to me that I have at the bottom of my heart a town of Is, that still resounds with bells continuing to call to sacred rites the faithful who no longer hear." This was "the state of his soul" when, nearing the sixties, having almost completed his life work, he tried to represent himself by this poetic comparison; where he re-found, mingled with memories of his devout infancy, all the melancholy that weeps in the heart of the people and soil of Brittany. But he characterized at the same time, perhaps without knowing it, the nature of his own talent; and he gave us the reason of his great reputation as a writer. We also, during forty years, have heard sounding in his work the far-off bells of the town of Is; we have heard the thrill of their voice vibrating even in the unthanked works of the philologue and the exegete: and he himself, do what he might, has never been able to make himself wholly unfaithful to his first beginnings. The vase has kept its perfume, *quo recens imbuta semel;* and if the originality of Ernest Renan is anywhere, it is there, in the strange and often displeasing but sometimes exquisite combination, developing itself in him, of the sincerest emotionalism with the narrow rationalism of the scholar and the philologue. The originality of a great writer, in a literature like the French literature of our time, is always a little composite: we are Alexandrians; that is not our fault, and we could not be reproached with it if we did not abuse it by abandoning ourselves to the pleasure of dilettanteism. This is a reproach, as will be seen, that Renan did not always know how to avoid.

He was born in 1823 at Tréguier, in the Department of the Côtes du Nord, under the shadow of an old cathedral full of mystery and incense; and he was educated for the priesthood. His family being

humble, did his mother's ambition go beyond a vague hope of some day seeing him the celebrant at the high altar of their native town? But from the depths of his province, his successes in scholarship attracted the attention of the Abbé Dupanloup; the same who afterwards became the blustering bishop of Orléans, but who was then only the converter of M. de Talleyrand — Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord — and the superior or director of the Little Seminary of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet. The Little Seminary of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet was a "free institution of secondary instruction," where the best families of the Faubourg Saint-Germain sent their children to be educated. One of these children, afterwards the Duke de Noailles, — that Frenchman who since Tocqueville has understood America best, — kept a most vivid recollection of Renan; and I remember to have read some pages that he wrote upon his old schoolfellow, — pages that unfortunately have not seen nor perhaps ever will see the light.

From St. Nicolas du Chardonnet, where rhetoric completed the course, Ernest Renan passed to the Seminary of Issy, which stands somewhat in the relation of a preparatory school to the great seminary of St. Sulpice; and it was there that he began to experience his first doubts as to the justifiability of the vocation to which until then he had believed himself called. In his 'Recollections of Youth,' which he wrote thirty years later, he undertook to explain the nature of that crisis; and one would suppose, to hear him speak, that neither the desire of the world, — that avidity of living which is so characteristic of the twentieth year, — nor philosophy even, nor the sudden revelation of science, played the least part in it. It would seem that his reasons for doubting were purely philological; and that textual criticism alone swept away the faith of his childhood. We shall not contradict this. But the publication of his 'Correspondence' has revealed to us since then another influence that affected the formation of his character, — the most powerful perhaps of all: it was that of his sister Henriette. This girl, poor and highly cultivated, who conducted far from her family, in Poland or Russia, the education of the children of a great lady, was gnawed by resentment; and in her triple rôle of woman, hired teacher, and native of Brittany, suffered cruelly from being unable to satisfy or even to relieve it by giving it expression. It was through her brother that she found her opportunity. As soon as the first doubts began to show themselves in the seminarist, it was his sister who encouraged them; or rather she communicated to him her own boldness of spirit: and putting her savings to the service of her passion, it was she who supplied Ernest Renan with the means of quitting St. Sulpice, and of resuming thus the life of a layman. We are able to-day to affirm that Henriette

Renan was the great worker of her brother's unbelief; she was the patient worker, the impassioned worker: and only later did exegesis or philology furnish Renan with the reasons he needed for establishing the convictions his sister had breathed into him.

It is right to add that both were utterly sincere, and that for Ernest Renan the sacrifice was painful. He was born to be a priest, as he himself has said; and his life was to be, if one may use the expression, that of a priest of science. With that suppleness of mind which was one day to characterize him, and procure him the means of being more at ease in the midst of contradictions than are many believers in the fortress of their dogmatism, he would have found without doubt the art of reconciling his studious tastes with the practice and observances of a dead faith. But with a care for his dignity which did him honor, he did not desire this. He liked better —in this country of France, where the conduct of the priest who renounces the altar is so eagerly laid to the lightest [*les plus «joyeux»*]—that is to say, to the lowest—motives, he found it more loyal and noble to brave the anger of some, the pleasantries of others, the distrust of all. He resumed his studies; he took his university degrees; and in 1847 he made his début as «philologue» and as «Hebraïst,» by a brilliant stroke, submitting to the Institute of France the paper which became, a few years later, his 'General and Comparative History of the Semitic Languages.'

We have from him, written about the same time, an important book which appeared later—much later; indeed, in 1890: it is 'The Future of Science,' of which it can truthfully be said that this «future of science» is in his work that «thought of youth realized by ripe age,» that a great poet has set before the ambitions of young men as the image or the ideal of a noble life. The whole of Renan is in his 'Future of Science'; he was to draw, all his life, upon his vast *Purana*, as he liked to call it himself: nevertheless, he was not to make for himself a law of conforming during forty years to all the convictions of the beginning of his career. But he was not to abjure them; and in the future as in the present, when it is desired to form a just opinion of the type of mind, the personal method, and even the work of Ernest Renan, it is in this vast book that they must be sought.

Let us go on to consider his first great works given to the public: his thesis for the doctorate, upon 'Averroës and Averroïsm,' 1852; his 'General History of the Semitic Languages,' 1855; his 'Studies of Religious History,' 1857; his translation of the Book of Job, 1858; his book on the 'Origin of Language,' 1858; his 'Essays, Moral and Critical,' 1859. Their charm of style is incomparable; and never have subjects so severe been treated with more precision, ease, and

lucidity. This is saying too little: for the real truth is that there is something «Platonic» in this first manner of Renan, were it only the art with which he envelops his most abstract ideas in the most ingenious metaphors, or the most captivating and poetic images. With him, as with the author of the 'Cratylus' and the 'Gorgias,' comparisons, in spite of the proverb, are often reasons, explanations, solutions. Equally notable in these first writings is a keen perception of the analogies between natural history and philology; which enables him to bind together by insensible transitions, and nuances contrived with infinite art, that which is most «human» in us—that is, language—with that which is most instinctive, which is the imprint we receive from surrounding nature. There is a good example of it in the development of the celebrated formula, «The desert is monotheistic»; and who does not see that on this basis it would indeed be possible to establish an entire new science, to be called «the Geography of the Religions»? As to the scientific or technical value of these same works, it is attested by the fact that in 1856 it came about that the Academy of Inscriptions elected the young author to succeed the brilliant historian of the 'Conquest of England by the Normans.' He was appointed librarian of the National Library in the department of manuscripts. The imperial government charged him with a mission to Phœnicia. But what is more interesting than all else to affirm here, is that from this time forth he knew what he wished to do; he approached his whole life work on all sides at once: and already good judges, like Sainte-Beuve in his 'New Mondays,' or like Edmond Schérer in his 'Studies of Religious History,' saw its first lineaments outlined.

The attempt was novel and the undertaking bold. Convinced that all the great races of men which have appeared in turn or together upon the world's stage have left us in the remains of their language, and still more conclusively in the monuments of their literature, the surest witnesses to their highest aspirations, it was precisely these aspirations that Renan proposed to rediscover; and he saw in philology, to use his own expression, «the science of the productions of the human soul.» Therefore, just as under the superfluous matter with which the hand of an ignorant copyist has covered a precious palimpsest, palæography endeavors to find again the authentic text of Virgil or Homer, and as soon as it begins to decipher it, calls to its aid, to further its efforts to fix it in a way to remain, all the resources of grammar, criticism, and history,—so Renan, brushing away the dust with which time has covered, as it were, the archives of humanity, proposed to re-establish their true meaning, altered or disfigured by superstition. From all these archives, he chose the religious archives as the most significant of all, to make them the object of a

more profound study: the Vedas of the Hindus, the Zend-Avesta of the Persians, the Pentateuch of the Hebrews, the Koran of the Arabs; and in truth, since there is no religion which is not at the same time a system of the world, an expression of the relations that man believes that he sustains with the nature which surrounds him, and a solution of the enigma of destiny, what surer means could be imagined of penetrating more deeply into what is innermost in the mind of the races? Aryans or Semites, Mussulmans or Buddhists, it is in the intimate constitution of our race spirit that we find the first principle, the reason for the forms of our belief, the limits also of our religions! And believing that he saw at last in this very formula a way of reconciling the sincerity, the ardor of his idealism with the complete independence of his thought, Renan proposed to disengage «religion,» in so far as necessary or innate in humanity, from the midst of the «religions» which have been until now in history, at least from his point of view, only its multiple expression, changeable and superstitious. From Indian Buddhism, from Greek polytheism, from the monotheism of the Mussulman, and generally from the particular content of the symbolism, rites, and dogma of all the religions, when we have eliminated whatever they include that is «local,» dependent on time or circumstance,—when we have, as it were, purified them above all of whatever they include that is ethnical,—what remains? This is the thought that, floating about for the last hundred years, more or less, began a little while ago to condense, to take shape, to «concrete» itself so to speak, in the Congress of Religions at Chicago; and whatever may be its future, the propagation of this thought in the history of the contemporary mind is the work of Ernest Renan.

Undoubtedly there is no need of showing in how many points it differs from the thought of Voltaire or of Condorcet; but in how many points also it approaches their thought! It comes so near it, that like the philosophy of the eighteenth century itself, it ends in the constitution of a «natural religion.» But while the natural religion of Voltaire is a creation of pure reason, a deduction of good sense, common-sense, opposed to all things of any depth that the positive religions teach, decidedly on the contrary it is from the fundamental history of the positive religions, studied scientifically and impartially, that the «natural religion» of Renan is derived; and hence its truths have no value except through their conformity to whatever is most concrete and most intimate in the world. Or in still other words, it appears that the same conclusion is reached, but by different roads,—and that is the important point here,—in every domain, in science itself, in physics or in psychology. «Discoveries» are nothing,—all lies in the manner in which they are made;

and it is not the verities that enrich the human intellect, but the «methods» that have led to them. The exclusive employment of the philological or exegetical method suffices to establish between Voltaire's religion and Renan's a difference that Renan himself, in his latter years, by means of an affected impiety, could not wholly succeed in effacing. In vain did he compare David to Troppmann; and with less provoking coarseness, but in the same spirit, the prophet Amos to some living «anarchist.» These pleasantries belied his good taste; they led some persons to doubt his «sincerity»: but his «method» was the strongest; and it is this that keeps intact, with the greatness of his name, whatever is most original and solid in his work.

Meanwhile the moment of the struggle approached. «When a man writes upon the rulers of Nineveh or upon the Pharaohs of Egypt,» said D. F. Strauss, «he can take only an historical interest! But Christianity is such a living thing, and the problem of its origin involves such consequences for the most immediate present, that critics who would bring only a purely historical interest to these questions are to be pitied for their imbecility.» Ernest Renan was not, he could not be, of the number of these critics. But above all, having set forth as he had done the question of the relation between the «religions» and «religion,» he could not leave Christianity out of his inquest. One expected him to deal with the question of the origins of Christianity. He must come to it. None of his works were of interest except as they led to that. To hesitate or to withdraw—that would have been to fail not only in courage, but in intellectual probity. He understood it himself; and in 1863 he published his 'Life of Jesus.' No book, as is well known, has made more noise, in France, in Europe, in the world; a very different noise from that raised by Strauss's 'Life of Jesus,' or all the works of the School of Tübingen. No book has stirred up more polemics, more ardent or more violent. No book has engendered graver consequences. Whence came that tumult, and what did it mean? Just here, to understand it perfectly, it is necessary to develop Renan's method somewhat; and in order to develop it, join to the 'Life of Jesus' the six volumes which followed it, and which are—'The Apostles' (1866), 'St. Paul' (1869), 'Antichrist' (1873), 'The Gospels' (1877), 'The Christian Church' (1879), and 'Marcus Aurelius' (1881).

There is still some uncertainty or embarrassment in the 'Life of Jesus': the embarrassment or constraint of a man who does not know exactly how far he can push audacity, and who fears pushing it too far, lest he alienate from himself the very public he would like to reach. This is why Renan attempts to restore all that he

takes away from the «divinity» of Jesus to his «humanity,» of which he traces an image exceeding in every way the proportions of humanity itself. Neither man nor God, his Jesus resembles sometimes those Christs of the Italian decadence — so admirable but so insignificant; of a beauty so perfect, or rather so commonplace; so well clothed, so well combed — seen in the pictures of Guido or of Domenichino; and sometimes one would say a giant, a «sombre giant,» — it is his very expression, — and not the greatest among us, but a force of nature necessarily incommensurable with our mediocrity. But beginning with 'The Apostles,' and especially with 'St. Paul,' the method acquires precision or character; and it is absolutely clear that its first principle is to beat down, so to speak, the history that till then had always been called «holy» or «sacred» to the level of other histories, of all histories; and it must be said, it was what no one since Spinoza, in his famous treatise 'Theology and Politics,' had dared to attempt. D. F. Strauss and Christian Baur themselves had appeared to believe that if the Old and the New Testament are like other books, — or, to go directly to the bottom of their thought, are books like the 'Ramayana,' for example, or like the 'Zend-Avesta,' — nevertheless Biblical criticism does not forego her own principles, her own rules, her own methods; and it would seem from reading them that «exegesis» is something other and more than an application of philology. It is this distinction that Renan strives to efface. There is for him only one method, only one philology, as there is only one physics; and whatever may be the content of the Pentateuch or of the Gospels, it can be determined or interpreted by no other means than that used for the content of the Iliad or Odyssey. Until his work, one had taken for granted the entire authenticity of the form, according to the accepted importance of the subject: it is the contrary that ought to be done, — the conditions of the form should determine the value of the substance. It is not a question of knowing the worth of Christian ethics, nor whether the lofty character of Christianity is a proof of its divinity, — that would be theology! But who wrote the Gospel of Matthew or the Gospel of John, at what periods, in what places, under what circumstances, on what occasion, with what intention? There is the problem; and the object of a 'History of the Origin of Christianity' is to elucidate it. When the problem is solved, the history will be complete: and in fact, it is quite in this way that Renan conceived it; it is thus that he proposed to write it; it is the plan that he followed in writing it.

Taine liked to say that what he most admired in the works of Renan, was «that one could not see how it was done»; and he was right, if he meant only the style or the «phrase,» which gives the impression of being born spontaneously, without effort and without art,

under the pen of Renan. But he was in error if he meant the plan or arrangement of his books: it is, on the contrary, fully seen how that «is done.» Having collected all the texts that taken together constitute the New Testament,—and not neglecting to add to them the «apocryphal,»—Renan discussed them all as a philologue, according to the principles of his exegesis, and dated and classified them chronologically. He thus obtained a series of documents spread over a period of about a hundred and fifty or two hundred years, from Jesus to Marcus Aurelius. He then set himself to determine, according to chronological order, what might be called the logical relations between them; and—to take an example—very much as if, not knowing the authentic dates of Pascal's 'Thoughts' or of the 'Genius of Christianity,' of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' or of Wesley's sermons, we should nevertheless see without difficulty that these works could not answer to one and the same moment in the evolution of Christian thought. But the determination of that moment, in its turn, is not fixed by itself, nor above all by the sole consideration of that moment itself. Pascal and Bunyan are men who have lived, like all men, at a given time in history; who are related to other men by all their personal traits, who are contemporaries of Louis XIV. or Charles II., witnesses of the apogee of French greatness or of the corruption of England under the Stuarts; the latter a bourgeois, the former an artisan,—whence it follows that we cannot understand them unless we begin by replacing them in their *milieu*. It was this also that Renan did; and thus the general history of the Roman Empire—which is found to coincide with the history of the world—enters, so to speak, into the intervals of these documents, which it binds together, which it illumines with its light, which it sometimes overflows by the intensity of its interest. The propagation of the Christian idea becomes the soul or the active principle,—the principle of the movement of a history of which its triumph is the limit. The historians of the Empire had seen only the Empire in the Empire; and the excellent and learned Lenain de Tillemont would alone furnish a proof of it, since he wrote on the one hand the 'History of the Emperors,' and on the other the precious quarto of his 'Ecclesiastical History,' without ever conceiving the idea of intermingling them, as they were nevertheless intermingled in reality. Renan did this; and is it necessary to remark how this second application of the method confirmed, and in the eyes of many of his readers naturally contributed to aggravate, the first? The miraculous, the Divine element in the beginnings of Christianity became in some sort attenuated; or to change the figure, was the more «humanized» the more attentively the investigator appeared to be following its evolution. It only remained to dispel a kind of prestige in which all that is ancient

is enveloped, *major e longinquo reverentia;* and the very logic of his method obliged Renan to perform this office.

No means more simple nor more powerful in its simplicity. It is the theory of *existing causes* — that theory with which the names of Lyell and Darwin are associated — transferred from the order of natural history to that of high erudition. The active causes which without our suspecting it, deform, reform, and transform the physical universe under our eyes, are the same that formerly produced all that our fathers interpreted as gigantic and marvelous in the archives of the past. The drop of water wears away the stone; polyps have constructed islands — perhaps continents; and accumulated dust has become Himalayas and Alleghanies. In the same way, at no epoch in the short history of humanity have other forces been at work than those that are working still; and the present contains all that is essential to the explanation of the past. Hence in Renan's writings, in his 'History of the Origins of Christianity,' those perpetual allusions to the present. He is of his time; and he never forgets it when he speaks of Marcus Aurelius or Nero, because man is always man, and the obscurity of the past could not be cleared away better than by the light of the present. Nothing creates itself nor is lost: he takes literally and in its entirety an axiom that is perhaps true only of the physical universe; and still it would be necessary to be very clear on this point, and he applies it rigorously to history. He goes further: not only does he explain the most considerable revolutions by the action of existing causes, but like Darwin and Lyell, he insinuates that there are no revolutions, strictly speaking; and for this reason, if he encounters some unique or extraordinary fact, he reduces it to a contemporary fact. The preaching of St. Paul on the Areopagus "must have had no more success than a visionary imbued with neo-Catholicism would have had, endeavoring in the time of the Empire to convert to his ideas an academician attached to the religion of Horace; or than a humanitarian socialist of our own day would have, were he to hold forth against English prejudices before the fellows of Oxford or of Cambridge." These perpetual juxtapositions, which have pleased certain of Renan's readers, have irritated many more of them; and their irritation was not unreasonable, if perhaps nothing has contributed so much as the cleverness, often deceiving, with which he uses them, to remodel the history of the origin of Christianity upon the plan of universal history. But what we cannot make too emphatic is, that they proceed from the very foundation of his method: this we have just tried to show; and it could be shown in another way by demonstrating that one has only to examine these same things somewhat closely, to discover that there is much in the method not only hazardous, conjectural, and arbitrary, but also ruinous.

In truth, for all these comparisons, the propagation of Christianity in the world remains a unique fact,—a *ἅπαξ λεγόμενον*, according to the expression that Renan himself liked to employ; and I do not wish to say «a miracle,» but incontestably an effect that down to the present time has never been wholly explained by the reasoning of history. Renan knew it so well that he exhausted himself in subtle evasions of this conclusion of his own studies. And did he not do this even in the Preface to his 'History of the People of Israel,' in 1887, when he strove to distinguish what he called a «providential history» from a «miraculous history,» or when to the «Jewish miracle» he opposed the «Greek miracle»? But it is not possible to escape the consequences of a complete method by such distinctions; and in fact, without discussing here either the principles of his exegesis, which are not immovable, nor his opinion of the supernatural, which up to this point recognizes only the authority of physics, Renan has slipped up in his attempt to bring the history of the beginnings of Christianity to the level of other histories, and if one dares speak thus, to «secularize [*laïciser*] God himself.» This is why those who would like to know all that was extraordinary in the development of Christianity have only to inquire of Renan; for in truth no one has demonstrated better than he that «the Church is an edifice drawn from the void, a *creation*, the work of an all-powerful hand.» And I know very well he did not mean it thus, when he protested the purity of his intentions, and when with an irony slightly tinged with pharisaism, he bore witness to having himself «established for eternity the true God of the universe»! But we do not always the thing we would do, nor what we think we are doing; and in reality, by a strange mockery, it happens that the work to which Renan's came nearest was the 'Discourses' of Bossuet on 'Universal History.'

In the mean time, and while he worked at his 'Origins of Christianity,' important changes were brought about in the world, in France, and in the condition of Ernest Renan himself. A political revolution had not only reinstated him in that chair of Hebrew at the College of France, of which he had formerly been dispossessed for having begun his teaching with a lesson on 'The Part of the Semitic People in the History of Civilization'; but it had also made of him, without any effort of his own to obtain the honor, the theoretical or ideal head of what went by the name of anti-clericalism at that time among us. Immediately after the events of 1871—and indeed because he had pleaded with eloquence, two or three years before, the cause of higher instruction—we still insisted upon seeing in him the representative of that «high German culture» which passed at that time for the very mainspring of our misfortunes. It was naïvely believed that if France had been conquered by Germany,

it was for lack of a few chairs of Sanskrit and laboratories of organic chemistry or experimental physiology! Finally, boldnesses that a little while before would have been pronounced reckless or sacrilegious, were hardly more than boldnesses: and it was easy to see this even in England: for example, where the distinguished author of the book on the 'Origin of Species,' who formerly had thought necessary to take many precautions, not only dispensed with them, but may be said to have blushed for them, in his book on 'The Descent of Man.' The reputation of Ernest Renan increased, so to speak, by the concurrence and combination of these circumstances. It was fostered all the more because, alone of all those who had maintained with him the struggle of free thought,—the Taines, the Littrés, the Vacherots, the Schérers,—he retracted nothing, he did not withdraw; he gave proof in his 'Antichrist' or in his 'Marcus Aurelius' of the same independence of mind as in his 'Life of Jesus.' His popularity was equal to his reputation. He became at last what is called a master of minds; criticism itself was appeased; and since a «literary sovereignty» is always necessary to us in France, in the decline of the old Hugo it was he whom our youth admired, followed, applauded.

This could not be too deeply regretted. This popularity that hitherto he had not sought, whose advances he had even disdained in other days, pleased him; he breathed its incense with delight. Unhappily he wished to make himself worthy of it; and it was then that he wrote his 'Caliban' (1878), his 'Fountain of Youth' (1880), his 'Priest of Némi' (1885), his 'Abbess of Jouarre' (1886). The worst *facetiæ* of Voltaire are scarcely more trivial. But he did not stop there. He suffered those who sounded his praises to mock at all that he had believed,—at all that he still believed, that they might praise him better. He mocked at it himself; and seeing that everything was permitted him, he did just as he pleased. He taught that «as a man makes the beauty of that which he loves, so each one of us makes the sanctity of what he believes»; that «talent, genius, virtue even, are nothing by the side of beauty»; that among several means «of securing one's salvation,» morphine or alcohol is no worse nor less certain than others; that a little crapulence and dissipation are not unbecoming to youth; and that after all, no one can say whether our duty in this world is not to «amuse ourselves.» Singular words these, which it is forever to be regretted that a man of the age, the position, the authority of Renan, should have dared let fall from his mouth. Having set out with 'The Future of Science,' to finish with 'The Abbess of Jouarre'—what mockery and what debasement! But what greater debasement yet, if when he developed these paradoxes he hardly believed them himself,—happily for him, but unhappily for so many «Renanists» who did believe them.

I hold in my hand a precious and curious copy of 'The Abbess of Jouarre,' bearing on the cover these few words of Renan: «À Mr B—— en souvenir de notre conversation d'hier» (To M. B—— in memory of our conversation of yesterday). I had been having a long talk with him about my intention of speaking of 'The Abbess of Jouarre'; and doubtless fearing that I had not unraveled his exact thought, he had turned down the leaves of the volume, and underlined those places in the dialogue by which he desired to be judged. One of these places is the following: «O God of simple souls, why have I abandoned thee?» Did the great master of irony mock at me on that day? Several times since, I have asked myself this question; and without letting my *amour-propre* enter otherwise into the matter, it is indeed what I should have supposed, if afterwards we had not seen him quit this rôle and devote the last years of his life to composing his 'History of the People of Israel.' It is well known that he was not to see its completion; and it was not he who published the last volume.

The author of 'The Origins of Christianity' is easily found there; and if the genius is not always the same, it is always the same method: only the structure is somewhat more summary and naked. The comparisons, the juxtapositions, that we have already noted, are more numerous here; not so felicitous, more flagrant if I may venture to say so, sometimes no less cynical, than those of Voltaire in his pamphlets. In vain is he Renan; it is not with impunity that a man quits the reading of the gospel to write 'Caliban' or 'The Abbess of Jouarre,' and later returns to the Pentateuch. Then too, some parts of it are—it must be said frankly—arid, unpleasant, tedious. The style no longer has the same ease, nor in the ease the same firmness. It is unequal, negligent, loaded with the terms of exact scholarship, science, and politics. But in default of a brilliant book, we still have here the idea of a brilliant book: and I know not if the history of Israel is explained by the struggle, often secular, of the Prophets against the Kings, of the religious ideal of the first against the political ideal of the second; but what cannot be doubted is, that this same idea throws a bright light on that history, and this is all that is of interest here. It may be well to add, however, that in 'The History of the People of Israel' as in 'The History of the Origins of Christianity,' the execution has finally turned against the design of the historian; and the continuity of prophetism in Israel remains a fact none the less inexplicable, and down to the present, no less inexplicable than even the propagation of Christianity in the Græco-Roman world.

It now remains for us to speak of several other works of Renan; and in particular, of the many articles he wrote for 'The Literary

History of France.' The most remarkable of all is his 'Discourse on the State of the Fine Arts in the Fourteenth Century'; where he dealt with the conditions, the history, and the decline, of Gothic architecture, with no less ability than precision and brilliancy of style. No man assimilated with more ease the things that were most alien to him; and in such a way, as one of our old poets said, as to "turn them into blood and nourishment." The analysis that he gave of the philosophy of Duns Scotus is still a masterpiece of lucidity. The same may be said of his articles on William de Nogaret and Pierre du Boys,—two of those jurists who have so greatly contributed to the formation of our monarchical unity; on Bertrand de Got, who was Pope in Avignon under the name of Clement V.; on Christine de Stommeln. This last article is particularly curious for the accent of far-away sympathy with which Renan cannot help speaking of the ecstasies and visions of the beatific one. Without doubt it is his works of this kind that have defended him against himself, and kept him from yielding completely to the breath of an unwholesome popularity. Let us return thanks for this to the 'Literary History of France,' and to the Benedictine brothers who began long ago that monumental series. The diversity of these works also explains that variety of learning which constitutes one of the charms of the style of Renan. It is filled with learned allusions, scarcely more than indicated with a rapid stroke that prolongs the sentence, leaving the impression that he always said less than he could have said.

Much more than a philosopher or a "thinker," indeed, Renan was a writer,—I mean an artist in style; and although he affected to discourage admiration, he lived on it. "The vanity of the man of letters is not mine," said he; "and I see clearly that talent is of worth only because the world is childish." He deceived himself. Talent is of worth because it is rare, greatly in demand, but seldom offered; and because there is a close connection between its rarity and the insufficiency that language opposes to the exact expression of thought. Again, he said upon this subject that "if the public had a strong enough head, he should content himself with the truth." But what truth? Of what sort? For example, to how many people is it of any importance that one Artaxerxes was called "Long Hand" because he was ambidextrous, or because one of his arms was longer than the other? A 'Provincial Letter' of Pascal, a tragedy of Racine, concerns much more deeply the intelligence of man and the moral progress of humanity than the discovery of a new planet, than the exact reading of a Phœnician inscription, than the catalogue of the deeds of Philippe le Bel or Francis I.! Then finally, if humanity is alive to talent, that is doubtless a trait of our species, a characteristic of our make-up, which it would be as "childish" to complain of as it would

be to regret having only two eyes or no wings whatever. All this Renan knew. But if he knew it, how and why did he so often say the contrary? And are we to attribute this to pure affectation on his part?

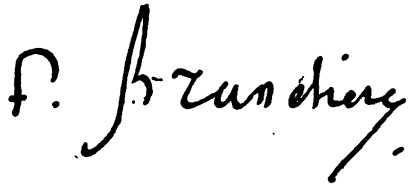
No! There is something else there. His great merit as a writer is to have annexed in some sort, to the domain of general literature, an entire vast province that before his time was not included in it. Just as Buffon, and before Buffon, Montesquieu, put into general circulation, the latter «universal jurisprudence» and the former «natural history,» so Renan introduced exegesis and philology. But he made the mistake of shutting himself up in his domain; referring everything to it, as it were involuntarily; and of finally reaching a point where he no longer saw anything save at the angle and from the point of view of exegesis and philology. «Is he a good philologian?» is what he would willingly have inquired concerning any man, in order to regulate his opinion of him; and it may be said that in all things he thought only of how exegesis could profit by them. This initial error explains the paradoxes of Renan in style and art.

From it have resulted other consequences as well; more serious and more lamentable. Of all the forms indeed that the concupiscence of the intellect—*libido sciendi*, as it is called in the Church—can put on, I believe that there is none more presumptuous than philological pride. Let us recall the measureless vanity of the scholars of the Renaissance, of a Poggio or of a Philelphus, when philology was yet taking only its first steps. In like manner, early introduced into the sanctuary of Oriental studies and into the recesses [*les chapelles*] of German exegesis, Renan drank in that sort of pride that the consciousness of knowing rare and singular things inspires. This pride in turn engendered that confidence in himself, which, beneath an appearance of dilettanteism, remained to his last day the essential characteristic of Renan. Yes, those who could take him for a skeptic have failed to understand him! But on the contrary, he continued to believe, without ever yielding an iota, that the secret of the universe was inclosed, as it were, in the recesses of Orientalism; and the great reproach that the future will make him—that even now is beginning to be made—is and will be, that he caused the most vital questions that exist for humanity to depend upon a philological problem. Would it be possible to conceive of a more audacious dogmatism; of a stranger confidence in the powers of the human intellect; of a more aristocratic pride?

For to this too is traceable the great defect in the very style of Renan, which is an aristocratic style if ever there was one,—I mean a style that illuminates, that instructs, that pleases, that gives to the

spirit or to the intellect all the satisfaction, let us even say all the delights, that can be expected of a great writer; but which does not move us, does not go to the heart, does not reach the spot where resolutions take shape: an egoistic style, if I may so say, of which the chief result is to create admiration of the writer's erudition, knowledge, and «virtuosity.» It has been possible to reproach some of Renan's contemporaries—the author of the 'Barbaric Poems,' for example, or the author of 'Salammbô—that they lacked feeling. But how much more was not Renan lacking in it; and what can we say, what could we find in his work that he loved? This is why the reading of it is at once instructive and blighting. It is also at times displeasing, when he makes us feel how much he is himself above us who read him; as when he writes, for example, that «few persons have the right to disbelieve Christianity,» or twenty other sentences that breathe no less a consciousness of superiority.

Happily for him and for us, as we said at the beginning, the Breton in him has lived on under the philologue, and the bells of the town of Is have kept on sounding in his heart. Whatever diligence he has shown besides in reducing the religious problem to the terms of a strictly philological problem, he has been unable to make a complete success of it. No more has he succeeded in separating religion from the religions; that is to say, in isolating the metaphysical or moral idea of the lessons that form the basis of its authority, from the observances that are its ritual envelope, from the symbols that are the very life of it, from the great hopes that are the poetry of it, and from the love that is the soul of it. And something of all this passed into his style. He could not help yielding, abandoning himself to the attraction of that which he tried to describe or to explain. So much so, that by a final irony which would perhaps have «amused» him, what is best in his work, the freshest, the truly exquisite, is what he put there, not at all unconsciously, but better still, in order to combat it; and his most beautiful pages are beautiful only because they are inspired, penetrated, impregnated, with the sense of the grandeur and value of all that he worked forty years to destroy.



BROTHER AND SISTER

From 'My Sister Henriette.' Copyright 1895, by Roberts Brothers

THE memory of men is but an imperceptible trace of the furrow which each of us leaves upon the bosom of infinity. And yet it is no vain thing. The consciousness of humanity is the highest reflective image that we know of the total consciousness of the universe. The esteem of a single individual is a part of the absolute Justice. Therefore, although noble lives need no other memory than that of God, there has in all ages been an effort to make their image permanent. I should be the more guilty did I fail to render this duty to my sister Henriette, since I alone knew the treasures of that elect soul. Her timidity, her reserve, her fixed opinion that a woman should live in retirement, cast over her rare qualities a veil which very few were permitted to lift. But those who belonged to the select few to whom she showed herself as she really was, would blame me if I did not strive to bring together all which may complete their memories. . . .

My sister's strong liking for domestic life was the result of an infancy spent in surroundings thus full of poetry and sweet melancholy. A few old nuns, driven from their convent by the Revolution and turned schoolmistresses, taught her to read and to recite the Psalms in Latin. She learned by heart all the music of the Church; bringing her mind to bear later upon those antique words, which she compared with French and Italian, she contrived to pick up a good deal of Latin, although she never studied it regularly. Her education, nevertheless, would necessarily have remained very incomplete, had it not been for a happy chance which gave her a teacher superior to any hitherto possessed by the country. The noble families of Tréguier had returned from exile completely ruined. A young girl belonging to one of those families, whose education was acquired in England, undertook to give lessons. She was a person distinguished alike for her taste and her manners; she made a deep impression upon my sister, and left behind a memory which never died.

The misfortunes by which my sister was early surrounded increased that tendency to concentration which was inborn with her. Our paternal grandfather belonged to a sort of clan of sailors and peasants which peoples the entire province of Goëlo.

He made a small fortune by his boat, and settled at Tréguier. Our father served in the fleet of the Republic. After the naval disasters of that time, he commanded ships on his own account, and was by degrees drawn into a considerable business. This was a great mistake. Utterly unskilled in such matters, simple and incapable of calculation, continually held back by that timidity which makes the sailor a complete child in practical affairs, he saw the little fortune which he had inherited gradually disappear in an abyss whose depth he could not fathom. The events of 1815 brought about commercial crises which were fatal to him. His weak and sentimental nature could not resist these trials; he gradually lost his interest in life. My sister hour by hour beheld the ravages which anxiety and misfortune made in that sweet and gentle soul, lost in an order of occupations for which it was not fitted. Amid these hard experiences she gained a precocious maturity. From the age of twelve she was a serious personage, burdened with cares, overwhelmed with grave thoughts and sombre forebodings.

On his return from one of his long voyages on our cold, sad seas, my father had a final gleam of joy: I was born in February 1823. The arrival of this little brother was a great comfort to my sister. She clung to me with all the strength of a timid, tender heart, to which love is a necessity. I can still recall the petty tyrannies which I exercised over her, and against which she never rebelled. When she came forth bedecked to go to gatherings of girls of her age, I hung upon her skirts and implored her to return; then she would turn back, take off her holiday dress, and stay with me. One day, in jest, she threatened me that if I were not good she would die; she even feigned to be dead, reclining in an arm-chair. The horror which my dear one's silent motionlessness caused me is possibly the strongest impression which I ever received, fate not having permitted me to receive her last sigh. Beside myself with grief, I rushed at her, and gave her arm a terrible bite. She uttered a cry which still rings in my ears. To the reproaches lavished upon me, I made but one reply: "Then why did you die? will you die again?" . . .

From this time on, our condition was one of poverty. . . . My sister was seventeen. Her faith was still strong; and the thought of embracing a religious life had more than once strongly occupied her mind. On winter nights she took me to church under her cloak: it was a great pleasure for me to tramp over

the snow, thus warmly sheltered from head to foot. If it had not been for me, she would undoubtedly have adopted a vocation which, considering her education, her pious tastes, her lack of fortune, and the customs of the country, seemed to be exactly suited to her. Her wishes turned especially towards the convent of St. Anne, at Lannion, where the care of sick people was combined with the education of young girls. Alas! perhaps, had she followed out this purpose, it would have been better for her own peace of mind. Yet she was too good a daughter and too affectionate a sister to prefer her own peace to her duty, even when religious prejudices in which she still shared upheld her. Thenceforth she regarded herself as responsible for my future. On one occasion, I being clumsy and awkward in my movements, she saw that I was timidly trying to disguise a hole in a worn-out garment. She wept: the sight of that poor child destined to suffering, with other instinctive feelings, wrung her heart. She resolved to accept the struggle of life, and single-handed took up the task of filling the yawning gulf which our father's ill fortune had dug at our feet. . . .

I left St. Sulpice seminary in 1845. Thanks to the liberal and earnest spirit which ruled over that institution, I had carried my philologic studies very far; my religious opinions were greatly shaken thereby. Here again Henriette was my support. She had outstripped me in this path; her Catholic beliefs had wholly disappeared: but she had always refrained from exerting any influence over me upon this subject. When I told her of the doubts which tormented me, and which made it my duty to abandon a career for which absolute faith was requisite, she was enchanted, and offered to smooth the difficult passage. I entered upon life, scarce twenty-three years of age, old in thought, but as great a novice, as ignorant of the world, as any one could possibly be. I knew literally no one; I lacked the most ordinary advantages of a youth of fifteen. I was not even Bachelor of Arts. It was agreed that I should search the boarding-schools of Paris for some position which would square me, as the slang phrase is,—that is, would give me board and lodging without salary, at the same time leaving me abundant time for independent study. Twelve hundred francs, which she gave me, enabled me to wait; and to supplement all the deficiencies which such a position might entail. Those twelve hundred francs were the corner-stone of my life. I never exhausted them; but they gave

me the requisite tranquillity of mind to think at my ease, and made it unnecessary for me to overburden myself with tasks which would have crushed me. Her exquisite letters were my consolation and my support at this turning-point in my life.

While I struggled with difficulties increased by my entire lack of experience of the world, her health suffered serious inroads in consequence of the severity of the winters in Poland. She developed a chronic affection of the larynx, which in 1850 became so serious that it was thought necessary for her to return. Moreover, her task was accomplished: our father's debts were paid; the small properties which he had left to us were now free from incumbrance, in the hands of our mother; my brother had won by his labor a position which promised to make him rich. We decided to unite our fortunes. In September 1850 I joined her in Berlin. Those ten years of exile had utterly transformed her. The wrinkles of old age were prematurely printed on her brow; of the charm which she still possessed when she took leave of me in the parlor of the St. Nicholas seminary, nothing now remained but the delicious expression of her ineffable goodness.

Then began for us those delightful years, the mere memory of which brings tears to my eyes. We took a small apartment in a garden near Val-de-Grâce. Our solitude was absolute. She had no friends, and made little effort to acquire any. Our windows looked out upon the garden of the Carmelites in the Rue d'Enfer. The life of those recluses, during the long hours which I spent at the library, in some sort regulated her existence and afforded her only source of amusement. Her respect for my work was extreme. I have seen her in the evening sit for hours beside me, scarcely breathing for fear of interrupting me; yet she could not bear to have me out of her sight, and the door between our two bedrooms was always open. Her love was so discreet and so secure that the secret communion of our thoughts was enough for her. She, naturally so exacting, so jealous in her affections, was content with a few minutes out of the day, provided she was sure that she alone was loved. By her rigid economy, she provided for me, with singularly limited resources, a home where nothing was ever lacking, nay, which had its austere charm. Our thoughts were so perfectly in accord that we hardly needed to impart them each to the other. Our general opinions as to the world and God were identical. There was no shade of distinction, however delicate, in the theories which I resolved

at that period, that she did not understand. Upon many points of modern history, which she had studied at the fountain-head, she outstripped me. The general purpose of my career, the plan of unwavering sincerity which I formed, was so thoroughly the combined product of our two consciences, that had I been tempted to depart from it, she would have stood beside me, like another self, to recall me to my duty.

Her share in the direction of my ideas was thus a very large one. She was a matchless secretary to me; she copied all my works, and grasped them so fully that I could depend upon her as upon a living index of my own thought. I am infinitely indebted to her in the matter of literary style. She read the proofs of everything I wrote; and her acute criticism, with infinite keenness, discovered errors which I had not observed. She had acquired an excellent mode of writing, wholly taken from antique sources; and so pure, so precise, that I think no one since the days of Port Royal ever set up an ideal of diction more perfectly correct. This made her very severe: she accepted very few modern writers; and when she saw the essays which I wrote before our reunion, and which I had not been able to send her in Poland, she was only half satisfied with them. She agreed with their tendency; and in any event she thought that in this order of intimate and individual thought, expressed with moderation, every one should give utterance with entire freedom to that which is in him. But the form struck her as careless and abrupt; she discovered exaggerated touches, a hard tone, a disrespectful way of treating language. She convinced me that one may say anything and everything in the simple, correct style of good authors; and that new expressions or violent images always proceed either from improper affectation or from ignorance of our genuine riches. Hence a great change in my mode of writing dates from my reunion with her. I acquired the habit of composing with a view to her remarks, risking many touches to see what effect they would produce on her, and determined to sacrifice them if she asked me to do so. This mental process, when she ceased to live, became to me like the painful feeling of one who has been amputated, who continually acts with a view to the lost limb. She was an organ of my intellectual life, and a portion of my own being truly entered the tomb with her.

In all moral matters we had come to see with the same eyes, and to feel with the same heart. She was so thoroughly familiar

with my order of thought that she almost always knew beforehand what I was about to say, the idea dawning upon her and upon me at the same moment. But in one sense she was greatly my superior. In spiritual things I was still seeking material for interesting essays or artistic studies; with her nothing marred the purity of her intimate communion with the good. Her religion of the true could not endure the least discordant note. One thing that wounded her in my writings was a touch of irony which possessed me, and which I mingled with the best things. I had never suffered; and I found a certain philosophy in the discreet smile provoked by human weakness or vanity. This trick wounded her, and I gradually gave it up for her sake. I now know how right she was. The good should be simply good; any touch of mockery implies a remnant of vanity and of personal challenge which ends by being in bad taste. . . .

Her capacity for work was extraordinary. I have seen her, for days at a time, devote herself unceasingly to the task which she had taken up. She took part in editing educational journals, especially the one in charge of her friend, Mademoiselle Ulliac-Tremadeure. She never signed her name; and it was impossible, with her great modesty, that she could ever win in this line more than the esteem of a select few. Moreover, the detestable taste which in France presides over the composition of works meant for the education of women, left her no room to hope either for great satisfaction or great success. It was particularly to oblige her friend, who was old and infirm, that she undertook this labor. The writings wherein she may be found entire are her letters. She wrote them to perfection. Her notes of travel were also excellent. I trusted to her to tell the unscientific part of our journey to the East. Alas! all knowledge of this side of my enterprise, which I left to her, perished with her. What I found on this head in her papers is very good. We hope to be able to publish it, completing it by her letters. We shall then publish a story which she wrote of the great maritime expeditions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. She made very extensive researches for this task; and she brought to bear on it a critical judgment very rare in works intended for children. She did nothing by halves: the rectitude of her judgment was shown in everything by an exquisite taste for solidity and truth.

She had not what is called wit, if by that word we understand something airy and sly, as is the French fashion. She

never made a mock of anybody. Malice was odious to her: she regarded it as a species of cruelty. I remember that at a *pardon* (pilgrimage) in Lower Brittany, to which we went in boats, our bark was preceded by another containing certain poor ladies, who, wishing to make themselves beautiful for the festival, had hit upon pitiful arrangements of their attire, which was in very bad taste. The people in whose company we were, laughed at them, and the poor ladies observed this. My sister burst into tears: it seemed to her barbarous to jest at well-meaning persons who had for a time forgotten their misfortunes in order to be cheerful; and who had perhaps submitted to great privations out of deference to the world. In her eyes, a ridiculous person was to be pitied; she at once loved him and took his part against those who scoffed at him.

Hence her aversion to the world, and the poor show which she made in ordinary conversation,—almost always a tissue of malice and frivolity. She was prematurely old; and she generally added still more to her age by her dress and manners. She was a worshiper of misfortune; she hailed, almost cultivated, every excuse for tears. Sorrow became to her a familiar and agreeable feeling. Ordinary people did not in general understand her, and considered her somewhat stiff and embarrassed. Nothing which was not completely good could please her. Everything about her was true and profound; she could not dishonor herself. The lower classes, peasants, on the contrary, regarded her as exquisitely kind; and those who knew how to take her on the right side soon learned to recognize the depth of her nature and her real distinction.

She sometimes betrayed delightful feminine touches; she became a young girl again; she clung to life almost with a smile, and the veil between her and the world seemed to fall. These fleeting moments of delicious weakness, transient gleams of a vanished dawn, were full of melancholy sweetness. In this she was superior to persons who profess, in their gloomy abstraction, the detachment preached by the mystics. She loved life; she found a relish in it; she could smile at an ornament, at a feminine trifle, as we might smile at a flower. She did not say to Nature that frenzied "Abrenuntio" [I renounce thee] of Christian ascetism. Virtue to her was no stern rigor, no studied effort: it was the natural instinct of a beautiful soul aiming at goodness by a spontaneous exertion, serving God without fear or tremor. . . .

We know not the relations of great souls with the infinite; but if, as everything leads us to believe, consciousness be but a transitory communion with the universe,—a communion which leads us more or less directly into the bosom of God,—is it not for souls like hers that immortality is intended? If man have the power to carve out, after a Divine model which he does not select, a great moral personality, made up in equal parts of himself and of the ideal, it is surely this that lives with full reality. It is not matter that exists, since a unit is not that; it is not the atom which exists, since that is unconscious. It is the soul which exists, when it has truly made its mark in the eternal history of the true and the good. Who ever fulfilled this high destiny better than did my dear one? Removed just as she attained to the full maturity of her nature, she could never have been more perfect. She had reached the pinnacle of virtuous life; her views in regard to the universe would not have been carried further; her measure of devotion and tenderness was running over.

Ah! but she might have been — without a doubt she might have been happier. I was dreaming of all sorts of small, sweet rewards for her; I had imagined a thousand foolish fancies to please her taste. I saw her old, respected like a mother, proud of me, resting at last in a peace without alloy. I longed to have her good and noble heart, which never ceased to bleed with tenderness, know a sort of calm — I may say a selfish moment — at last. God willed her to know here none but hard and rough roads. She died almost unrewarded. The hour for reaping what she had sown, for sitting down and looking back upon past sorrows and fatigues, never struck for her.

To tell the truth, she never thought of reward. That interested view, which often spoils the sacrifices inspired by positive religions, leading us to think that virtue is practiced only for the usury to be derived from it, never entered into her great soul. When she lost her religious faith, her faith in duty was not lessened; because that faith was the echo of her inner nobility. Virtue with her was not the fruit of a theory, but the result of an absolute disposition of nature. She did good for its own sake, and not for her own salvation. She loved the beautiful and the true, without any of that calculation which seems to say to God, "Were it not for thy hell or thy paradise, I should not love thee."

But God does not let his saints see corruption. O heart wherein perpetually burned so sweet a flame of love,—brain, seat of such pure thought,—fair eyes, beaming with kindness,—slender delicate hand, which I have so often pressed,—I shudder with horror when I think that you are naught but dust. But all here below is but symbol and image. The truly eternal part of each of us is his relation to the infinite. It is in the recollection of God that man is immortal. It is there that our Henriette lives, forever radiant, forever stainless,—lives a thousand times more truly than when she struggled with her frail organs to create her spiritual person, and when, cast into the midst of a world incapable of understanding her, she obstinately sought after perfection. May her memory remain with us as a precious argument for those eternal truths which every virtuous life helps to demonstrate. For myself, I have never doubted the reality of the moral order; but I now see plainly that the entire logic of the system of the universe would be overthrown if such lives were only trickery and delusion.

TO THE PURE SOUL OF MY SISTER HENRIETTE

Who died at Byblos, September 24th, 1861. Dedication to the 'Life of Jesus.'
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FROM the bosom of God, in which thou reposest, dost thou recall those long days at Ghazir when, alone with thee, I wrote these pages, inspired by the places we had visited together? Silent at my side, thou didst read each sheet, and copy it as soon as written; while the sea, the villages, the ravines, the mountains, were spread out at our feet. When the overpowering light had given place to the innumerable host of stars, thy delicate and subtile questions, thy cautious doubts, brought me back to the sublime object of our common thoughts. Thou saidst to me one day that this book would be dear to thee, because it had been written with thy aid, and because also it was after thine own heart. If at times thou didst fear for it the narrow judgment of frivolous men, thou wast ever persuaded that truly religious souls would in the end take delight in it. In the midst of these sweet meditations, Death struck us both with his wing; the sleep of fever overtook us at the same hour: I awoke alone! Thou sleepest now in the land of Adonis, near

the holy Byblos, and the sacred waters where the women of the ancient mysteries came to mingle their tears. Reveal to me, O good genius,—to me whom thou lovedst,—those truths which conquer death, deprive it of fear, and make it almost beloved.

MOTIVES AND CONDUCT

From the 'Recollections of My Youth'

I HAD always had an idea of writing, but it had never occurred to me that it would bring me in any money. I was greatly astonished, therefore, when a man of pleasant and intelligent appearance called upon me in my garret one day, and after complimenting me upon several articles which I had written, offered to publish them in a collected form. A stamped agreement which he had with him specified terms which seemed to me so wonderfully liberal, that when he asked me if all my future writings should be included in the agreement, I gave my assent. I was tempted to make one or two observations; but the sight of the stamp stopped me, and I was unwilling that so fine a piece of paper should be wasted. I did well to forego them, for M. Michel Lévy must have been created by a special decree of Providence to be my editor. A man of letters who has any self-respect should write in only one journal and in one review, and should have only one publisher. M. Michel Lévy and myself always got on very well together. At a subsequent date, he pointed out to me that the agreement which he had prepared was not sufficiently remunerative for me, and he substituted for it one much more to my advantage. I am told that he has not made a bad speculation out of me. I am delighted to hear it. In any event, I may safely say that if I possessed a fund of literary wealth it was only fair that he should have a large share of it; as but for him I should never have suspected its existence.

It is very difficult to prove that one is modest; for the mere assertion of one's modesty destroys one's claim to it. As I have said, our old Christian teachers had an excellent rule upon this score, which was never to speak of oneself either in praise or depreciation. This is the true principle; but the general reader will not have it so, and is the cause of all the mischief. He leads the writer to commit faults upon which he is afterwards

very hard; just as the staid middle classes of another age applauded the actor, and yet excluded him from the Church. « Incur your own damnation, as long as you amuse us, » is often the sentiment which lurks beneath the encouragement, often flattering in appearance, of the public. Success is more often than not acquired by our defects. When I am very well pleased with what I have written, I have perhaps nine or ten persons who approve of what I have said. When I cease to keep a strict watch upon myself, when my literary conscience hesitates and my hand shakes, thousands are anxious for me to go on.

But notwithstanding all this, and making due allowance for venial faults, I may safely claim that I have been modest; and in this respect, at all events, I have not come short of the St. Sulpice standard. I am not afflicted with literary vanity. I do not fall into the error which distinguishes the literary views of our day. I am well assured that no really great man has ever imagined himself to be one; and that those who during their lifetime browse upon their glory while it is green, do not garner it ripe after their death. I only feigned to set store by literature for a time to please M. Sainte-Beuve, who had great influence over me. Since his death, I have ceased to attach any value to it. I see plainly enough that talent is only prized because people are so childish. If the public were wise, they would be content with getting the truth. What they like is in most cases imperfections. My adversaries, in order to deny me the possession of other qualities which interfere with their apologeticum, are so profuse in their allowance of talent to me that I need not scruple to accept an encomium which, coming from them, is a criticism. In any event, I have never sought to gain anything by the display of this inferior quality, which has been more prejudicial to me as a *savant* than it has been useful of itself. I have not based any calculations upon it. I have never counted upon my supposed talent for a livelihood, and I have not in any way tried to turn it to account. The late M. Beulé, who looked upon me with a kind of good-natured curiosity mingled with astonishment, could not understand why I made so little use of it. I have never been at all a literary man. In the most decisive moments of my life I had not the least idea that my prose would secure any success.

I have never done anything to foster my success; which, if I may be permitted to say so, might have been much greater if I

had so willed. I have in no wise followed up my good fortune; upon the contrary, I have rather tried to check it. The public likes a writer who sticks closely to his line, and who has his own specialty; placing but little confidence in those who try to shine in contradictory subjects. I could have secured an immense amount of popularity if I had gone in for a crescendo of anti-clericalism after the 'Life of Jesus.' The general reader likes a strong style. I could easily have left in the flourishes and tinsel phrases which excite the enthusiasm of those whose taste is not of a very elevated kind,—that is to say, of the majority. I spent a year in toning down the style of the 'Life of Jesus,' as I thought that such a subject could not be treated too soberly or too simply. And we know how fond the masses are of declamation. I have never accentuated my opinions in order to gain the ear of my readers. It is no fault of mine if, owing to the bad taste of the day, a slender voice has made itself heard athwart the darkness in which we dwell, as if reverberated by a thousand echoes.

With regard to my politeness, I shall find fewer cavilers than with regard to my modesty; for so far as mere externals go, I have been endowed with much more of the former than of the latter. The extreme urbanity of my old masters made so great an impression upon me that I have never broken away from it. Theirs was the true French politeness; that which is shown not only towards acquaintances, but towards all persons without exception. Politeness of this kind implies a general standard of conduct, without which life cannot, as I hold, go on smoothly; viz., that every human creature should be given credit for goodness failing proof to the contrary, and treated kindly. Many people, especially in certain countries, follow the opposite rule; and this leads to great injustice. For my own part, I cannot possibly be severe upon any one *a priori*. I take for granted that every person I see for the first time is a man of merit and of good repute; reserving to myself the right to alter my opinions (as I often have to do) if facts compel me to do so. This is the St. Sulpice rule; which, in my contact with the outside world, has placed me in very singular positions, and has often made me appear very old-fashioned, a relic of the past, and unfamiliar with the age in which we live. The right way to behave at table is to help oneself to the worst piece in the dish, so as to avoid the semblance of leaving for others what one does

not think good enough,—or better still, to take the piece nearest to one without looking at what is in the dish. Any one who was to act in this delicate way in the struggle of modern life would sacrifice himself to no purpose. His delicacy would not even be noticed. "First come, first served," is the objectionable rule of modern egotism. To obey, in a world which has ceased to have any heed of civility, the excellent rules of the politeness of other days, would be tantamount to playing the part of a dupe; and no one would thank you for your pains. When one feels oneself being pushed by people who want to get in front of one, the proper thing to do is to draw back with a gesture tantamount to saying—"Do not let me prevent you passing." But it is very certain that any one who adhered to this rule in an omnibus would be the victim of his own deference; in fact, I believe that he would be infringing the by-laws. In traveling by rail, how few people seem to see that in trying to force their way before others on the platform in order to secure the best seats, they are guilty of gross discourtesy!

In other words, our democratic machines have no place for the man of polite manners. I have long since given up taking the omnibus: the conductor came to look upon me as a passenger who did not know what he was about. In traveling by rail, I invariably have the worst seat, unless I happen to get a helping hand from the station-master. I was fashioned for a society based upon respect, in which people could be treated, classified, and placed according to their costume, and in which they would not have to fight for their own hand. I am only at home at the Institute or the Collège de France; and that because our officials are all well-conducted men and hold us in great respect. The Eastern habit of always having a *cavass* to walk in front of one in the public thoroughfares suited me very well; for modesty is seasoned by a display of force. It is agreeable to have under one's orders a man armed with a kourbash which one does not allow him to use. I should not at all mind having the power of life and death without ever exercising it; and I should much like to own some slaves, in order to be extremely kind to them and to make them adore me.

My clerical ideas have exercised a still greater influence over me in all that relates to the rules of morality. I should have looked upon it as a lack of decorum if I had made any change in my austere habits upon this score. The world at large, in its

ignorance of spiritual things, believes that men only abandon the ecclesiastical calling because they find its duties too severe. I should never have forgiven myself if I had done anything to lend even a semblance of reason to views so superficial. With my extreme conscientiousness I was anxious to be at rest with myself; and I continued to live in Paris the life which I had led in the seminary. . . . Women have, as a rule, understood how much respect and sympathy for them my affectionate reserve implied. In fine, I have been beloved by the four women whose love was of the most comfort to me: my mother, my sister, my wife, and my daughter. I have had the better part, and it will not be taken from me; for I often fancy that the judgments which will be passed upon us in the valley of Jehoshaphat will be neither more nor less than those of women, countersigned by the Almighty.

Thus it may, upon the whole, be said that I have come short in little of my clerical promises. I have exchanged spirituality for ideality. I have been truer to my engagements than many priests apparently more regular in their conduct. In resolutely clinging to the virtues of disinterestedness, politeness, and modesty in a world to which they are not applicable, I have shown how very simple I am. I have never courted success; I may almost say that it is distasteful to me. The pleasure of living and of working is quite enough for me. Whatever may be egotistical in this way of enjoying the pleasure of existence is neutralized by the sacrifices which I believe that I have made for the public good. I have always been at the orders of my country: at the first sign from it, in 1869, I placed myself at its disposal. I might perhaps have rendered it some service; the country did not think so, but I have done my part. I have never flattered the errors of public opinion; and I have been so careful not to lose a single opportunity of pointing out these errors, that superficial persons have regarded me as wanting in patriotism. One is not called upon to descend to charlatanism or falsehood to obtain a mandate, the main condition of which is independence and sincerity. Amidst the public misfortunes which may be in store for us, my conscience will therefore be quite at rest.

All things considered, I should not, if I had to begin my life over again, with the right of making what erasures I liked, change anything. The defects of my nature and education have,

by a sort of benevolent Providence, been so attenuated and reduced as to be of very little moment. A certain apparent lack of frankness in my relations with them is forgiven me by my friends, who attribute it to my clerical education. I must admit that in the early part of my life I often told untruths,—not in my own interest, but out of good-nature and indifference,—upon the mistaken idea which always induces me to take the view of the person with whom I may be conversing. My sister depicted to me in very vivid colors the drawbacks involved in acting like this; and I have given up doing so. I am not aware of having told a single untruth since 1851; with the exception, of course, of the harmless stories and polite fibs which all casuists permit, as also the literary evasions, which, in the interests of a higher truth, must be used to make up a well-poised phrase, or to avoid a still greater misfortune,—that of stabbing an author. Thus for instance, a poet brings you some verses. You must say that they are admirable; for if you said less it would be tantamount to describing them as worthless, and to inflicting a grievous insult upon a man who intended to show you a polite attention.

My friends may well have found it much more difficult to forgive me another defect, which consists in being rather slow, not to show them affection but to render them assistance. One of the injunctions most impressed upon us at the seminary was to avoid "special friendships." Friendships of this kind were described as being a fraud upon the rest of the community. This rule has always remained indelibly impressed upon my mind. I have never given much encouragement to friendship; I have done little for my friends, and they have done little for me. One of the ideas which I have so often to cope with is that friendship, as it is generally understood, is an injustice and a blunder, which only allows you to distinguish the good qualities of a single person, and blinds you to those of others who are perhaps more deserving of your sympathy. I fancy to myself at times, like my ancient masters, that friendship is a larceny committed at the expense of society at large; and that, in a more elevated world, friendship would disappear. In some cases, it has seemed to me that the special attachment which unites two individuals is a slight upon good-fellowship generally; and I am always tempted to hold aloof from them as being warped in their judgment and devoid of impartiality and liberty. A close association of this kind between two persons must, in

my view, narrow the mind, detract from anything like breadth of view, and fetter the independence. Beulé often used to banter me upon this score. He was somewhat attached to me, and was anxious to render me a service, though I had not done the equivalent for him. Upon a certain occasion I voted against him in favor of some one who had been very ill-natured towards me; and he said to me afterwards, "Renan, I shall play some mean trick upon you: out of impartiality you will vote for me."

While I have been very fond of my friends, I have done very little for them. I have been as much at the disposal of the public as of them. This is why I receive so many letters from unknown and anonymous correspondents; and this is also why I am such a bad correspondent. It has often happened to me while writing a letter to break off suddenly, and convert into general terms the ideas which have occurred to me. The best of my life has been lived for the public, which has had all I have to give. There is no surprise in store for it after my death, as I have kept nothing back for anybody.

Having thus given my preference instinctively to the many rather than to the few, I have enjoyed the sympathy even of my adversaries, but I have had few friends. No sooner has there been any sign of warmth in my feelings, than the St. Sulpice dictum, "No special friendships," has acted as a refrigerator, and stood in the way of any close affinity. My craving to be just has prevented me from being obliging. I am too much impressed by the idea that in doing one person a service you as a rule disoblige another person; that to further the chances of one competitor is very often equivalent to an injury upon another. Thus the image of the unknown person whom I am about to injure brings my zeal to a sudden check. I have obliged hardly any one; I have never learnt how people succeed in obtaining the management of a tobacco-shop for those in whom they are interested. This has caused me to be devoid of influence in the world; but from a literary point of view it has been a good thing for me. Mérimée would have been a man of the very highest mark if he had not had so many friends. But his friends took complete possession of him. How can a man write private letters when it is in his power to address himself to all the world? The person to whom you write reduces your talent; you are obliged to write down to his level. The public has a broader intelligence than any one person. There are a great many fools,

it is true, among the «all»; but the «all» comprises as well the few thousand clever men and women for whom alone the world may be said to exist. It is in view of them that one should write.

THE SHARE OF THE SEMITIC PEOPLE IN THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION

From the Inaugural Address on assuming the Chair of Semitic Languages, in 'Studies of Religious History and Criticism.' Copyright 1864, by F. W. Christern.

Gentlemen:

I AM proud to ascend this chair—the most ancient in the College of France—made illustrious in the sixteenth century by eminent men, and in our own generation occupied by a scholar of the merit of M. Quatremère. In creating the College of France as an asylum for liberal science, King Francis I. laid down as the constitutional law of this grand foundation, the complete independence of criticism; the disinterested search for truth; impartial discussion, that knows no rules save those of good taste and sincerity. Precisely this, gentlemen, is the spirit which I would fain bring to the instruction here. I know the difficulties that are inseparable from the chair which I have the honor to occupy. It is the privilege and the peril of Semitic studies, that they touch on the most important problems in the history of mankind. The free mind knows no limit; but the human race at large is far from having reached that stage of serene contemplation in which it has no need of beholding God in this or that particular order of facts, for the very reason that it sees him in everything. Liberty, gentlemen, had it been well understood, would have allowed these opposite claims to exist side by side. I hope that by your favor, this course will prove that they can. As I shall bring to my instructions no dogmatism; as I shall confine myself always to appeals to your reason, to the statement of what I think most probable, leaving you full liberty of judgment, who can complain? Those only who believe they have a monopoly of the truth; but these must renounce the claim to be the masters of the world. In our day Galileo would not go down on his knees to retract what he knew to be the truth. . . .

So much granted, if we ask what the Semitic peoples have contributed to this organic and living whole which is called civilization, we shall find in the first place that in polity we owe them nothing at all. Political life is perhaps the most peculiar and native characteristic of the Indo-European nations. These nations are the only ones that have known liberty, that have reconciled the State with the independence of the individual. To be sure, they are far from having always equally well adjusted these two opposite necessities. But among them are never found those great unitary despotisms, crushing all individuality, reducing man to the condition of a kind of abstract nameless function, as is the case in Egypt, China, and the Mussulman and Tartar despotisms. Examine successively the small municipal republics of Greece and of Italy, the Germanic feudalisms, the grand centralized organizations of which Rome gave the first model, whose ideal reappeared in the French Revolution,—you find always a vigorous moral element, a powerful idea of the public good, sacrifice for a general object. In Sparta individuality was little protected; the petty democracies of Athens and of Italy in the Middle Ages were almost as ferocious as the most cruel tyrant; the Roman Empire became (in part, however, through the influence of the East) an intolerable despotism; feudalism in Germany resulted in regular brigandage; royalty in France under Louis XIV. almost reached the excesses of the dynasties of the Sassanidæ or the Mongols; the French Revolution, while establishing with incomparable energy the principle of unity in the State, often strongly compromised liberty. But swift reactions have always saved these nations from the consequences of their errors. Not so in the East. The East, especially the Semitic East, has known no medium between the utter anarchy of the nomadic Arabs, and bloody unmitigated despotism. The idea of the commonweal, of the public welfare, is totally wanting among these nations. Liberty, true and entire,—such liberty as the Anglo-Saxon peoples have realized,—and grand State organizations such as the Roman Empire and France have created, were equally unknown to them. The ancient Hebrews, the Arabs, have been or are at times the freest of men; but on condition of having the next day a chief who cuts off heads at his own good pleasure. And when this happens, no one complains of violated right: David seizes the sceptre by means of an energetic *condottiérie*, which does not hinder his

being a very religious man, a king after God's own heart; Solomon ascends the throne and maintains himself there by measures such as sultans in all ages have used, but this does not prevent his being called the wisest of kings. When the prophets storm against royalty, it is not in the name of a political right; it is in the name of theocracy. Theocracy, anarchy, despotism,—such, gentlemen, is a summary of the Semitic polity; happily it is not ours. The political principle *drawn from the Holy Scriptures* (very badly drawn, it is true) by Bossuet, is a detestable principle. In polity, as in poetry, religion, philosophy, the duty of the Indo-European nations is to seek after nice combinations; the harmony of opposite things; the complexity so totally unknown among the Semitic nations, whose organization has always been of a disheartening and fatal simplicity.

In art and poetry, what do we owe them? In art, nothing. These tribes have but little of the artist; our art comes entirely from Greece. In poetry, nevertheless, without being their tributaries, we have with them more than one bond of union. The Psalms have become in some respects one of our sources of poetry. Hebrew poetry has taken a place with us beside Greek poetry, not as having furnished a distinct order of poetry, but as constituting a poetic ideal,—a sort of Olympus where in consequence of an accepted prestige everything is suffused with a halo of light. Milton, Lamartine, Lamennais, would not exist, or at least would not exist as they are, but for the Psalms. Here again, however, all the shades of expression, all the delicacy, all the depth is our work. The thing essentially poetic is the destiny of man: his melancholy moods, his restless search after causes, his just complaint to heaven. There was no necessity of going to strangers to learn this. The eternal school here is each man's soul.

In science and philosophy we are exclusively Greek. The investigation of causes, knowledge for knowledge's own sake, is a thing of which there is no trace previous to Greece,—a thing that we have learned from her alone. Babylon possessed a science; but it had not that pre-eminently scientific principle, the absolute fixedness of natural law. Egypt had some knowledge of geometry, but it did not originate the 'Elements' of Euclid. As for the old Semitic spirit, it is by its nature anti-philosophic, anti-scientific. In Job, the investigation of causes is represented as almost an impiety. In Ecclesiastes, science is declared to be

a vanity. The author, prematurely surfeited, boasts of having studied everything under the sun, and of having found nothing but vanity. Aristotle, who was almost his contemporary, and who might have said with more reason that he had exhausted the universe, never speaks of his weariness. The wisdom of the Semitic nations never got beyond parables and proverbs. We often hear of Arabian science and philosophy; and it is true that during one or two centuries in the Middle Ages, the Arabs were our masters, but only however until the discovery of the Greek originals. As soon as authentic Greece emerges, this Arabian science and philosophy — these miserable translations — become useless; and it is not without reason that all the philologists of the Renaissance undertake a veritable crusade against them. Moreover, on close examination, we find that this Arabian science had nothing of the Arab in it. Its foundation is purely Greek: among those who originated it, there is not one real Semite; they were Spaniards and Persians writing in Arabic. The Jews of the Middle Ages acted also as simple interpreters of philosophy. The Jewish philosophy of the epoch is unmodified Arabic. One page of Roger Bacon contains more of the true scientific spirit than does all that second-hand science, worthy of respect certainly as a link of tradition, but destitute of all noble originality.

If we examine the question with reference to moral and social ideas, we shall find that the Semitic ethics are occasionally very lofty and very pure. The code attributed to Moses contains elevated ideas of right. The prophets are at times very eloquent tribunes. The moralists, Jesus son of Sirak, and Hillel, reach a surprising grandeur. Let us not forget, finally, that the ethics of the Gospel were first preached in a Semitic tongue. On the other hand, the Semitic nature is in general hard, narrow, egotistical. This race possesses noble passions, complete self-devotions, matchless characters. But there is rarely that delicacy of moral sense which seems to be the especial endowment of the Germanic and Celtic races. Tender, profound, melancholy sentiments, those dreams of the infinite in which all the faculties of the soul blend, that grand revelation of duty which alone gives a solid basis to our faith and our hopes,— are the work of our race and our climate. Here then the task is divided. The moral education of humanity is not the exclusive merit of any race. The reason is quite simple: morals are not taught any more than poetry; fine aphorisms do not make the honest man; each

one finds goodness in the loftiness of his nature, in the immediate revelation of his heart.

In industrial pursuits, inventions, external civilization, we owe certainly much to the Semitic peoples. Our race, gentlemen, did not set out with a taste for comfort and for business. It was a moral, brave, warlike race, jealous of liberty and honor, loving nature, capable of sacrifice, preferring many things to life. Trade, the arts of industry, were practiced for the first time on a grand scale by the Semitic tribes; or at least by those speaking a Semitic language,—the Phœnicians. In the Middle Ages, also, the Arabs and the Jews were our instructors in commercial affairs. All European luxury, from ancient times till the seventeenth century, came from the East. I say luxury, and not art: the distance from one to the other is infinite. Greece, which in point of art was immensely superior to the rest of mankind, was not a country of luxury: there the magnificence of the Great King's palace was spoken of with disdain; and were it permitted to us to see the house of Pericles, we should probably find it hardly habitable. I do not insist on this point, for it would be necessary to consider whether the Asiatic luxury—that of Babylon, for instance—is really due to the Semites; I doubt it, for my part. But one gift they have incontestably made us: a gift of the highest order, and one which ought to place the Phœnicians, in the history of progress, almost by the side of the Hebrews and the Arabs, their brothers,—writing. You know that the characters we use at this day are, through a thousand transformations, those that the Semites used first to express the sounds of their language. The Greek and Latin alphabets, from which all our European alphabets are derived, are nothing else than the Phœnician alphabet. Phonetics, that bright device for expressing each articulate sound by a sign, and for reducing the articulate sound to a small number (twenty-two), is a Semitic invention. But for them, we should perhaps be still dragging along painfully with hieroglyphics. In one sense we may say that the Phœnicians, whose whole literature has so unfortunately disappeared, have thus laid down the essential condition of all vigorous and precise exercise of thought.

But I am eager, gentlemen, to come to the prime service which the Semitic race has rendered to the world,—its peculiar work, its providential mission, if I may so express myself. We owe to the Semitic race neither political life, art, poetry, philosophy, nor

science. What then do we owe to them? We owe to them religion. The whole world—if we except India, China, Japan, and tribes altogether savage—has adopted the Semitic religions. The civilized world comprises only Jews, Christians, and Mussulmans. The Indo-European race in particular, excepting the Brahmanic family and the feeble relics of the Parsees, has gone over completely to the Semitic faiths. What has been the cause of this strange phenomenon? How happens it that the nations who hold the supremacy of the world have renounced their own creed to adopt that of the people they have conquered?

The primitive worship of the Indo-European race, gentlemen, was charming and profound, like the imagination of the nations themselves. It was like an echo of nature, a sort of naturalistic hymn, in which the idea of one sole cause appears but occasionally and uncertainly. It was a child's religion, full of artlessness and poetry, but destined to crumble at the first demand of thought. Persia first effected its reform (that which is associated with the name of Zoroaster) under influences and at an epoch unknown to us. Greece, in the time of Pisistratus, was already dissatisfied with her religion, and was turning towards the East. In the Roman period, the old pagan worship had become utterly insufficient. It no longer addressed the imagination; it spoke feebly to the moral sense. The old myths on the forces of nature had become changed into fables; not unfrequently amusing and ingenious, but destitute of all religious value. It is precisely at this epoch that the civilized world finds itself face to face with the Jewish faith. Based upon the clear and simple dogma of the Divine unity; discarding naturalism and pantheism by the marvelously terse phrase, "In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth"; possessing a law, a book, the depository of grand moral precepts and of an elevated religious poetry,—Judaism had an incontestable superiority; and it might have been foreseen then that some day the world would become Jewish,—that is to say, would forsake the old mythology for Monotheism. An extraordinary movement which took place at this epoch in the heart of Judaism itself decided the victory. By the side of its grand and incomparable qualities, Judaism contained the principle of a narrow formalism, of an exclusive and scornful fanaticism; this was the Pharisaic spirit which became later the Talmudic spirit. Had Judaism been merely Phariseeism it would have had no future. But this race had within itself a

truly remarkable religious activity. Like all the noble races, moreover, it combined contrary elements: it knew how to react on itself, and to develop at need qualities the very opposite of its defects.

In the midst of the enormous ferment in which the Jewish nation was plunged under the last Asmoneans, there took place in Galilee the most wonderful moral event which history has ever recorded. A matchless man — so grand, that although here all must be judged from a purely scientific point of view, I would not gainsay those who, struck with the exceptional character of his work, call him God — effected a reform in Judaism; a reform so radical, so thorough, that it was in all respects a complete creation. Having reached a higher religious plane than ever man reached before, having attained the point of regarding himself in his relation to God as a son to his father, devoted to his work with a forgetfulness of all else and a self-renunciation never so sublimely practiced before, the victim at last of his idea and deified by death, Jesus founded the eternal religion of humanity, — the religion of the soul, stripped of everything sacerdotal, of creed, of external ceremonies, accessible to every race, superior to all castes, in a word absolute: "Woman, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father; but when the true worshipers shall worship him in spirit and in truth." The vital centre was established to which humanity must for centuries refer its hopes, its consolations, its motives for well-doing. The most copious source of virtue that the sympathetic touch of a sublime conscience ever caused to well up in the heart of man was opened. The lofty thought of Jesus, hardly comprehended by his disciples, suffered many lapses. Christianity, notwithstanding, prevailed from the very first; and prevailed supremely over other existing religions. These religions, which pretended to no absolute value, which had no strong organizations, and which represented no moral idea, offered but feeble resistance. Some attempts which were made to reform them in accordance with the new needs of humanity, and to introduce into them an earnest moral element, — the effort of Julian, for instance, — failed completely. The Empire, which clearly saw its principle threatened by the birth of a new power, the Church, resisted at first energetically. It ended by adopting the faith it had opposed. All the nations that were under Greek and Latin influence became Christian; the Germanic

and Slavic peoples came in a little later. Persia and India alone of the Indo-European race — thanks to their very strong religious institutions, which are closely allied to their polity — preserved, though much modified, the ancient worship of their forefathers. The Brahmanic race, especially, rendered to the world a scientific service of the highest kind, by preserving with a minute and touching excess of precaution the oldest hymns of their faith, the Vedas.

But after this incomparable victory the religious fecundity of the Semitic race was not exhausted. Christianity, absorbed by Greek and Latin civilization, had become a Western institution. The East, its cradle, was precisely the land in which it encountered the most formidable obstacles. Arabia in particular, in the seventh century, could not make up its mind to become Christian. Hesitating between Judaism and Christianity, native superstitions and the remembrance of the old patriarchal faith, recoiling from the mythologic elements which the Indo-European race had introduced into the heart of Christianity, Arabia wished to return to the religion of Abraham; she founded Islamism. Islamism, in its turn, appeared immensely superior amidst the debased religions of Asia. With one breath it overturned Parsism, which had been vigorous enough under the Sassanidæ to triumph over Christianity, and reduce it to the condition of an insignificant sect. India in its turn saw, but without being converted, the Divine unity proclaimed victoriously in the midst of its obsolete pantheon. Islamism, in a word, won over to Monotheism almost all the heathen whom Christianity had not yet converted. It is finishing its mission in our days by the conquest of Africa, which is becoming at this time almost wholly Mussulman. With a few exceptions, of secondary importance, the world has been thus conquered entire by the monotheistic apostleship of the Semites.

Do we mean to say that the Indo-European nations, in adopting the Semitic dogma, have completely given up their own individuality? No indeed. In adopting the Semitic religion, we have modified it profoundly. Christianity, as popularly understood, is in reality our work. Primitive Christianity, consisting essentially of the apocalyptic belief in a Kingdom of God, which was about to come; Christianity as it existed in the mind of a St. James, of a Papias,— was very different from our Christianity, incumbered with metaphysics by the Greek Fathers and with scholasticism by the Middle Ages, and by the progress of modern

times reduced to a teaching of morality and charity. The victory of Christianity was secured only when it broke completely its Jewish shell, when it became again what it had been in the lofty purpose of its founder,—a creation released from the narrow trammels of the Semitic mind. This is so true that the Jews and Mussulmans feel only aversion to this religion, the sister of their own, but which in the hands of another race has clothed itself with an exquisite poetry, with a delicious attire of romantic legends. Refined, sensitive, imaginative souls, such as the author of the 'Imitation,' the mystics of the Middle Ages, and the saints in general, professed a religion which had indeed sprung from the Semitic genius, but had been transformed from its very foundation by the genius of modern nations, especially of the Celts and Germans. That depth of sentimentalism, that species of religious languor of a Francis d'Assisi, of a Fra Angelico, were the precise opposite of the Semitic genius, which is essentially hard and dry.

As regards the future, gentlemen, I see in it more and more the triumph of the Indo-European genius. Since the sixteenth century an immense event, until then undecided, has been coming out with striking vigor. It is the definitive victory of Europe, the accomplishment of this old Semitic proverb: "Let God increase Japhet, and let him dwell in the tents of Shem, and let Canaan (Cham?) be his servant."

Till that time the Semitic spirit had been master on its soil. The Mussulman East defeated the West; had better arms and a better political system; sent it riches, knowledge, civilization. Henceforward the parts are changed. European genius rises with peerless grandeur; Islamism, on the contrary, is slowly decomposing,—in our days it is falling with a crash. At the present time, the essential condition of a diffused civilization is the destruction of the peculiarly Semitic element, the destruction of the theocratic power of Islamism; consequently the destruction of Islamism itself: for Islamism can exist only as an official religion; as soon as it shall be reduced to the state of a free personal religion, it will perish. Islamism is not merely a State religion, as Catholicism was in France under Louis XIV., as it still is in Spain: it is religion excluding the State; it is an organization the type of which, in Europe, the Pontifical States alone exhibited. There is the endless strife; the strife which will cease only when the last son of Ishmael shall have

died of misery, or shall have been driven by terror into the depths of the desert. Islam completely negatives Europe; Islam is fanaticism, such as Spain under Philip II. and Italy under Pius V. have scarcely known; Islam is contempt for science, suppression of civil society; it is the appalling simplicity of the Semitic spirit cramping the human intellect, closing it against every delicate thought, every fine feeling, every rational inquiry, to confront it with an eternal repetition:—*God is God.*

The future, gentlemen, belongs then to Europe, and to Europe alone. Europe will conquer the world; and spread through it her religion, which is law, liberty, respect for man,—the belief that there is something Divine in the heart of humanity. In all departments, progress for the Indo-European people will consist in departing farther and farther from the Semitic spirit. Our religion will become less and less Jewish; more and more will it reject all political organizations as connected with the affairs of the soul. It will become the religion of the heart, the innermost poetry of every soul. In ethics we shall cultivate a refinement unknown to the austere natures of the Old Alliance; we shall become more and more Christian. In polity we shall reconcile two things which the Semitic nations have always ignored,—liberty and a strong State organization. From poetry we shall demand expression for that instinct of the infinite which is at once our joy and our torment,—at all events our greatness. From philosophy, instead of the *absolute* of the scholastics, we shall demand delicate studies on the general system of the universe. In everything we shall seek after fine distinctions,—subtlety instead of dogmatism, the relative in place of the absolute. There is the future, as I anticipate it, if the future is to belong to progress. Shall we attain a clearer view of the destiny of man and his relations with the infinite? Shall we know more surely the law of the origin of beings, the nature of conscience, what is life and personality? Without lapsing into credulity, and still persisting in its path of positive philosophy, will the world recover its joy, its ardor, its hope, its deeper thoughts? Will existence become again worth the possessing, and will the man who believes in duty find in duty his reward? This science to which we consecrate our life,—will it render back to us what we sacrifice to it? I know not. But this is certain, that in seeking out truth by scientific methods we shall have done our duty. If truth be cheerless, we shall at least have the consolation of

having honestly discovered it: we may say that we deserved to find it more consoling,—still, we will bear this witness in our hearts, that we have been thoroughly sincere.

To tell the truth, I cannot dwell on such thoughts. History demonstrates that there is in human nature a transcendent instinct that urges it towards a nobler aim. The development of man is inexplicable on the hypothesis that man is only a being with an already finished destiny, virtue only a refined egotism, religion but a chimera. Let us work on, then, gentlemen. Whatever the author of Ecclesiastes may say in a moment of discouragement, science is not "the meanest occupation that God has given to the sons of men." It is the best. If all be vanity, he who has consecrated his life to truth will be no more duped than others. If all the good and true be real,—and we are sure that they are,—their seeker and lover will have unquestionably breathed the finest spirit.

We shall not meet again, gentlemen. At my next lecture, I shall plunge into Hebraic philology, where the greater number of you will not follow me. But I pray those who are young, and to whom I may be allowed to offer a word of counsel, to favor me with their attention. The impulse which is in you, and which has shown itself more than once during this lecture in a manner so honorable to me, is praiseworthy in its principle and of good promise; but do not let it degenerate into frivolous activity. Direct your attention to solid studies; believe that the liberal thing *par excellence* is cultivation of mind, nobleness of heart, independence of judgment. Prepare for our country generations ripe for all that makes the glory and the ornament of life. Beware of rash enthusiasms; and remember that liberty is won only by earnestness, respect for ourselves and others, devotion to the commonweal, and to the special work that each of us in this world is called upon to establish or to continue.

THE PERSISTENCE OF THE CELTIC RACE

From 'La Poésie des Races Celtiques'

IF THE excellence of races were to be decided by their purity of blood and inviolability of character, it must be confessed that none would be able to vie with the nobility of the still existing remnants of the Celtic race. No human family has ever lived more isolated from the world, and remained more pure from all foreign mixture. Driven by conquests to half-forgotten islands and peninsulas, it has raised an insurmountable barrier to all outside influence: it has depended upon itself for everything, and has drawn its life from its own sources. Hence this dominant individuality, this hate of the foreign element, which even to our day has been the distinguishing trait of the Celtic races. The civilization of Rome hardly touched them, and left but little mark upon them. The Germanic invasion drove them back but did not absorb them. At the present moment they are resisting another and even more dangerous invasion, that of modern civilization, so destructive to local distinctions and national types. Ireland especially (and this may be the secret of her irremediable weakness) is the only European country where the native can show the title of his descent, and can point out with certitude, even as far back as the prehistoric shadows, the race from which he sprang.

It is in this retired life, in this defiance of all outside influence, that we must seek the explanation of the principal traits of the Celtic racial character. It has all the faults and all the qualities of the solitary man: at once proud and timid, strong in feeling and feeble in action; at home free and open, away from home awkward and shy. It distrusts the stranger because it sees in him a being more subtle than itself, seeking to impose on its simplicity. Indifferent to the admiration of others, it asks only one thing,—that it be left alone. It is essentially a domestic race, made for family life and the joys of home. . . .

It is easily seen that natures so strongly concentrated would not be of a kind to present one of those brilliant developments that impress the world with the sudden ascendency of a people; and that is undoubtedly why the Cymric race has always played a subordinate part. Lacking in the power to reach out, strange

to all instincts of aggression and conquest, not caring to have its thought take the lead in the world outside, it has known only how to retreat into the least essential space; and then, driven into this last corner, meet its enemies with invincible resistance. Even its fidelity has been merely a wasted devotion. Hard to conquer, and always behind time, it is faithful to its conquerors when the latter have ceased being faithful to themselves. It was the last to surrender its religious independence to Rome, and it has become the greatest stronghold of Catholicism; it was the last in France to surrender its political independence to the king, and it has given the world the last royalists.

Thus the Celtic race has spent itself resisting the age and defending desperate causes. It would seem that at no time has it had any gift for political life: the sense of family has stifled all attempts at a larger organization. It would seem also that the peoples of which it is composed are not in themselves open to progress. Life is to them a fixed condition which it is not in the power of man to change. Gifted with but little initiative power, too apt to look upon themselves as minors under tutelage, they are inclined to believe in fatality and to resign themselves to it. To see it so submissive to God, one would hardly believe this race to be the daughter of Japhet.

Hence the reason of its sadness. Take the songs of its bard of the sixteenth century: the defeats they bewail are more than the victories they glorify. Its history is but one long complaint; it still remembers its exile, its flights over the waters. If at times it seems to awaken into glad life, a tear soon sparkles behind its smile; it does not know that strange forgetfulness of human life and its vicissitudes which we call gayety. Its songs of joy end in elegies: nothing approaches the delightful sadness of its national melodies; one is tempted to call them dews from heaven, which, falling on the soul drop by drop, sink into it like memories of another world. One never feels more completely the secret delights of consciousness,—those poetic memories where all the sensations of life meet at once, so vague, so deep, so penetrating, that were they to last but a moment longer one would die thereof, without being able to say whether it were of bitter sorrow or of tenderness.

The infinite delicacy of sentiment which characterizes the Celtic race is intimately connected with its necessity of concentration. Undemonstrative natures are nearly always those that

feel most intensely; the deeper the sentiment, the less can it express itself. Hence this charming modesty, this something, as it were, veiled, serious, exquisite,— equally far from the rhetoric of sentiment, too familiar in the Latin races, and from the conscious naïveté of Germany,— which expresses itself in so admirable a way in the songs published by M. de la Villemarqué. The apparent reserve of the Celtic peoples, so often taken for coldness, comes from this timidity of soul which makes them think that a feeling loses half its worth when it is expressed, and that the heart must have no audience beside itself.

If it were permissible to give nations a sex as we do individuals, we should unhesitatingly say that the Celtic race, especially taken in its Cymric and Breton branches, is an essentially feminine race. No human family has, I believe, brought so much mystery into love. No other has had a more delicate conception of the ideal of woman, and has been more dominated thereby. It is a sort of intoxication, a madness, a dizziness. Read the strange Mabinogion of Pérédur, or its French imitation Parceval the Gaul: these pages are, so to speak, soft with feminine sentiment. Woman appears therein like a sort of vague vision, something between man and the supernatural world. I know of no literature which offers anything analogous. Compare Genevra and Isolde with the Scandinavian furies Gudrun and Krimhilde, and you will admit that woman, as chivalry has conceived her,— this ideal of tenderness and beauty set up as the supreme end of life,— is neither a classic, nor a Christian, nor a Germanic creation, but truly Celtic.

The power of imagination is almost always in proportion to the concentration of feeling and to the lack of events in outward life. The very limitation of the imagination of Greece and Italy comes from the easy self-expression of the peoples of the South, with whom the soul, spent upon the outside world, has very little self-reflection. Compared with classic imagination, Celtic imagination is really the infinite compared to the finite. In the beautiful Mabinogion of 'The Dream' of Maxen Wledig, the emperor Maxime sees in his dream a young girl so beautiful that on awakening he declares that he cannot live without her. For several years his ambassadors travel through the world to find her for him. She is finally discovered in Bretagne. This is what the Celtic race did: it grew tired of taking its dreams for realities, and running after beautiful visions. The essential element

of Celtic poetic life is *adventure*, — that is to say, the pursuit of the unknown, a never-ending hunt after the always fleeing object of desire. This is what St. Brandan dreamed on the other side of the waters; this is what Pérédur sought in his mystic chivalry; this is what the knight Owenn expected of his subterranean peregrinations. This race wants the infinite; it is thirsting for it, it seeks it at all hazards, beyond the grave, beyond hell. The essential fault of the Breton people — the leaning toward drink, a fault which according to the traditions of the sixteenth century was the cause of its disasters — comes from this invincible need of illusion. Do not say that it is an appetite for gross pleasures, for, aside from this, there never was a people more sober and free from sensuality; no, the Bretons sought in the hydromel what Owenn, St. Brandan, and Pérédur, sought in their way,— the vision of the invisible world. Even to-day, in Ireland, drunkenness is part of all patronal feasts,— that is to say, of the feasts which have best preserved their national and popular character.

Hence this profound sentiment of the future, and the eternal destiny of its race, which has always upheld the Cymry, and makes it appear young still beside its aged conquerors. Hence this dogma of the resurrection of heroes, which seems to have been one of those most difficult for Christianity to uproot. Hence this Celtic belief in the coming of a Messiah (‘*messianisme*’), this belief in a future which will restore the Cymry and deliver it from its oppressors, like the mysterious Leminok which Merlin has promised them, the Lez-Breiz of the Armoricans, the Arthur of the Gauls. The hand which raises itself out of the lake when Arthur's sword falls in, which seizes it and brandishes it three times, is the hope of the Celtic races. Little peoples gifted with imagination do usually thus take their revenge over those who conquer them. Feeling strong within and feeble without, they protest, they grow inspired: and such a struggle, strengthening their forces tenfold, makes them capable of miracles. Almost all great appeals to the supernatural are due to people hoping against all hope. Who can say what has in our days been fermenting in the heart of that most obstinate and most helpless of nations, Poland? Israel humiliated dreamt of the spiritual conquest of the world, and succeeded.

Translated for ‘A Library of the World's Best Literature’ by Olga Flinch.

FRITZ REUTER

(1810–1874)

AMONG the novelists of the German realistic school, Fritz Reuter occupies the first place. No one of them has come nearer than he to the heart of life, nor understood with greater sympathy the lives of the people, in whose apparently monotonous and commonplace conditions he found endless dramatic possibilities of humor and pathos. He is the novelist of the proletariat; his works are steeped in the clear sunshine of the working-day world. With the romantic moonshine of an artificial nobility he had nothing to do.

His life was favorable for the fostering of his peculiar genius. He was born on the 7th of November, 1810, at Stavenhagen in Mecklenburg-Schwerin: his boyhood was passed in this sleepy, out-of-the-way German town, among such types of people as he has immortalized in his novels. His father was burgomaster and sheriff of the place, and was also a farmer; he purposed however that his son should study law. Until his fourteenth year the boy was educated at home with private tutors; then he entered the gymnasium at Friedland in Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and afterwards passed through the higher classes of the gymnasium at Parchim. In 1831 he attended lectures on jurisprudence at the University of Rostock, going the following year to the University of Jena, where he became a member of the Burschenschaft Germania. The government, alarmed by the revolutionary agitation of 1830, was on the lookout for undue exhibitions of patriotism among the student body. The riot at Frankfort in 1833 served as a pretext for making arrests. Reuter was seized, on no other evidence of guilt than that of wearing the German colors, was tried and condemned to death for high treason. This sentence was commuted by King Frederick William III. to thirty years' imprisonment. Reuter was taken from one Prussian fortress to another; in 1838, through the intervention of the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg, he was delivered over to the authorities of his native State. A two-years' imprisonment in

FRITZ REUTER

the fortress of Dömitz followed. In 1840, Frederick William IV. having proclaimed an amnesty after his accession, Reuter was set free. Severe as his experiences had been, they had ripened him and prepared him for his life's work, though at that time he was scarcely aware of his gifts. He went to Heidelberg to resume his legal studies; but the death of his father compelled his return to Stavenhagen, where he undertook the charge of the farm. During this period he gained that practical knowledge of agriculture and of the farmer's life which he has interwoven in his masterpiece, 'My Apprenticeship on the Farm.' In 1850 he was obliged, however, to abandon farming: removing to Sreptow in Pomerania, he became a private tutor, and soon afterwards married Luise Kunze, the daughter of a clergyman. His life at this time was full of drudgery; but he found occasion to write a number of tales and anecdotes in prose and verse, which were published in 1853 in a volume with the title 'Läuschen un Rimels' (Funny Tales and Nonsense Rhymes). These were written in Platt Deutsch, the Low German which is so well adapted for the expression of simple and natural feeling, and for the portrayal of the concrete life of the people. Reuter was possessed with the spirit of homeliness, and he used the hearty dialect with consummate tact to embody this spirit. The great success of his first book led him to write and publish another, 'Polterabendgedichte' (Nuptial-Eve Stories). In 1855 appeared 'De Reis nah Belligen' (An Account of a Journey to Belgium), a humorous poem relating the adventures of a number of Mecklenburg peasants, who travel to Belgium for the sake of learning the secrets of an advanced civilization.

In 1856 Reuter removed to Neubrandenburg, devoting himself entirely to literary work. In 1858 he published 'Kein Hüsung,' a poem of village life; in 1859 'Hanne Nüte un de Lüdde Pudel,' considered his masterpiece in verse; and in 1861 'Schurr-Murr,' a collection of tales. Soon afterwards he began the publication of 'Olle Kamellen,' literally 'Old Camomile-Flowers,' meaning "old tales, old recollections,"—a series which was to include his best work. The first, 'Zwei Lustige Geschichte' (Two Pleasant Stories), included 'Wo aus ik tau 'ne Fru kamm,' a little skit of how he wooed his wife; and 'Ut de Franzosentid' (In the Year '13), a novel of the time of the uprising of the German people against Napoleon. The scenes are laid in Stavenhagen, Reuter's native town; and its characters are drawn from real life. This work has had enormous popularity in Europe and America. No. 2 of the series, 'Ut Mine Festungstid' (My Imprisonment), was founded on Reuter's own experience as a prisoner. Nos. 3, 4, and 5 were embodied in 'Ut Mine Stromtid' (My Apprenticeship on the Farm); No. 6, the last of the series, was entitled 'Dörchläuchting.'

Of these novels the greatest is 'Ut Mine Stromtid.' On it is based Reuter's claim of being the most eminent realist of his country Nothing could be more true to life than this straightforward story of Mecklenburg farmers, of their quiet simple lives, relieved by homely fun and homely pathos. The light of Reuter's genius does not serve as a halo to idealize lowly existence, after the manner of sentimentalists: like penetrative daylight it reveals the little details which make up the picture. He is masterful in his drawing of character. His men and women are persons whom the reader knows, and loves or hates: so abundant is their life, so impressive their personality. The good-hearted comical bailiff Brăsig; the twins Mina and Lina; Parson Behrens and his bustling, loving little wife; the stripling Fred Triddelfitz; the rascal Pomuchelskopp,—are from the world Reuter knew best. He paints the sunshine and shadow of their lives with unrivaled delicacy of touch. The humor of Triddelfitz's love-making, the pathos of the old pastor's death in his quiet home, are consummate in truthfulness. The strong humanity of the novel places it in the first rank.

After a journey to the East, Reuter published 'Die Montechi und Capuleti in Konstantinopel'; but the book shows plainly that the author was out of his element.

He died in 1874. In 1875 appeared his 'Nachgelassene Schriften' (Posthumous Works) in two volumes, supplementing the edition of his writings in thirteen volumes which had been published between 1863 and 1868.

THE OLD PARSON'S DEATH

From 'My Apprenticeship on the Farm'

EVERY house in the parish had its share of happiness, each of them after its kind; but one house formed an exception to this rule, although it used to have its full share. In winter round the fireside, and in summer under the great lime-tree, or in the arbor in the garden, there always used to be a calm peaceful happiness, in which the child Louisa, as she played about the old house and grounds, and little Mrs. Behrens, who ruled all things duster in hand, had had part; and also the good old clergyman, who had now done with all earthly things forever. Peace had taken leave of the house, and had gone forth calmly to the place from whence she came; and during that time of illness, care and sorrow had taken up their abode there, deepening with the growing weakness of the good old man. He

did not lie long in bed, and had no particular illness; so that Dr. Strump of Rahnstädt could not find amongst all the three thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven diseases of which he knew, one that suited the present case. Peace seemed to have laid her hand on the old man's head in blessing, and to have said to him: "I am going to leave thee, but only for a short time. I shall afterwards return to thy Regina. Thou needst me no more, because thou hast had me in thy heart during all the long years thou hast fought the good fight of faith. Now sleep softly: thou must needs be tired."

And he was tired,— very tired. His wife had laid him on the sofa under the pictures, that he might look out at the window as much as he liked; Louisa had covered him comfortably with rugs and shawls: and then they had both left the room softly, that he might rest undisturbed. Out of doors the first flakes of snow were falling slowly, slowly, from the sky; it was as quiet and still outside as within his heart: and he felt as if the blessing of Christ were resting upon him. No one saw it, but his Regina was the first to find it out.— He rose, and pushing the large arm-chair up to the cupboard, opened the door, and sitting down, began to examine the treasures that he had kept as relics of the past. Some of them had belonged to his father, and some to his mother: they were all reminiscences of what he had loved.

This cupboard was the place where he had stowed away whatever reminded him of all the chief events of his life; and they had become relics, the sight of which did him good when he was down-hearted. They were not preserved in crystal vessels or in embroidered cases, but were simply placed on the shelf, and kept there to be looked at whenever he wanted to see them. When he felt low and sad, it did him good to take out these relics and to live over again in thought the happy days of which they reminded him; and he never closed the cupboard door without gaining strength and courage, or without thanking God silently for his many blessings. There lay the Bible his father had given him when he was a boy; the beautiful glass vase his old college friend had sent him; the pocket-book his Regina had worked for him during their engagement; the shell which a sailor had sent him in token of his gratitude for having been shown the way to become a better man; the pieces of paper on which Louisa, Mina, and Lina had written their Christmas and New-Year's Day messages of affection,— as also some of their

earlier bits of handiwork; the withered myrtle wreath his wife had worn on her wedding day; the large pictorial Bible with the silver clasps, that Hawermann had given him on his seventieth birthday, and the silver-mounted meerschaum that Bräsig had given him on the same occasion; and down below on the lowest shelf were three pairs of shoes,—the shoes that Louisa, Regina, and he had worn when they first entered the parsonage.

Old shoes are not beautiful in themselves, but the memories attached to these made them beautiful in his eyes; so he took them out of the cupboard, and laid them down by his side, and then, placing his first Bible on his knee, he opened it at our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, and began to read. No one saw him, but that was not necessary; and his Regina knew when it was all over. He grew very tired; and resting his head in the corner of the great chair, fell asleep like a little child.

And so they found him when they came back. Mrs. Behrens seated herself on the arm of his chair, clasped him in her arms, closed his eyes, and then, resting her head against his, wept silently. Louisa knelt at his feet, and laying her folded hands on his knee, looked with tearful eyes at the two quiet faces that were so dear to her. Then Mrs. Behrens rose, and folding down the leaf of the Bible, drew it softly out of her husband's hand; and Louisa also rose, and threw her arms round her foster-mother's neck. They both wept long and passionately; till at last, when it was growing dusk, Mrs. Behrens replaced the shoes in the cupboard, saying as she did so, "I bless the day when we came to this house together;" and while laying Louisa's little shoes beside them, she added, "And I bless the day when the child came to us."

She then closed the cupboard door.

The good old clergyman was buried three days later in the piece of ground he had long ago sought out for his last resting-place; and any one standing by the grave which was lighted by the earliest rays of the morning sun, might easily see into the parlor in the parsonage-house.

The people who had been at the funeral were all gone home, and Hawermann had also been obliged to go; but Uncle Bräsig, who had spent the day at the parsonage, helping his friends in every possible way, had announced his intention of remaining for the night. Seeing the two women standing arm-in-arm at the window, buried in sad thought, he slipped quietly up-stairs to

his bedroom, and going to the window looked sorrowfully down into the church-yard, where the newly made grave showed distinctly against the white snow surrounding it. He thought of the good man who lay there, and who had so often helped him with kindness and advice; and he swore to himself that he would be a faithful friend to Mrs. Behrens. Down-stairs the two sad-hearted women were gazing at the same grave, and silently vowing to show each other all the love and tenderness that he who was gone from them had been wont to bestow. Little Mrs. Behrens thanked God and her husband for the comforter she had in her adopted daughter, whom she held in her arms, and whose smooth hair she stroked as she kissed her lovingly. Louisa prayed that God would bless the lessons she had learned from her foster-father, and would give her strength to be a good and faithful daughter to the kind woman who had been as a mother to her. New-made graves may be likened to flower-beds in which the gardener puts his rarest and most beautiful plants; but alas, ill weeds sometimes take root there also.

THE MILLER AND THE JUSTICE

From 'In the Year '13'

I was baptized, and had godfathers—four of them; and if my godfathers were still alive, and walked through the streets with me, people would stop and say, "Look, what fine fellows! You won't see many such." They were indeed godfathers! And one of them was a head taller than the others, and towered above them as Saul did above his brethren. This was old Amtshauptmann Weber. He used to wear a well-brushed blue coat, yellowish trousers, and well-blacked boots; and his face was so marked by the small-pox that it looked as if the Devil had been threshing his peas on it, or as if he had sat down upon his face on a cane-bottomed chair. On his broad forehead there stood written, "Not the fear of Man, but the fear of God." And he was the right man in the right place.

About eleven o'clock in the morning he might be seen sitting in an arm-chair in the middle of the room, whilst his wife fastened a napkin under his chin, put the powder on his hair, tied it behind, and twisted it into a neat pigtail.

When the old gentleman walked up and down under the shade of the chestnut-trees at noon, his little rogue of a pigtail wagged merrily, and nodded over the collar of his blue coat, as if it wanted to say to any one who would listen: "Yes; look, old fellow! What do you think of me? I am only the tip of his hair; and if I wag so comically out here, you may fancy how merry it must be inside his head."

When I took him a message from my father, and managed to give it straight off, he would pat me on the head, and then say: "Now, away with you, boy. Off like a shot! When you pull the trigger, the gun mustn't hang fire, but must go off like a flash of lightning. Run to Ma'm'selle Westphalen, and ask her for an apple."

To my father he would say: "Well, friend, what do *you* think? Are you not glad that you have a son? Boys are much better than girls: girls are always fretting and crying. Thank God, I have a boy too,—my Joe. What say you, eh?"

My father told my mother. "Do you know," said he, "what the old Amtshauptmann says? boys are better than girls." Now, I was in the room at the time, and overheard this; and of course I said to myself: "My godfather is always right: boys *are* better than girls, and every one should have his deserts." So I took the large piece of plum-cake for myself, and gave my sister the small one, and thought not a little of myself, for I knew now that I was the larger half of the apple. But this was not to last: the tables were to be turned.

One day—it was at the time when the rascally French had just come back from Russia, and everything was in commotion—some one knocked at the Herr Amtshauptmann's door. "Come in," cried the old gentleman; and in came old Miller Voss of Gielow, ducking his head nearly down to the ground by way of a bow.

"Good afternoon, Herr Amtshauptmann," said he.

"Good morning, miller."

Now, though the one said "good afternoon," and the other said "good morning," each was right from his own point of view: for the miller got up at four o'clock in the morning, and with him it was afternoon; while with the Amtshauptmann it was still early in the morning, as he did not rise until eleven.

"What is it, miller?"

"Herr Amtshauptmann, I've come to you about a weighty matter. I'll tell you what it is: I want to be made a bankrupt."

«What, miller!»

«I want to be made a bankrupt, Herr Amtshauptmann.»

«Hm—hm,» muttered the Amtshauptmann, «that's an ugly business.» And he paced up and down the room scratching his head. «How long have you been at the bailiwick of Stemhagen?»

«Three-and-thirty years, come midsummer.»

«Hm—hm,» again muttered the Amtshauptmann: «and how old are you, miller?»

«Come peas-harvest five-and-sixty, or maybe six-and-sixty: for as to our old Pastor Hammerschmidt, he wasn't much given to writing, and didn't trouble his head about parish registers; and the Frau Pastor, who made the entries,—i' faith she had a deal to do besides,—only attended to them every three years, so that there might be enough to make it worth while, and then some fine afternoon she would go through the village and write down the children's ages—but more according to height and size than to what they really were; and my mother always said she had cut a year from me because I was small and weakly. But less than five-and-sixty I'm not. I am sure of that.»

During this speech the Amtshauptmann had kept walking up and down the room, listening with only one ear; he now stood still before the miller, looked straight into his eyes, and said sharply, «Then, Miller Voss, you're much too old for anything of the kind.»

«How so, Herr?» exclaimed the poor miller, quite cast down.

«Bankruptcy is a hard matter: at your age you could not carry it through.»

«Do you think so, Herr?»

«Yes, I do. We are both too old for it. We must leave such things to younger people. What do you think folks would say if I were to get myself declared bankrupt? Why, they would say, of course, the old Amtshauptmann up at the Schloss had gone quite mad! And,» added he, laying his hand gently on the miller's shoulder, «they would be right, Miller Voss. What say you, eh?»

The miller looked down at the toes of his boots, and scratched his head: «It's true, Herr.»

«Tell me,» said the old gentleman, patting him kindly on the shoulder, «where does the shoe pinch? What is troubling you?»

«Troubling, say you! Herr Amtshauptmann,» shouted the miller, clapping his hand to the side of his head as if a wasp

had stung him, «troubling! torturing, you mean. Torturing! That Jew! that cursed Jew! and then the lawsuit, Herr Amtshauptmann, the cursed lawsuit!»

«Look you, miller, that's another of your follies,—entangling yourself at your age in a lawsuit.»

«True enough, Herr: but when I began it I was in my prime, and thought to be able to fight it out; now I see clear enough that your lawsuit has a longer breath than an honest miller.»

«But I think it is coming to an end now.»

«Yes, Herr Amtshauptmann, and then I shall be hard up; for my affairs are in a bad way. The lawyers have muddled them; and as for my uncle, old Joe Voss,—why, his son, who will soon get possession of all, is a downright vagabond, and they say he's sworn a great oath to oust me from the Borcherts Inn at Malchin. But I have the right on my side, Herr Amtshauptmann, and how I got into this lawsuit I don't know to this day; for old Frau Borcherts while she was still alive—she was the aunt of my mother's sister's daughter—and Joe Voss—he was my cousin—»

«I know the story,» interrupted the Amtshauptmann; «and if you would follow my advice you would make it up.»

«But I can't, Herr: for Joe Voss's rascally son wouldn't be satisfied with less than half the money; and if I pay that I shall be a beggar. No, Herr Amtshauptmann, it may go as it will; but one thing I'm resolved on: I won't give in though I go to prison for it. Is a ruffian like that, who struts about with his father's money in his pocket, spending it right and left, and who doesn't know what it is to have to keep up a house in these hard times,—and who's never had his cattle carried off by those cursed French, nor his horses stolen out of the stable, nor his house plundered,—is such a rascal as that to get the better of me? By your leave, Herr, I could kick the fellow.»

«Miller Voss, gently, Miller Voss,» said the old gentleman: «the lawsuit will come to an end some time or other. It is going on.»

«Going, Herr Amtshauptmann? It's flying, as the Devil said when he tied the Bible to his whip and swung it around his head.»

«True, true, Miller Voss; but at present you're not much pressed.»

«Pressed? Why, I'm fixed in a vise — in a vise — and say! That Jew, Herr Amtshauptmann, that thrice-cursed Jew!»

«What Jew is it?» asked the Herr Amtshauptmann; and the miller twirls his hat between his finger and thumb, looks cautiously round to see that no one is listening, draws closer to the old gentleman, and laying a finger on his lips, whispers, «Itzig, Herr Amtshauptmann.»

«Whew!» said the old Herr. «How came you to be mixed up with that fellow?»

«Herr Amtshauptmann, how came the ass to have long ears? Some go to gather wild strawberries, and get stung by nettles. The sexton of Gägelow thought his wheelbarrow was full of holy angels, and when he had got to the top of the mountain, and expected to see them fly up to heaven, the Devil's grandmother was sitting in the wheelbarrow, and she grinned at him and said, 'Neighbor, we shall meet again!' In my troubles, when the enemy had taken everything I had, I borrowed two hundred thalers from him; and for the last two years I have been obliged to renew the bill from term to term, and the debt has crept up to five hundred thalers, and the day after to-morrow I shall be forced to pay it.»

«But, miller, did you sign?»

«Yes, Herr Amtshauptmann.»

«Then you must pay. What's written is written.»

«But, Herr Amtshauptmann, I thought —»

«It can't be helped, miller. What's written is written.»

«But the Jew —?»

«Miller, what's written is written.»

«Then, Herr Amtshauptmann, what shall I do?»

The old gentleman began again to walk backwards and forwards in the room, tapping his forehead. At last he stopped, looked earnestly in the miller's face, and said, —«Miller, young people get out of such difficulties better than old ones: send me one of your boys.»

The old miller looked once more at the toes of his boots, and then turning his face away, said in a tone which went straight to the old Amtshauptmann's heart, «Sir, whom shall I send? My Joe was ground to death in the mill; and Karl was carried off to Russia by the French last year, and he's not come back.»

«Miller,» replied the old Amtshauptmann, patting him on the back, «have you then no children at all?»

«I have,» said he, wiping a tear from his eye, «a little girl left.»

«Well, miller, I am not particularly fond of girls myself: they are always fretting and crying.»

«That's true, sir: they *are* always fretting and crying.»

«And they can be of no use in a matter like this, miller.»

«But what will happen to me then?»

«The Jew will put in an execution, and will take away everything.»

«Well, Herr Amtshauptmann, the French have done that twice already, so the Jew may as well try it now. At any rate he will leave the millstone behind; and you think I'm too old to be made bankrupt?»

«Yes, miller, I fear so.»

«Well then, good day, Herr Amtshauptmann;» and so saying he went away.

JAMES FORD RHODES

(1848–)

THE historical work of James Ford Rhodes proves, what is oftentimes denied, that it is possible to record fully a contemporaneous period, with impartiality and with due regard to perspective. In his 'History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850' he has not only done this: he has treated one of the most intricate periods in the history of this country, or of any country, with a degree of insight into its complex forces not always attained by historians of remoter events, from which the mists of partisanship have faded. The treatment of the Civil War, and of the causes which led to it, requires delicate but firm handling. It demands of the historian not alone penetrative scholarship: for its satisfactory accomplishment, he must be inspired with that spirit of Americanism which is in no sense local or partisan. Mr. Rhodes has performed his difficult task well, because he is constantly guided by a luminous patriotism. His historical acumen is synonymous with the American temper.

JAMES FORD RHODES

His early training fostered those qualities by which he was developed into an American historian. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on May 1st, 1848, of parents who had come from New England. His father, who was engaged in the coal and iron business, was a man of strong character and of decided opinions, a Democrat, and a kinsman of Stephen A. Douglas, whose printed speeches in the Congressional Globe were read eagerly by James Ford Rhodes, then a boy of ten. It was his good fortune to be constantly under the guidance of those whose interest in public affairs was deep and vital. When the Civil War broke out, his teacher in the Cleveland High School accustomed the scholars to read aloud in turn every morning the political news of the day, explaining to them that they were living in times fraught with history. In 1865, Mr. Rhodes, who had already shown his preference for history and literature over the classics and mathematics, entered as a special student in the

University of the City of New York. There he devoted himself to historical work under Professor Benjamin N. Martin, and to science under John W. Draper. Under Professor Martin, his enthusiasm for history was further awakened. His text-books became guide-books; especially Buckle's great 'History of Civilization,' which first inspired him with the ambition to become himself a historian. The following year he entered a university in Chicago, where he studied metaphysics and rhetoric, and read largely in the works of Sir William Hamilton, Mill, McCosh, and Herbert Spencer.

In 1867 he went to Paris, with a mind keenly alert, through training and influence, to political situations and conditions. The spectacle of the Second Empire reinforced his democracy, and deepened his love of civil liberty. His studies of the conditions then existing in France led to his becoming the Paris correspondent of the Chicago Times. About this time it became evident to him that he was expected to engage in his father's business, so he put aside for the time his dream of a literary career; but before returning to the United States he attended lectures at the Collège de France, going afterwards to Berlin to study iron metallurgy under Dr. Wedding; he further prepared himself for his new interests by making a tour of the iron and steel works of Western Germany, and of South Wales, England, and Scotland. In 1868 he entered into business life. In the following year he was obliged to travel extensively through the South: he was thus brought in contact with the fermenting forces of a region struggling out of one stage of its existence into another. His desire to write history was re-awakened, and he now ordered his life to that end; accumulating a large historical library, and laboring to render himself financially independent, that he might have time and opportunity in the future for the labors of scholarship. After fifteen years of successful business enterprise, he entered upon his life's work at the end of the year 1885.

In 1893 the first two volumes of his great work were issued, and in 1895 the third appeared. Seven volumes have now appeared, extending from the Compromise of 1850 to the final restoration of home rule in the South in 1877. The first volume deals primarily with slavery,—its history, its nature, and its effects upon the political and social development of the United States; there having been, as Mr. Rhodes states, "no other than a single cause for secession and the war that ensued,—slavery." The question of State Rights entered into it only incidentally, and if slavery had not existed, could never have precipitated the war; since the unification of the United States was being constantly effected by the forces of growth. Steam and electricity, immigration, intermarriage, and the multiplying business interests, were constantly obliterating sectional differences, and mold-

ing the many into the one by a slow, silent, but organic process. Over the institution of slavery, however, the forces of civilization and progress had no power. They could not make organic use of it, because it was a moral evil, and as a moral evil was directly in the path of honorable national advancement.

Mr. Rhodes's discussion of this subject is in the spirit of the patriot rather than of the Northerner; at the same time, it is impersonal. He is in the sweep of the historical movement, but no prejudice nor blindness disturbs the even course of his record.

His scholarship is singularly conscientious and painstaking. He has consulted a vast number of sources, giving special attention to the utterances of the press; thus recognizing the truth that newspapers, being obliged to say what the public wishes them to say, are as fair indices as may be found of the popular temper. He has verified his statements step by step, with a diligence worthy of Teutonic scholarship; yet his work is in the best sense popular. It is clear, straightforward, and inspiriting. From the appearance of the first volume, the history won a recognition from scholars and from the public which succeeding volumes have enhanced. Mr. Rhodes has been the recipient of honorary degrees from many universities and was awarded the gold medal of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. In 1909 he published a volume of 'Historical Essays,' and in 1913 the 'Lectures on the American Civil War' which he had delivered at Oxford.

DANIEL WEBSTER

From 'History of the United States.' Copyright 1892, by James Ford Rhodes

Two of the great senatorial triumvirate had spoken; the Senate and the country had yet to hear the greatest of them all. Daniel Webster spoke on the compromise resolutions the 7th of March. In the course of this work, whenever possible, his precise words have been used, in narration and illustration; for in intellectual endowment Webster surpassed all of our public men. No one understood the fundamental principles of our polity better; no one approached his wonderful power of expression. It seemed that the language of the constitutional lawyer who laid down principles of law that the profound legal mind of Marshall fixed in an immutable judicial decision, and who at the same time could make clear abstruse points and carry conviction to the understanding of men who were untrained in logic or in law,

was best fitted to guide us through the maze of constitutional interpretation in which our history abounds. Indeed, the political history of the country for twenty-seven years preceding 1850 might be written as well and fully from the speeches, State papers, and letters of Webster, as the story of the latter days of the Roman republic from the like material of Cicero which has come down to us.

As an orator, Webster has been compared in simplicity to Demosthenes and in profundity to Burke. This is the highest praise. The wonderful effect of his oratory is strikingly told by George Ticknor, who, fresh from a long intercourse with the most distinguished men in England and on the Continent, went to hear Webster deliver his Plymouth oration. Ticknor writes: "I was never so excited by public speaking before in my life. Three or four times I thought my temples would burst with the gush of blood;" and though from his youth an intimate friend of Webster's, he was so impressed that "when I came out I was almost afraid to come near him. It seemed to me as if he was like the mount that might not be touched, and that burned with fire." Thomas Marshall, of Kentucky, heard the reply to Hayne; and when Webster came to the peroration he "listened as to one inspired, and finally thought he could see a halo around the orator's head like what one sees in the old pictures of saints and martyrs."

The diction of Webster was formed by a grateful study of Shakespeare and Milton: through his communion with these masters, his whole soul was thoroughly attuned to the highest thinking and purest harmonies of our literature. He is one of the few orators whose speeches are read as literature. He was our greatest lawyer, yet in a bad cause he was not a good advocate, for he had not the flexibility of mind which made the worse appear the better reason; but in cases apparently hopeless, with the right on his side, he won imposing triumphs. He was our greatest Secretary of State. He had, said Sumner, "by the successful and masterly negotiation of the treaty of Washington," earned the title of "Defender of Peace."

The Graces presided at his birth. His growth developed the strong physical constitution with which nature had endowed him, equally with a massive brain. His was a sound mind in a sound body. His physical structure was magnificent, his face handsome; he had the front of Jove himself. "He is," said Carlyle,

"a magnificent specimen. . . . As a logic-fencer, or parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world." "Webster," said Henry Hallam, "approaches as nearly to the beau ideal of a Republican Senator as any man that I have ever seen in the course of my life." Josiah Quincy speaks of him as a "figure cast in heroic mold, and which represented the ideal of American manhood." He was well described by the bard he loved so well: "How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!" On the basis of this extraordinary natural ability was built the superstructure of a systematic education. His devoted father mortgaged the New Hampshire farm to send him to college, and three years of laborious study of law followed the regular course at Dartmouth. Years afterwards he repaid his Alma Mater for her gifts when he pleaded, and not in vain, for her chartered rights in invincible logic before the most solemn tribunal of the country. Intellectually, Webster was a man of slow growth. The zenith of his power was not reached until he made the celebrated reply to Hayne, and he was then forty-eight years old.

In union with this grand intellect were social qualities of a high order. His manners were charming, his nature was genial, and he had a quick sense of seemly humor. Carlyle speaks of him as "a dignified, perfectly bred man." Harriet Martineau says "he would illuminate an evening by telling stories, cracking jokes, or smoothly discoursing to the perfect felicity of the logical part of one's constitution." Ticknor, who was so impressed with the majestic delivery of the orator, speaks of his being "as gay and playful as a kitten." The social intercourse between Webster and Lord Ashburton, while they were at work on the Washington treaty, is one of those international amenities that grace the history of diplomacy. This treaty, by which we gained substantial advantages and England made honorable concessions, was not negotiated through stately protocols, but was concluded through a friendly correspondence, and during the interchange of refined social civilities. During this transaction, Ashburton was impressed with "the upright and honorable character" of Webster. As late as 1845, there might be seen engravings which were an indication of the popular notion that honesty was his cardinal virtue.

He had strong domestic feelings. He honored his father, loved his brother, and was devoted to his wife and children; his affection for his many friends was pure and disinterested. He had during his life a large share of domestic affliction; and his deep and sincere grief shows that he had a large heart as well as a great head. He had a constant belief in revealed as well as natural religion.

His healthy disposition was displayed even in his recreations. He was a true disciple of Izaak Walton, and he also delighted in the chase. Few men have loved nature more. Those grand periods that will never cease to delight lovers of oratory were many of them conned at his Marshfield retreat, where he worshiped the sea and did reverence to the rising sun. After a winter of severe work in his declining years, he gets to Marshfield in May, and writes: "I grow strong every hour. The giants grew strong again by touching the earth: the same effect is produced on me by touching the salt sea shore"

The distinctive virtue of Webster was his patriotism. He loved his country as few men have loved it; he had a profound reverence for the Constitution and its makers. He spoke truly when he said, "I am an American, and I know no locality but America; that is my country;" and he was deeply in earnest when he gave utterance to the sentiment, "I was bred, indeed I might almost say I was born, in admiration of our political institutions." Webster's great work was to inspire the country with a strong and enduring national feeling; and he impressed upon the people everywhere, except in the cotton States, a sacred love for the Union. How well his life work was done, was seen less than nine years after he died, in the zealous appeal to arms for the defense of the nation. In the sleepless nights before his death, no sight was so welcome to his eyes as the lantern he saw through the windows, placed at the mast-head of the little shallop, in order that he might discern, fluttering at the mast, the national flag, the emblem of that Union to which he had consecrated the best thoughts and purest efforts of his life.

During the last twenty years of his career, Webster had a great desire to be President. Three times he was exceedingly anxious for the Whig nomination, and thought his chances were good for getting it; but the nomination even never came to him. Indeed, he always overrated the probabilities of his success. He was of that class of statesmen who were stronger before the

country than before the political convention. Had he ever been named as his party's choice, he would unquestionably have been a strong candidate; but he never had the knack of arousing the enthusiasm of the party, which Clay possessed in so eminent degree. Nor did his frequent action independent of political considerations commend him to the men who shaped the action of the party convention. George Ticknor said in 1831, Webster "belongs to no party; but he has uniformly contended for the great and essential principles of our government on all occasions:" and this was to a large extent true of him during his whole life. His tendency to break away from party trammels was shown more than once during his long career. In 1833, as we have seen, he supported with enthusiasm the Democratic President, and would not assent to the compromise devised by the leader of his party. But the crowning act of independence was when he remained in the cabinet of President Tyler, when all his colleagues resigned. The motive for this action was the desire to complete the negotiation of the Ashburton treaty; for Webster felt that he of all men was best fitted for that work, and his heart was earnestly enlisted in the effort to remove the difficulties in the way of a peaceful settlement, and to avert a war between England and the United States. His course, although eminently patriotic, was certain to interfere with his political advancement. For he resisted the imperious dictation of Clay, he breasted the popular clamor of his party, and he pursued his own ideas of right despite the fact that he had to encounter the tyranny of public opinion which De Tocqueville has so well described.

The French, who make excuses for men of genius, as the Athenians were wont to do, have a proverb, "It belongs to great men to have great defects." Webster exemplified this maxim. He was fond of wine and brandy, and at times drank deep; he was not scrupulous in observing the seventh commandment. Though born and reared in poverty, he had little idea of the value of money and of the sacredness of money obligations. He had no conception of the duty of living within his means, and he was habitually careless in regard to the payment of his debts. His friends more than once discharged his obligations; besides such assistance, he accepted from them at other times presents of money, but he would have rejected their bounty with scorn had there gone with it an expectation of influencing his public

action. This failing was the cause of serious charges being preferred against him. He was accused of being in the pay of the United States Bank, but this was not true; and he was charged with a corrupt misuse of the secret-service fund while Secretary of State under Tyler, but from this accusation he was fully and fairly exonerated.

Considering that it was only by strenuous effort that the son of the New Hampshire farmer obtained the highest rank in political and social life, it is hard to believe that he was constitutionally indolent, as one of his biographers states. When sixty-seven years old, it was his practice to study from five to eleven in the morning; he was in the Supreme Court from eleven to three, and the rest of the day in the Senate until ten in the evening. When he had the time to devote himself to his legal practice, his professional income was large.

Such, in the main, if Daniel Webster had died on the morning of the seventh of March, 1850, would have been the estimate of his character that would have come down to this generation. But his speech in the Senate on that day placed a wide gulf between him and most of the men who were best fitted to transmit his name to posterity. Partisan malignity has magnified his vices, depreciated his virtues, and distorted his motives.

WEBSTER'S DEATH

From 'History of the United States.' Copyright 1892, by James Ford Rhodes

THE election of 1852 gave the death-blow to the Whig party: it never entered another Presidential contest. Webster, as well as Clay, died before his party received this crushing defeat, which indeed he had predicted. His physical frame worn out, he went, early in September, home to Marshfield to die. The story of his last days, as told in loving detail by his friend and biographer, is of intense interest to the hero-worshiper; and has likewise pointed the moral of many a Christian sermon. The conversations of great minds that, unimpaired, deliver themselves at the approach of death to introspection, are, like the most famous of all, the discourse of Socrates in the 'Phædo,' a boon to human-kind. The mind of Webster was perfectly clear; and when all earthly striving was over, his true nature shone out

in the expression of thoughts that filled his soul. Speaking of the love of nature growing stronger with time, he said: "The man who has not abandoned himself to sensuality feels, as years advance and old age comes on, a greater love of Mother Earth, a greater willingness and even desire to return to her bosom, and mingle with this universal frame of things from which he sprang." Two weeks before he died, he wrote that he wished inscribed on his monument: "Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness of the universe in comparison with the apparent insignificance of this globe, has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith that is within me; but my heart has assured and reassured me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a Divine reality." The day before his death, he said with perfect calmness to his physician, "Doctor, you have carried me through the night, I think you will get me through to-day; I shall die to-night." The doctor honestly replied, "You are right, sir."

His family, friends, and servants having assembled in his room, he spoke to them "in a strong, full voice, and with his usual modulation and emphasis: 'No man who is not a brute can say that he is not afraid of death. No man can come back from *that* bourn; no man can comprehend the will or works of God. That there is a God, all must acknowledge. I see him in all these wondrous works, himself how wondrous!'"

Eloquent in life, Webster was sublime in death. He took leave of his household one by one, addressing to each fitting words of consolation. He wanted to know the gradual steps towards dissolution; and calmly discussed them with his physician. At one time, awaking from a partial stupor which preceded death, he heard repeated the words of the psalm which has smoothed the death pillow of many a Christian: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." The dying statesman exclaimed, "Yes, 'thy rod — thy staff,' — but the fact, the fact I want;" . . . for he was not certain whether the words that had been repeated to him were intended as an intimation that he was already in the dark valley. Waking up again past midnight, and conscious that he was living, he uttered the well-known words, "I still live." Later he said something about poetry, and his son repeated one of the verses of Gray's 'Elegy.' He heard it, and smiled. In the early morning Webster's soul went out with the tide.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning of an Indian Summer's day when the sad tidings reached Boston, which came home to nearly all of her citizens as a personal sorrow. In all the cities of the land, mourning emblems were displayed and minute-guns were fired. New York City and Washington grieved for him as for a friend. During the week there were the usual manifestations of mourning by the government at Washington; the various departments were closed, and the public buildings were draped with emblems of woe. Festal scenes and celebrations were postponed; and on the day of his funeral, business was suspended in nearly all the cities during the hours when he was borne to his last resting-place. "From east to west," said Edward Everett, "and from north to south, a voice of lamentation has already gone forth, such as has not echoed through the land since the death of him who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

By Webster's own request, he had a modest country funeral. The services were conducted in his Marshfield home. The coffin was borne to the tomb by six of the neighboring farmers; and the multitude followed slowly and reverently. To the Marshfield farmers and Green Harbor fishermen, Webster was a companion and a friend; by them he was mourned sincerely as one of their own fellowship. It could not be said of him that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. One man in a plain and rustic garb paid the most eloquent of all tributes to the mighty dead: "Daniel Webster, the world without you will seem lonesome." A Massachusetts orator of our day has truly said: "Massachusetts smote and broke the heart of Webster, her idol, and then broke her own above his grave."

IMPROVEMENT IN AMERICAN HEALTH

From 'History of the United States.' Copyright 1895, by James Ford Rhodes

ENGLISH travelers, with hardly an exception, were struck with the lack of health of Americans. "An Englishman," wrote Lyell, "is usually recognized at once in a party by a more robust look, and greater clearness and ruddiness of complexion." He also noted "a careworn expression in the countenances of the

New-Englanders." Harriet Martineau said we were distinguished for "spare forms and pallid complexions"; and that "the feeling of vigorous health" was almost unknown. Thackeray wrote from New York, "Most of the ladies are as lean as greyhounds." Our shortcomings in this respect were fully appreciated by ourselves. The Atlantic Monthly pointed out that in the appearance of health and in bodily vigor we compared very unfavorably with English men and women. George William Curtis spoke of the typical American as "sharp-faced, thought-furrowed, hard-handed," with "anxious eye and sallow complexion, nervous motion, and concentrated expression"; and he averred that we were "lantern-jawed, lean, sickly, and serious of aspect." Emerson mentioned "that depression of spirits, that furrow of care, said to mark every American brow"; and on another occasion he referred to "the invalid habits of this country"; when in England in 1847 he wrote home: "When I see my muscular neighbors day by day, I say, Had I been born in England, with but one chip of English oak in my willowy constitution!" The Atlantic Monthly declared that, "in truth, we are a nation of health-hunters, betraying the want by the search." It was admitted that the young men were coming up badly. Holmes wrote: "I am satisfied that such a set of black-coated, stiff-jointed, soft-muscled, paste-complexioned youth as we can boast in our Atlantic cities never before sprang from loins of Anglo-Saxon lineage." In the "Easy Chair" Curtis observed, "In the proportion that the physique of Young America diminishes, its clothes enlarge." The students in the colleges were no better than the young men of the cities. The women sadly lacked physical tone. Dr. Holmes spoke of the "American female constitution, which collapses just in the middle third of life; and comes out vulcanized india-rubber if it happen to live through the period when health and strength are most wanted."

Curiously enough, we advertised our ailments. The hearty English salutation of "good-morning" had given way to an inquiry about one's health, which, instead of being conventional, like that of the French and Germans, was a question requiring an answer about one's physical feelings and condition. Pleas of ill-health in the national Senate and the House of Representatives were not infrequent.

Our physical degeneracy was attributed to the climate. Yet it is difficult to reconcile this opinion with the enthusiasm of many

European travelers over certain aspects of nature in America. The bright sunshine, the blue sky, the golden, Oriental sunsets, the exhilarating air, were an astonishment and delight. "The climate of the Union," wrote De Tocqueville, "is upon the whole preferable to that of Europe." We have now come to recognize the fact that a climate to be salubrious need not be moist; that between the dryness of Colorado and the humidity of England, there may be a mean — such as is found in the larger part of the Northern States — better adapted to health than either; and that the greater amount of sunshine compensates for the wider variations in temperature.

But without begging the question of American ill-health by ascribing it to climate, it may unquestionably be found to be due to bad diet, bad cooking, fast eating, and insufficient exercise in the open air. The appetizing forms in which the genius of New England cookery displayed itself, provoked an inordinate consumption of sweets, hot breads, and cakes. With what surprise does this generation read that our greatest philosopher always ate pie for breakfast! The use of the frying-pan in the West and the South pointed well the quaint remark that "God sends meat, and the Devil sends cooks." Men ate too much animal food, and especially too much pork. The cooking and the service at hotels and other public places made dinner "the seed-time of dyspepsia." A fashionable tendency prevailing in the cities to live in hotels and large boarding-houses, promoted unwholesome living. The use of wine at table was rare, the drinking of drams before dinner habitual. Tobacco was used to excess, and chewing was as common as smoking.

Boys at schools and colleges, young men who were clerks and salesmen in the cities, and the sons of rich parents, alike formed these bad habits. Neither men nor women took exercise in the open air. No one walked when he could ride. The trotting-buggy took the place of the horse's back. The Americans were gregarious, and loved town life, having no taste for healthful country recreations. Their idea of the country was the veranda of a large caravansary at Saratoga or Newport. Athletics were almost unknown. "There is no lack," said Edward Everett in 1856, "of a few tasteless and soulless dissipations which are called amusements; but noble athletic sports, manly outdoor exercises, which strengthen the mind by strengthening the body, and bring man into a generous and exhilarating communion

with nature, are too little cultivated in town or country." "We have a few good boatmen," wrote Holmes in 1858; "no good horsemen that I hear of; — I cannot speak for cricketing, but as for any great athletic feat performed by a gentleman in these latitudes, society would drop a man who should run round the Common in five minutes." Athletics were not a prominent feature even of college life.

The improvement in these respects since the decade of 1850–60 is marked: and despite the large element of truth in the precise observations of Emerson, Everett, Holmes, and Curtis, they do not embrace with scientific breadth the whole subject, for the experience of our Civil War gave little indication of physical degeneracy in the Northern people; signs of improvement were already manifest before this period closed. The gospel of physical culture had been preached with effect, and "muscular Christianity" was set up as an ideal worth striving to realize. "Health is the condition of wisdom," declared Emerson in 1858; and not long after, the world of fashion, discarding the Parisian model of life and beginning the imitation of the English, shortened the city season, acquired a love for the country, for outdoor exercise, and athletic sports. But the French cuisine, almost the sole outward trace left of the period of French domination, was a potent and enduring influence. Any one who considers the difference between the cooking and the service of a dinner at a hotel or restaurant before the War and now, will appreciate what a practical apostle of health and decent living has been Delmonico, who deserves canonization in the American calendar. With better digestion and more robust bodies, the use of stimulants has decreased. While wine at table is more common, tippling at bars has come to be frowned upon; lager beer and native wines have to a considerable extent taken the place of spirituous liquors; hard drinkers are less numerous, total abstainers are probably on the increase, and tobacco-chewing is dying out. The duration of life is now at least as long in America as it is in Europe.

During the last forty years the American physique has unquestionably improved. A philosopher now, contrasting Englishmen and ourselves, would not make the comparison to our so great disadvantage as did Emerson from his observations in 1848, when he wrote: "The English, at the present day, have great vigor of body and endurance. Other countrymen look slight and

undersized beside them, and invalids. They are bigger men than the Americans. I suppose a hundred English, taken at random out of the street, would weigh a fourth more than so many Americans. Yet I am told the skeleton is not larger." "I used to think myself," said Edward Atkinson, "only an average man in size, height, and weight at home; but when I made my first visit to England (in 1877), I was rather surprised to find myself a tall and large man by comparison with those whom I passed in the streets." The American schoolboy and college student are to-day equal in physical development to the English youth. This is due in some degree to the growth of athletics. But a superiority in physique of American to English students was observed as early as 1877.

AMERICAN MANNERS IN 1850

From 'History of the United States.' Copyright 1895, by James Ford Rhodes

WHEN we come to consider society in the narrower sense given to the word, we find we must study it as something distinct from the great throbbing life of the American people of 1850–60. New York, whose "Upper Ten Thousand" have been described by N. P. Willis and Charles Astor Bristed, furnishes the example. Bristed introduces us into what is a curious world, when we reflect that he writes of the United States of 1850–52. While his sketches show a touch of caricature, they represent well enough the life of a fashionable set of New York City. We see men working hard to get money for their personal enjoyment; idlers who have come into a fortune; pretty and stylish girls; women who preside gracefully at table and converse with wit and intelligence. Bristed takes us among men whose sole aim in life seemed to be to make a lucky hit in stock speculation; to compound a sherry cobbler; to be apt in bar-room repartee; to drink the best brands of claret and champagne, and to expatiate on them in a knowing manner; to drive a fast horse; to dance well, and to dress in the latest fashion. We assist at a wedding "above Bleecker Street"; we are taken to a country-house, and see a family dinner served at four o'clock, where, although the only guest is a gentleman just from England, and the viands are not remarkable, "champagne decanted and

iced to the freezing-point" followed Manzanilla sherry, and "a prime bottle of Latour and a swelling slender-necked decanter of the old Vanderlyn Madeira" succeeded the champagne. Bristed describes the fashionable life at "Oldport Springs," a disguise for Saratoga. He speaks of a huge caravansary, a profuse American breakfast, a promenade on the wide porticos, cigars and ten-pins, the bar-room and billiards, lounging and gossip, a bad dinner at three which the ladies dressed for, a drive after dinner, dancing until two in the morning for men and women, and gambling the rest of the night for the men.

The Upper Ten Thousand of 1850–60 lend themselves to delineation somewhat better than the same class of our own time. Those who did not go to Europe passed the summer at Saratoga, Newport, or Sharon; and their watering-place life was open to the public gaze. N. P. Willis's chapter on 'Manners at Watering-Places' would read oddly enough if set forth by a similar adviser of the fashionable world of our time. People of reserve, who wished for no other than their city acquaintances, were termed "absolute exclusives," and counseled to have a summer resort of their own; for the very purpose of most, in going to Saratoga and Newport in the gay season, was to make new acquaintances. Yet care should be taken to avoid too great promiscuity in social intercourse. While young men who happened to be strangers to the reigning set could of course become acquainted with some of the "dandies" during "a game at billiards or a chance fraternization over juleps in the bar-room," those whose pleasure was not found in games or in drink might find it difficult to get properly introduced; and young ladies who were strangers would encounter the same obstacle. Therefore, in order that desirable acquaintances might be easily made, Willis, an authority whom society held in respect, proposed that a "committee of introduction" should be named by the landlord of each large hotel. These should act under a "code of etiquette," which Willis proceeded to outline. Such action, he declared, would delightfully harmonize and enliven our summer resorts. It is hardly probable that the plan proposed by the literary social leader of the day was systematically adopted. There was little need of it, for entrance into watering-place society was not difficult. Respectability and fairly good manners were of course requisite; but these being presupposed, the important qualification was wealth. "Wealth," wrote George William Curtis, "will

socially befriend a man at Newport or Saratoga better than at any similar spot in the world." Yet all was not garish. At Newport, the votary of fashion could not be insensible to nature's charm. At Saratoga, "youth, health, and beauty" reigned; "we discriminate," the Lotus-Eater said, "the Arctic and Antarctic Bostonians, fair, still, and stately, with a vein of scorn in their Saratoga enjoyment; and the languid, cordial, and careless Southerners, far from precise in dress or style, but balmy in manner as a bland Southern morning. We mark the crisp courtesy of the New-Yorker, elegant in dress, exclusive in association, a pallid ghost of Paris." After the sectional excitement of 1850, however, fewer Southerners came North. The repeal of the slave sojournment laws of Pennsylvania and New York made the bringing of their slaves with them as body-servants inconvenient. The excitement about the Fugitive Slave Act, and the passage of the Personal Liberty Laws, involved the risk of losing their negroes; and after the most powerful Northern party made, in 1856, a political shibboleth of the declaration that slavery was a relic of barbarism, it was still more disagreeable for Southern gentlemen accompanied by their servants to travel at the North.

Newport, the leading watering-place in the country, was, in the opinion of Curtis, the vantage-ground to study the fashionable world. There he found wealth the touchstone; but he saw money spent without taste and in vulgar display. We Americans, he declared, had the money-getting, but not the "money-spending genius." If high society was "but the genial intercourse of the highest intelligences with which we converse — the festival of Wit and Beauty and Wisdom" — he saw none at Newport. "Fine society," he moralizes, "is a fruit that ripens slowly. We Americans fancy we can buy it." The peripatetic observer was glad to get to Nahant. There he wrote: "You find no village, no dust, no commotion. You encounter no crowds of carriages or of curious and gossiping people. No fast men in velvet coats are trotting fast horses"; and in the evenings "there are no balls, no hops, no concerts, no congregating under any pretense in hotel parlors." But by the early part of the decade of 1850–60 the life in Newport had begun to change. Originally a Southern resort, New-Yorkers commenced to divide their favors between it and Saratoga. Cottages became the fashion. The hotel season declined.

The fashionable people of New York generally went to Europe. When De Tocqueville wrote his last volume on America, the rich American in Europe was characteristic; and between 1850 and 1860 crowds went over the sea for the summer. To writers of books and writers for the magazines, there seemed in the high American society much that was meretricious, and certainly no real enjoyment. The "uncommon splendatiousness" annoyed Thackeray. That Mammon had become the national saint, and that as a consequence, dullness and gloom characterized the elegant people, was undeniable. This led a witty Frenchman to record that "the most cheerful place he could find in one of the metropolitan cities was the public cemetery." One of our stanch admirers found our society "sometimes fatiguing"; and another, who went frequently to dinner parties in New York, thought they were very stupid. Men talked of trade, and women talked about dress, each other, and their troubles with servants. Yet the people Lady Wortley met on the streets in New York reminded her of Paris. The Americans were said to resemble the French more than the English. The ladies in New York, Thackeray wrote, "dress prodigiously fine,—taking for their models the French actresses, I think, of the Boulevard theatres." He thought Boston, New York, and Philadelphia "not so civilized as our London, but more so than Manchester and Liverpool."

Bristed noted that only makeshift liveries could be seen in the American metropolis. When liveries were first introduced, there was a great outcry against them, which resulted in their being adopted in a half-way manner. "They were hooted out of Boston." None but the greatest dandies at Saratoga put their coachmen in uniform. In March 1853, however, the New York Herald complained of the "alarming spread of flunkeyism," as evidenced from the rich people setting up liveries for their coachmen and their footmen. The dress of gentlemen in the decade we are studying would in these days appear peculiar; that of the ladies, grotesque. In Washington, where society retained the tone imparted to it by President Madison and his wife, Senators went to the Senate and Representatives to the House, as late as 1853, dressed as if they were going to a party.

A reference to some of the topics on which Willis discourses will afford us a glimpse of the life of the people to whom he addressed himself. He complains of the "want of married belles

in American society," and decries the public opinion that obliges a woman to give up "all active participation in society after the birth of her first child." He devotes a chapter to the consideration of the question, "Should married ladies go into society with their daughters?" In dilating upon 'The Usages of Society,' he asks, "Ought young girls to be left by mothers to themselves? Should those who have incomes of $5,000 vie with those who have $25,000? In a business country, should socialities commence near midnight and end near morning? Should very young children be dressed as expensively as their mothers?"

To the Upper Ten Thousand of to-day — or if high society has increased proportionately to the growth of population, it must be more nearly the upper thirty thousand — the highest social class of 1850–60 would seem crude and garish. Extraordinary has been the development of taste, the growth of refinement, the improvement in manners since that time. When we take a broader view, and consider the whole Northern people, limiting our inquiry to men and women of American birth, we see similar betterment in their personal bearing. The testimony of foreign travelers regarding American manners differs; but whether we rely on the favorable, the unfavorable, or the impartial opinions, we arrive alike at the conclusion that there has been a gain. Omitting a comparison regarding certain personal habits and uncouth behavior, that disgusted many Europeans and made the burden of much comment, we see in one particular an improvement, denoting a rising out of provincialism. "For fifty years," wrote De Tocqueville, "it has been impressed upon the inhabitants of the United States that they form the only religious, enlightened, and free people. They see that with them, up to the present, democratic institutions prosper, while meeting with failure in the rest of the world: they have then an immense opinion of themselves, and they are not far from believing that they form a species apart from the human race." Ampère notes of Americans their "perpetual glorification" of their country; and he cannot keep from thinking that it is a mortification for them "not to be able to pretend that an American discovered America." But when we come to our own time, Bryce observes that one finds nowadays from European travelers the "general admission that the Americans are as pleasant to one another and to strangers, as are the French or the Germans or the English. The least agreeable feature to the visitors of former years, an

incessant vaunting of their own country and disparagement of others, has disappeared; and the tinge of self-assertion which the sense of equality used to give is now but faintly noticeable."

With improvement in this respect, there is no longer evident, as formerly, such extreme sensitiveness to the opinions of Europeans, and especially of the English. Harriet Martineau thought that the veneration in New England for Old England was greater "than any one people ought to feel for any other." It is undeniable that, mingled with the unrestrained curiosity with which the American people ran headlong after the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit to the United States in 1860, there was a genuine enthusiasm and a kindly feeling for the country and the sovereign that he represented.

With all our improvement, have we grown more interesting? De Tocqueville was just when he wrote: "In the long run, however, the view of that society, so agitated, appears monotonous; and after having contemplated for a while this ever-changing picture, the spectator becomes weary." Somewhere about 1870, Lowell asked: "Did it never occur to you that somehow we are not interesting except as a phenomenon?"

The people of the decade we are studying did not lack for public amusements. In music, the era began with Jenny Lind and ended with Adelina Patti. The impression made by the Swedish Nightingale still remains fresh. On her arrival at New York she was received like a queen. Triumphal arches of flowers and evergreens were erected on the pier, where an enthusiastic crowd greeted her. The flag of Norway and Sweden floated over her hotel. Barnum, her manager, kept up the interest in the songstress by all sorts of clever advertising until the day of the sale of the tickets for the first concert, when fabulous prices were paid for seats. She sang at Castle Garden; and the accounts of the pressing crowd that gathered outside on the occasion of her first appearance, call to mind a national party convention rather than a host assembled to do homage to the greatest interpreter of the art of song. Her singing of operatic selections struck lovers of music with amazement and delight; but when she burst forth in one of her national airs, the great audience was thrilled, and their hearts vibrated with emotions that took them for the moment away from earth.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

(1689–1761)

IT is a remarkable fact that the writer who may fairly be called the father of the modern analytic novel of society, wrote his first and most famous book with a utilitarian object in view, with no thought of making a novel,—and moreover, was over fifty years of age when this story of 'Pamela' was penned. By producing this piece of fiction, Richardson founded a school, and gave a new impulse and direction to modern fiction.

Samuel Richardson was born in a Derbyshire village in 1689, and got his only education at the local school. His father was a joiner. When seventeen he was apprenticed to a London printer, serving his seven years faithfully. This employment was followed by six years more of hard work as journeyman. In 1719 he set up a Fleet Street printing-office of his own, and wrote prefaces and dedications to the works of others. It was in this way that 'Pamela' had its origin; for Richardson in 1739 composed a series of 'Familiar Letters,' to help those too illiterate to write for themselves,—a sort of Servant-Girl's Guide,—and the novel was a result.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

Richardson was always a diligent worker, a man of thrift and character, whose rise in his profession was well earned. He widened the circle of his friends, and married the daughter of his former employer. He extended his business connections by printing the Daily Journal, the Daily Gazetteer, and the Briton. His friendship with the Duke of Wharton was influential in his advancement. In 1754 he was appointed to the important post of Master of the Stationers' Company. During his last years he was an invalid, and passed much of his time at his country-seat, reading from his own work to a circle of female admirers. Few men have received more adulation of this sort than Richardson; and while he had his share of amiable vanity, it is to his credit that he remained in character unsophisticated, kind, and generous. He died in his home July 4th, 1761.

As a boy at school Richardson amused his schoolmates by making up extemporaneous romances; and when but thirteen years old, such was his talent as a letter-writer that the village girls employed him to write their love epistles. This is described amusingly in his autobiography.

«As a bashful and not forward boy, I was an early favorite with all the young women of taste and reading in the neighborhood. Half a dozen of them, when met to work with their needles, used when they got a book they liked, and thought I should, to borrow me to read to them; their mothers sometimes with them: and both mothers and daughters used to be pleased with the observations they put me upon making. I was not more than thirteen when three of these young women, having a high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love secrets, in order to induce me to give them copies to write after or correct, for answers to their lovers' letters; nor did any of them ever know that I was the secretary of the others. I have been directed to chide, and even repulse, when an offense was either taken or given, at the very time that the heart of the chider or repulser was open before me, overflowing with esteem and affection, and the fair repulser, dreading to be taken at her word, directing *this* word or *that* expression to be softened or changed. One, highly gratified with her lover's fervor and vows of everlasting love, has said when I have asked her direction: 'I cannot tell you what to write, but'—her heart on her lips—'you cannot write too kindly.' All her fear was only lest she should incur slight for her kindness.»

Excellent training this, it will be seen, for the future novelist and portrayer of the soul feminine. 'Pamela,' which appeared in 1742, can be recognized as the child of this youthful employ, and similar experiences in maturity. It narrates the trials of a serving-maid of that name, whose virtue is assailed by the son of the lady who employs her. Through a long series of temptations and efforts, including an abduction, she refuses to yield; until finally, finding he can get her in no other way, the quasi-hero condescends to marry her, and is naïvely lauded by Richardson for the act. The novel's subtitle, 'Virtue Rewarded,' expresses the author's feeling. Pamela's hard-headed, practical valuation of her character as a purchasable commodity, as well as the elegant rascality of the lover, give the present-day reader a keen sense of the comparatively low state of social morals in eighteenth-century England. But the story is full of human interest; and one follows the long-suffering, and be it confessed, long-winded Pamela, with genuine sympathy.

Having depicted the servant-girl type in his first story, Richardson essayed in his second—'Clarissa, or the History of a Young Lady,' which appeared half a dozen years later, in 1748—to draw with equal accuracy the young woman of gentility, also in sore straits through the love-passion. Clarissa is seduced and ruined by Lovelace—who

has given his name to the genus fine-gentleman profligate. Here again, with certain allowances for the change in times and customs, Richardson has succeeded in making a powerful tale, though a very slow-moving one to the modern taste. The lachrymose dénouement is an eighteenth-century prototype of a whole train of latter-day fiction after it became fashionable to end a novel ill. In his final story, 'The History of Sir Charles Grandison' (1753), he turns from painting heroines in order to limn a hero, with whom he most egregiously fails. Sir Charles is an impossible prig and pattern-plate; the reader cannot accept him as true, nor stomach him as in any wise admirable. Surrounded by an adoring bevy of women, he struts about like a turkey-cock, and is twice as ridiculous. In George Meredith's 'The Egoist,' Willoughby is Grandison, with the significant difference that the later story-teller consciously satirizes the character, while Richardson takes him in full seriousness. Of these three main works, then, two are masterpieces when viewed in relation to their time and the prior poor estate of English fiction. The third is a comparative failure. All of them, it should be understood, are cast in the epistolary form. Novels in the shape of letters have bred fast since, and the device is now pretty well outworn; but in the middle of the last century this way of telling a story had the charm of novelty. It is a method lending itself well to Richardson's leisurely, at times tedious, gait.

Richardson's popularity with the fair sex was immense after the appearance of his novels; nor was this confined to one class. That brilliant worldling, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, testifies that the chambermaids of all nations wept over Pamela; while ladies of quality knelt sobbing at Richardson's feet, begging him to spare Clarissa. The situation is not without humor for us to-day; and indeed the modern reader can afford to smile at the mawkish sentimentality and utilitarian morals of a book like 'Pamela.' But the story is epoch-making in English fiction. It does a new thing. A girl of the lower class is painted at full length, as if she were worth attention—painted sympathetically; and in this and the subsequent stories the interest is made to depend upon the development of character, rather than upon objective incident as in the case of De Foe's 'Robinson Crusoe,' which came some twenty years earlier. In this Richardson struck the modern note, and started the analytic tendency, which has unceasingly dominated the modern novel since his day. Hence Richardson's important place in the evolution of fiction of our speech.

Again, it was in the spirit of parody and satire that Fielding, his greater fellow novelist, began his career by writing 'Joseph Andrews'; so that Richardson, in a sense, may be regarded as inspiring

the author of 'Tom Jones.' Richardson's influence was felt largely in foreign fiction, particularly in that of Germany and France. A Memoir by Mrs. Barbauld, appeared in 1804, and studies by W. L. Phelps, C. L. Thomson and Austin Dobson were published early in this century.

PAMELA IMMURED BY HER LOVER

From 'Pamela'

THURSDAY.

THIS completes a terrible week since my setting out, as I hoped to see you, my dear father and mother.

My impatience was great to walk in the garden, to see if anything had offered answerable to my hopes; but this wicked Mrs. Jewkes would not let me go without her, and said she was not at leisure. We had a great many words about it: I told her it was very hard I could not be trusted to walk by myself in the garden for a little air, but must be dogged and watched worse than a thief.

"I remember," said she, "your asking Mr. Williams if there were any gentry in the neighborhood. This make me suspect you want to go away to them, to tell your dismal story, as you call it."

"Why," said I, "are you afraid I should confederate with them to commit a robbery upon my master?"

"Maybe I am," said she; "for to rob him of yourself would be the worst that could happen to him, in his opinion."

"And pray," said I, walking on, "how came I to be his property? what right has he to me, but such as a thief may plead to stolen goods?"

"Why, was ever the like heard!" says she. "This is downright rebellion, I protest! Well, well, lambkin" (which the foolish woman often calls me), "if I was in his place, he should not have his property in you so long questionable."

"Why, what would you do," said I, "if you were he?"

"Not stand shill-I shall-I, as he does, but put you and himself both out of pain."

"Why, Jezebel," said I (I could not help it), "would you ruin me by force?"

Upon this she gave me a deadly slap upon the shoulder. "Take that," said she: "whom do you call Jezebel?"

I was so surprised (for you never beat me, my dear father and mother, in your lives), that I was like one thunder-struck, and looked round as if I wanted somebody to help me; but alas, I had nobody! and said, rubbing my shoulder, "Is this also in your instructions? Alas for me! am I to be beaten too?" And so I fell a-crying, and threw myself upon the grass-walk we were upon.

Said she in a great pet, "I won't be called such names, I'll assure you. Marry come up! I see you have a spirit: you must and shall be kept under. I'll manage such little provoking things as you, I warrant ye! Come, come: we'll go indoors, and I'll lock you up; you shall have no shoes, nor anything else, if this be the case."

I did not know what to do. This was a cruel thing to me: I blamed myself for my free speech; for now I had given her some pretense for severity, and had by my pertness ruined the only project I had left.

The gardener saw the scene: but she called to him, "Well, Jacob, what do you stare at? Pray mind what you are upon." And away he walked to another quarter, out of sight.

"Well," thought I, "I must put on the dissembler a little, I see."

She took my hand roughly. "Come, get up," said she, "and come in a' doors. I'll Jezebel you, I will!"

"Why, dear Mrs. Jewkes—" said I.

"None of your dears and your coaxing," said she: "why not Jezebel again?"

She was in a passion, I saw; and I was out of my wits. I have often heard women blamed for their tongues. I wished mine had been shorter.

"But I can't go in," said I; "indeed I can't."

"Why," said she, "can't you? I'll warrant I can take such a thin body as you under my arm, and carry you in, if you won't walk. You don't know my strength."

"Yes, but I do," said I, "too well; and will you not use me worse when I come in?" So I arose; and she muttered to herself all the way,—she to be a Jezebel with me, that had used me so well, and such like.

When I came near the house, I said, sitting down upon a bench, "Well, I will not go in until you say you forgive me,

Mrs. Jewkes. If you will forgive me calling you that name, I will forgive your beating me."

She sat down by me, and seemed in a great pucker, and said, "Well, come, I will forgive you this time;" and so kissed me as a mark of reconciliation.

"But pray," said I, "tell me where I am to walk or go, and give me what liberty you can; and when I know the most you can favor me with, you shall see I will be as content as I can, and not ask you for more."

"Aye," said she, "this is something like: I wish I could give you all the liberty you desire; for you must think it no pleasure to me to tie you to my petticoat, as it were, and not let you stir without me. But people that will do their duties must have some trouble; and what I do is to serve as good a master as lives."

"Yes," said I, "to every one but me."

"He loves you too well, to be sure," said she; "that's the reason! so you ought to bear it. Come," said she, "don't let the servant see you have been crying, nor tell her any tales; for you won't tell them fairly, I'm sure. I'll send her to you, and you shall take another walk in the garden, if you will: maybe it will get you a stomach for your dinner; for you don't eat enough to keep life and soul together. You are a beauty to the bone, or you could not look so well as you do, with so little stomach, so little rest, and so much pining and whining for nothing at all."

"Well," thought I, "say what thou wilt, so I can be rid of thy bad tongue and company; and I hope to find some opportunity now to come at my sunflower." But I walked the other way to take that in my return, to avoid suspicion.

I forced my discourse to the maid, but it was all upon general things; for I found she is asked after everything I say or do.

When I came near the place, as I had been devising, I said, "Pray step to the gardener, and ask him to gather a salad for me to dinner."

She called out, "Jacob!"

Said I, "He can't hear you so far off: and pray tell him I should like a cucumber too, if he has one."

When she had stepped about a bowshot from me, I popt down, and whipt my fingers under the upper tile; and pulled out

a letter without direction, and thrust it into my bosom, trembling for joy. She was with me before I could secure it; and I was in such a taking that I feared I should discover myself.

"You seem frightened, madam," said she.

"Why," said I, with a lucky thought, (alas! your poor daughter will make an intriguer by-and-by; but I hope an innocent one!) "I stooped to smell at the sunflower, and a great nasty worm ran into the ground, that startled me; for I can't abide worms."

Said she, "Sunflowers don't smell."

"So I find," I replied. And then we walked in.

Mrs. Jewkes said, "Well, you have made haste now. You shall go another time."

I went to my closet, locked myself in, and opening my letter, found in it these words:—

I am infinitely concerned in your distress. I most heartily wish it may be in my power to serve and save so much innocence, beauty, and merit. My whole dependence is upon Mr. B., and I have a near view of being provided for by his favor to me. But yet I would sooner forfeit all my hopes in him (trusting to God for the rest) than not assist you, if possible. I never looked upon Mr. B. in the light he now appears in. I am entirely of opinion you should, if possible, get out of his hands, and especially as you are in very bad ones in Mrs. Jewkes's.

We have here the widow Lady Jones; mistress of a good fortune, and a woman of virtue, I believe. We have also Sir Simon Darnford, and his lady, who is a good woman; and they have two daughters, virtuous young ladies. All the rest are but middling people, and traders, at best. I will try, if you please, either Lady Jones or Lady Darnford, if they'll permit you to take refuge with them. I see no probability of keeping myself concealed in this matter, but will, as I said, risk all things to serve you; for never saw I sweetness and innocence like yours: your hard case has attached me entirely to you; for I well know, as you so happily express, if I can serve you in this case, I shall thereby perform all the acts of religion in one.

As to Lady Davers, I will convey a letter, if you please; but it must not be from our post-house, I give you caution: for the man owes all his bread to Mr. B., and his place too; and I believe, from something that dropped from him over a can of ale, has his instructions. You don't know how you are surrounded: all which confirms me in your opinion that no honor is meant you, let what will be professed; and I am glad you want no caution on that head.

Give me leave to say, that I had heard much in your praise, but I think greatly short of what you deserve, both as to person and mind: my eyes convince me of the one, your letter of the other. For fear of losing the present lucky opportunity, I am longer than otherwise I should be. But I will not enlarge any further than to assure you that I am, to the best of my power, your faithful friend and servant,

ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

I will come once every morning, and once every evening, after school-time, to look for your letters. I'll come in, and return without going into the house if I see the coast clear; otherwise, to avoid suspicion, I'll come in.

I instantly, in answer to this pleasing letter, wrote as follows:—

Reverend Sir:

Oh, how suited to your function and your character is your kind letter! God bless you for it! I now think I am beginning to be happy. I should be very sorry to have you suffer on my account; but I hope it will be made up to you a hundredfold by that God whom you so faithfully serve.

Any way you think best I shall be pleased with; for I know not the persons, nor in what manner to apply to them.

I should think, sir, if either of these ladies would give me leave, I might get out by favor of your key. As it is impossible, watched as I am, to know when it can be, suppose, sir, you could get one made by it, and put it the next opportunity under the sunflower. If, sir, I had this key, I could, if these ladies would not shelter me, run away anywhere: and if I was once out of the house, they could have no pretense to force me in again; for I have done no harm, and hope to make my story good to any impassionate body: by this way you need not be known. Torture should not wring it from me, I assure you.

I inclose you a letter of a deceitful wretch (for I can intrust you with anything), poor John Arnold. Perhaps by his means something may be discovered; for he seems willing to atone for his treachery to me by the intimation of future services. I leave the hint to you to improve upon. I am, Reverend Sir, your forever obliged and faithful servant.

I hope, sir, by your favor, I could send a little packet now and then to my poor father and mother. I have about five or six guineas: shall I put half in your hands, to defray the charge of a man and horse, or any other incidents?

I am just come off from a walk in the garden, and have deposited my letter: we took a turn in the garden to angle, as Mrs. Jewkes had promised me. She baited the hook, I held it, and soon hooked a lovely carp.

"I'll try my fortune," said she, and took the rod.

"Do," answered I; "and I will plant life, if I can, while you are destroying it. I have some horse-beans, and will go and stick them in one of the borders, to see how long they will be coming up; and I will call them my garden."

So you see, dear father and mother, that this furnishes me with a good excuse to look after my garden another time; and if the mold should look a little fresh, it won't be so much suspected: she mistrusted nothing of this; and I went and stuck in here and there my beans, for about the length of six yards, on each side of the sunflower, and easily deposited my letter. And not a little proud am I of this. Sure something will do at last.

FRIDAY, SATURDAY.

I HAVE just now told of a trick of mine; now I'll tell you a trick of this wicked woman's.

She came up to me and said, "I have a bill I cannot change till to-morrow, and a tradesman wants his money sadly; I don't love to turn poor tradesmen away without their money: have you any about you?"

"I have a little," replied I: "how much will do?"

"Oh," said she, "I want eight pounds."

"Alack!" said I, "I have only between five and six."

"Lend me that," said she, "till to-morrow."

I did so, and she went down-stairs; and when she came up, she laughed and said, "Well, I have paid the tradesman."

"I hope," said I, "you'll give it me to-morrow."

At this she laughing said, "To tell the truth, lambkin, I didn't want it. I only feared your making bad use of it: and now I can trust Nan with you a little oftener, especially as I have got the key of your portmanteau; so that you can neither corrupt her with money nor fine things."

And now I have not five shillings left to support me, if I can get away. The more I think of this, the more I regret it, and blame myself.

This night the postman brought a letter for Mrs. Jewkes, in which one was inclosed for me; she brought it up to me, and said, "Well, my good master don't forget us: he has sent you a letter; and see what he writes to me."

So she read that he hoped her fair charge was well, happy, and contented. "Aye, to be sure," said I, "I can't but choose!" That he did not doubt her care and kindness to me; that I was dear to him, and she could not use me too well; and the like. "There's a master," said she: "sure you will love and pray for him!"

I desired her to read the rest. "No," said she, "but I won't." "Then," said I, "are there any orders for taking my shoes away, and for beating me?" "No," said she, "nor about Jezebel neither." "Well," returned I, "I cry truce; for I have no mind to be beat again." "I thought," said she, "we had forgiven one another."

My letter is as follows:—

My dear Pamela:

I begin to repent already that I have bound myself, by promise, not to see you till you give me leave; for I think the time very tedious. Can you place so much confidence in me as to invite me down? Assure yourself that your generosity shall not be thrown away upon me. I would press this, as I am uneasy for your uneasiness; for Mrs. Jewkes acquaints me that you take your restraint very heavily, and neither eat, drink, nor rest well. I have too great an interest in your health, not to wish to shorten the time of this trial; which will be the consequence of my coming down to you. John too has intimated to me your concern, with a grief that hardly gave him leave for utterance,—a grief that a little alarmed my tenderness for you. I will only say one thing: that if you will give me leave to attend you at the hall (consider who it is that requests this from you as a favor), I solemnly declare that you shall have cause to be pleased with this obliging mark of your confidence and consideration for me. If I find Mrs. Jewkes has not behaved to you with the respect due to one I so tenderly love, I will put it entirely in your power to discharge her the house, if you think proper; and Mrs. Jervis, or who else you please, shall attend you in her place. This I say on a hint John gave me, as if you resented something from that quarter. Dearest Pamela, answer favorably this earnest request of one that cannot live without you, and on whose honor to you, you may absolutely depend; and so much the more, as you place a confidence in it. I am, and assuredly ever will be, your faithful and affectionate, etc.

You will be glad, I know, to hear that your father and mother are well, and easy upon your last letter. That gave me a pleasure I am resolved you shall not repent. Mrs. Jewkes will convey to me your answer.

I but slightly read this letter for the present, to give way to one I had hopes of finding by this time from Mr. Williams. I took an evening turn, as I called it, in Mrs. Jewkes's company; and walking by the place, I said, "Do you think, Mrs. Jewkes, any of my beans can have struck since yesterday?"

She laughed and said, "You are a poor gardener, but I love to see you divert yourself." She passing on, I found my good friend had provided for me; and slipping it in my bosom (for her back was towards me) — "Here," said I (having a bean in my hand), "is one of them; but it has not stirred." "No, to be sure," said she; and then turned upon me a most wicked jest, unbecoming the mouth of a woman, about planting, etc. When I came in I went to my closet, and read as follows:—

I am sorry to inform you that I have had a repulse from Lady Jones. She is concerned at your case, she says, but don't like to make herself enemies.

I applied to Lady Darnford, and told, in the most pathetic manner, your sad story, and showed her your more pathetic letter. I found her well disposed: but she would advise with Sir Simon, who is not a man of an extraordinary character for virtue; for he said to his lady in my presence, "Why, what is all this, my dear, but that our neighbor has a mind to his mother's waiting-maid! And if he takes care she wants for nothing, I don't see any great injury will be done to her. He hurts no family by this." (So, my dear father and mother, it seems poor people's honesty is to go for nothing.) "And I think, Mr. Williams, you of all men should not engage in this affair, against your friend and patron."

I have hinted your case to Mr. Peters, the minister of this parish; but I am concerned to say that he imputed selfish views to me, as if I would make an interest in your affections by my zeal.

I represented the different circumstances of your affair: that other women lived evilly by their own consent; but to serve you was to save an innocence that had but few examples. I then showed him your letter.

He said it was prettily written; he was sorry for you; and that your good intentions ought to be encouraged. "But what," said he, "would you have me do, Mr. Williams?"

«Why, suppose, sir,» said I, «you give her shelter in your house with your spouse and niece, till she can get to her friends?»

«What, and embroil myself with a man of Mr. B.'s power and fortune? No! not I, I assure you.»

I am greatly concerned for you, I assure you; but am not discouraged by this ill success, let what will come of it, if I can serve you.

I don't hear as yet that Mr. B. is coming. I am glad of your hint as to that unhappy fellow John Arnold. Something perhaps will strike out from that, which may be useful. As to your packets, if you seal them up and lay them in the usual place, if you find it not suspected, I will watch an opportunity to convey them; but if they are large, you had best be very cautious. This evil woman, I find, mistrusts me.

I have just heard that the gentleman is dying, whose living Mr. B. has promised me. I have almost a scruple to take it, as I am acting so contrary to his desire; but I hope he'll one day thank me for it.

I believe when we hear he is coming, it will be best to make use of the key, which I shall soon procure you: I can borrow a horse for you, to wait within half a mile of the back door, over the pasture, and will contrive by myself, or somebody, to have you conducted some miles distant, to one of the villages thereabouts; so don't be discomforted, I beseech you.

I am, Mrs. Pamela, your faithful friend, etc.

I made a thousand sad reflections upon the former part of this honest gentleman's kind letter; and but for the hopes he gave me at last, should have given up my case as quite desperate. I then wrote to thank him most gratefully for his kind endeavors; and that I would wait the happy event I might hope for from his kind assistance in the key and the horse.

I had no time to take a copy of this letter, I was so watched. But when I had it in my bosom I was easy. And so I went to seek out Mrs. Jewkes, and told her I would hear her advice upon the letter I had received from my master; which point of confidence in her pleased her not a little.

«Aye,» said she, «now this is something like; and we'll take a turn in the garden, or where you please.» I pretended it was indifferent to me; and so we walked into the garden.

I began to talk to her of the letter, but was far from acquainting her with all the contents; only that he wanted my consent to come down, and hoped that she used me kindly, and the like.

And I said, "Now, Mrs. Jewkes, let me have your advice as to this."

"Why then," said she, "I will give it you freely: e'en send for him to come down. It will highly oblige him, and I dare-say you will fare the better for it."

"Well," said I, "I will write him a letter, because he expects an answer, or maybe he will make a pretense to come down. How can it go?" "I'll take care of that," said she: "it is in my instructions." "Aye," thought I, "so I doubt, by the hint Mr. Williams gave me about the post-house."

I wrote to my master as follows:—

Honored Sir:

When I consider how easily you might have made me happy, since all I desire is to be permitted to go to my poor father and mother; when I reflect upon your former proposal to me in relation to a certain person, not one word of which is now mentioned; and upon my being in that strange manner run away with, and still kept here a miserable prisoner, do you think, sir (pardon your poor servant's freedom: my fears make me bold),—do you think, I say, that your general assurances of honor to me can have the effect they ought to have? O good sir! I too much apprehend that your notions of honor and mine are very different from one another; I have no other hope but in your continual absence. If you have any proposals to make me that are consistent with your honorable professions, in my humble sense of the word, a few lines will communicate them to me, and I will return such an answer as befits me.

Whatever rashness you may impute to me, I cannot help it; but I wish I may not be forced upon any that otherwise would not enter my thoughts. Forgive, sir, my plainness; I should be loth to behave to my master unbecomingly: but I must say, sir, my innocence is so dear to me that all other considerations must be dispensed with. If you mean honorably, why should you not let me know it plainly? Why, sir, I humbly ask, why all this if you mean honorably? It is not for me to expostulate too freely with you, sir, so greatly my superior. Pardon me, I hope you will; but as to seeing you, I cannot bear the dreadful apprehension. Whatever you have to propose to me, whatever you intend, let my assent be that of a free person, and not of a sordid slave, who is to be threatened and frightened into a compliance with measures which your conduct seems to imply. My restraint is hard upon me; I am very uneasy under it. Shorten it, I beseech you, or— But I will dare to say no more than that I am your greatly oppressed, unhappy servant.

After I had taken a copy of this, I folded it up: and Mrs. Jewkes coming just as I had done, sat down by me; and said, when she saw me directing it, «I wish you would tell me if you have taken my advice, and consented to my master's coming down.»

«If it will oblige you,» said I, «I will read it to you.»

«That's good,» said she; «then I'll love you dearly.»

Said I, «Then you must not offer to alter one word.»

«I won't,» replied she.

So I read it to her. She praised me much for my wording of it; but said she thought I pushed the matter very close, and it would better bear talking than writing about. She wanted an explanation or two about a certain person; but I said she must take it as she heard it.

«Well, well,» said she, «I make no doubt you understand one another, and will do so more and more.»

I sealed up the letter, and she undertook to convey it.

MISS BYRON'S RESCUE FROM ABDUCTION, BY SIR CHARLES GRANDISON

Related in a Letter from Miss Byron to her Friend Miss Selby

From 'Sir Charles Grandison'

As the chariot drove by houses, I cried out for help. But under pretense of preventing my taking cold, Sir Hargrave tied a handkerchief over my face, head, and mouth, having first muffled me up in the cloak; and with his right arm thrown round me, kept me fast on the seat: and except that now and then my struggling head gave me a little opening, I was blinded.

On the road, just after I had screamed, and made another effort to get my hands free, I heard voices; and immediately the chariot stopped. Then how my heart was filled with hope! But alas! it was momentary. I heard one of his men say, «The best of husbands, I assure you, sir; and she is the worst of wives.» I screamed again. «Aye, scream and be d—d! Poor gentleman, I pity him with all my heart.» And immediately the coachman drove on again. The vile wretch laughed.

I was ready to faint several times. I begged for air; and when we were in an open road, and I suppose there was nobody in sight he vouchsafed to pull down the blinding handkerchief,

but kept it over my mouth; so that, except now and then that I struggled it aside with my head (and my neck is very stiff with my efforts to free my face), I could only make a murmuring kind of noise. The curtain of the fore-glass was pulled down, and generally the canvas on both sides drawn up. But I was sure to be made acquainted when we came near houses, by his care again to blind and stifle me up. A little before we were met by my deliverer, I had, by getting one hand free, unmuffled myself so far as to see (as I had guessed once or twice before by the stone pavements) that we were going through a town: and then I again vehemently screamed; but he had the cruelty to thrust a handkerchief into my mouth, so that I was almost strangled, and my mouth was hurt, and is still sore.

At one place the chariot drove out of the road, over rough ways and little hillocks, as I thought, by its rocking; and then, it stopping, he let go my hands and endeavored to soothe me. He begged I would be pacified; and offered, if I would forbear crying out for help, to leave my eyes unmuffled all the rest of the way. But I would not, I told him, give such a sanction to his barbarous violence. On the chariot's stopping, one of his men came up, and put a handkerchief into his master's hands, in which were some cakes and sweetmeats, and gave him also a bottle of sack, with a glass. Sir Hargrave was very urgent with me to take some of the sweetmeats and to drink a glass of the wine; but I had neither stomach nor will to touch either. He eat himself very cordially. God forgive me! I wished in my heart there were pins and needles in every bit he put into his mouth. He drank two glasses of the wine. Again he urged me. I said I hoped I had eat and drank my last.

I saw that I was upon a large, wild, heath-like place, between two roads, as it seemed. I asked nothing about my journey's end. All I had to hope for as to an escape (though then I began to despair of it) was upon the road, or in some town. My journey's end, I knew, must be the beginning of new trials; for I was resolved to suffer death rather than to marry him.

The chariot had not many minutes got into the great road again, over the like rough and sometimes plashy ground, when it stopped on a dispute between the coachman and the coachman of another chariot-and-six, as it proved. Sir Hargrave looked out of his chariot to see the occasion of this stop; and then I

found means to disengage one hand. I heard a gentleman's voice directing his own coachman to give way. I then pushed up the handkerchief with my disengaged hand from my mouth, and pulled it down from over my eyes, and cried out for help—"Help, for God's sake!"

A man's voice (it was my deliverer's, as it happily proved) bid Sir Hargrave's coachman proceed at his peril. Sir Hargrave, with terrible oaths and curses, ordered him to proceed, and to drive through all opposition.

The gentleman called Sir Hargrave by his name, and charged him with being upon a bad design. The vile wretch said he had only secured a runaway wife, eloped to, and intending to elope from, a masquerade, to her adulterer: [horrid!] He put aside the cloak, and appealed to my dress. The gentleman would not be satisfied with Sir Hargrave's story. He would speak to *me*, and asked me, with an air that promised deliverance, if I were Sir Hargrave's wife?

"No, no, no, no!" I could only say.

For my own part, I could have no scruple, distressed as I was, and made desperate, to throw myself into the protection, and even into the arms, of my deliverer, though a very fine young gentleman. But you may better conceive than I can express the terror I was in when Sir Hargrave drew his sword and pushed at the gentleman, with such words as denoted (for I could not look that way) he had done him mischief. But when I found my oppressor pulled out of the chariot by the brave, the gallant man (which was done with such force as made the chariot rock), and my protector safe, I was as near fainting with joy as before I had been with terror. I had shaken off the cloak, and untied the handkerchief. He carried me in his arms (I could not walk) to his own chariot. I heard Sir Hargrave curse, swear, and threaten. I was glad, however, he was not dead.

"Mind him not, madam—fear him not!" said Sir Charles Grandison. [You know his noble name, my Lucy.] "Coachman, drive not over your master: take care of your master!" or some such words he said, as he lifted me into his own chariot. He just surveyed, as it were, the spot, and bid a servant let Sir Hargrave know who he was; and then came back to me. He ordered his coachman to drive back to Colnebrook. In accents of kindness he told me that he had there at present the most

virtuous and prudent of sisters, to whose care he would commit me, and then proceed on his journey to town.

How irresistibly welcome to me was his supporting arm, thrown round me, as we *flew* back, compared to that of the vile Sir Hargrave! Mr. Reeves has given you an account from the angelic sister. O my Lucy, they are a pair of angels! I have written a long, long letter, or rather five letters in one, of my distresses, of my deliverance; and when my heart is stronger I will say more of the persons, as well as minds, of this excellent brother and sister. . . .

Just now I have received a congratulatory packet of letters.

And so you expect the particular character and description of the persons of this more than amiable brother and sister? Need you to have told me that you do? And could you think that after having wasted so many quires of paper in giving you the characters of people, many of whom deserved not to be drawn out from the common crowd of mortals, I would forbear to give you those of persons who adorn the age in which they live, and even human nature?

You don't question, you say, if I begin in their praises, but my gratitude will make me write in a *sublime style;* and are ready, you promise me, to take, with allowance, all the fine things from me which Mr. Reeves has already taught you to expect.

Which shall I begin with? You will have a sharp lookout upon me, you say. Ah, my Lucy! I know what you mean. And so, if I begin with the character of the brother, then you will join with my uncle, shake your head, and cry, "Ah, my Harriet!" If I begin with the sister, will you not say that I save my choicest subject for the last? How difficult is it to avoid censure, when there is a resolution taken to be censorious!

Miss Grandison — Yes, my volant, my self-conducted quill, begin with the sister, say my Lucy what she pleases: —

Miss Grandison is about twenty-four; of a fine stature. She has dignity in her aspect, and a very penetrating black eye, with which she does what she pleases. Her hair is black, very fine, and naturally curls. She is not fair; but her complexion is delicate and clear, and promises a long duration to her loveliness. Her features are generally regular; her nose is a little aquiline; but that is so far from being a blemish, that it gives a kind of majesty to her other features. Her teeth are white and even,

her mouth is perfectly lovely, and a modest archness appears in her smiles that makes one both love and fear her, when she begins to speak. She is finely shaped; and in her air and whole appearance, perfectly genteel.

She has charming spirits. I daresay she sings well, from the airs she now and then warbles in the gayety of her heart. She is very polite; yet has a vein of raillery, that were she *not* polite, would give one too much apprehension for one's ease: but I am sure she is frank, easy, and good-humored. She says she has but lately taken a very great liking to reading. She pretends that she was too volatile, too gay, too airy, to be confined to sedentary amusements. Her father, however, according to the genteelest and most laudable modern education for women, had given her a master who taught her history and geography, in both which she *acknowledges* she made some progress. In music she *owns* she has skill: but I am told by her maid, who attended me by her young lady's direction, and who delights to praise her mistress, that she reads and speaks French and Italian; that she writes finely; and is greatly admired for her wit, prudence, and obligingness. "Nobody," said Jenny (who is a sensible young woman, a clergyman's daughter, well educated, and very obliging), "can stand against her good-natured raillery." Her brother, she says, is not spared; but he takes delight in her vivacity, and gives way to it, when it is easy to see that he could take her down if he pleased. "And then," added this good young woman, "she is an excellent manager in a family, finely as she is educated. She knows everything, and how to direct what should be done, from the private family dinner to a sumptuous entertainment; and every day inspects, and approves or alters, the bill of fare." By the way, my Lucy, she is an early riser — do you mind that? — and so can do everything with ease, pleasure, and without hurry and confusion; for all her servants are early risers of course.

Yet this fine lady loves to go to the public places; and often goes, and makes a brilliant figure there. She has time for them, and earns her pleasures by her early rising. Miss Grandison, Jenny tells me, has two humble servants: [I wonder she has not two-and-twenty!] one is Sir Walter Watkins, a man of a large estate in Somersetshire; the other is Lord G., son of the Earl of G.: but neither of them highly approved by her; yet, Jenny says, they are both of them handsome men, and admired by the ladies. This makes me afraid that they are modern men, and

pay their court by the exterior appearance, rather than by interior worth. Who, my Lucy, that has heard what my late grandfather has said, and my grandmamma still says, of the men in their youthful days, will not say that we have our lots cast in an age of petit maîtres and insignificants? Such an amiable woman is Miss Charlotte Grandison.—May I be found, on further acquaintance, but half as lovely in her eyes as she is in mine!

But now for her brother—my deliverer!

Sir Charles Grandison, in his person, is really a very fine man. He is tall, rather slender than full; his face, in shape, is a fine oval; he seems to have florid health—health confirmed by exercise. His complexion seems to have been naturally too fine for a man: but as if he were above being regardful of it, his face is overspread with a manly sunniness [I want a word], that shows he has been in warmer climates than England; and so it seems he has, since the tour of Europe has not contented him. He has visited some parts of Asia, and even of Africa, Egypt particularly.

I wonder what business a *man* has for such fine teeth and for so fine a mouth as Sir Charles Grandison might boast of, were he vain.

In his aspect there is something great and noble, that shows him to be of rank. Were kings to be chosen for beauty and majesty of person, Sir Charles Grandison would have few competitors. His eye—indeed, my Lucy, his eye shows, if possible, more of sparkling intelligence than that of his sister.

Now pray be quiet, my dear Uncle Selby! What is beauty in a man to me? You all know that I never thought beauty a qualification in a man. And yet, this grandeur in his person and air is accompanied with so much ease and freedom of manners, as engages one's love with one's reverence. His good breeding renders him very accessible. In a word, he has such an easy yet manly politeness, as well in his dress as in his address, that were he *not* a fine figure of a man, but were even plain and hard-featured, he would be thought very agreeable.

Sir Charles Grandison, my dear, has traveled, we may say, to some purpose. Well might his sister tell Mr. Reeves that whenever he married he would break half a score hearts.

The good sense of this real fine gentleman is not, as I can find, rusted over by sourness, by moroseness: he is above quarreling with the world for trifles; but he is still more above making

such compliances with it as would impeach either his honor or conscience. Once Miss Grandison, speaking of her brother, said: "My brother is valued by those who know him best, not so much for being a handsome man, not so much for his birth and fortune, nor for this or that single worthiness, as for being, in the great and yet comprehensive sense of the word, a *good man.*" And at another time she said that he lived to himself, and to his own heart; and though he had the happiness to please everybody, yet he made the judgment or approbation of the world, matter but of second consideration. "In a word," added she, "Sir Charles Grandison, my *brother*" (and when she looks proud, it is when she says *my brother*), "is not to be misled either by false glory or false shame, which he calls the great snares of virtue."

But let me tell you, my dear, that Sir Charles does not *look* to be so great a self-denier as his sister seems to think him when she says he lives to himself, and to his own heart, rather than to the opinion of the world. He dresses to the fashion; rather richly, 'tis true, than gaudily, but still richly: so that he gives his fine person its full consideration. He has a great deal of vivacity in his whole aspect, as well as in his eye. Mrs. Jenny says that he is a great admirer of handsome women. His equipage is perfectly in taste, though not so much to the glare of taste, as if he aimed either to inspire or show emulation. He seldom travels without a set, and suitable attendants; and (what I think seems a little to savor of singularity) his horses are not docked; their tails are only tied up when they are on the road. This I took notice of when we came to town. But if he be of opinion that the tails of these noble animals are not only a natural ornament, but are of real use to defend them from the vexatious insects that in summer are so apt to annoy them (as Jenny just now told me was thought to be his reason for not depriving his cattle of a defense which nature gave them), how far from a dispraise is this humane consideration! And how, in the more minute as well as (we may suppose) in the greater instances, does he deserve the character of the man of mercy, who will be merciful to his beast!

Do you wonder, Lucy, that I cannot hold up my head, when I recollect the figure I must make in that odious masquerade habit, hanging by my clasping arms about the neck of such a gentleman? Can I be more effectually humbled than by such a

recollection? Surely, surely, I have *had* my punishment for *my* compliances with this foolish world.

But now, I think, something offers of blame in the character of this almost faultless man, as his sister and her Jemny represent him to be. I cannot think, from a hint given by Miss Grandison, that he is quite so frank and so unreserved as his sister is. "As for my brother," said she, "he winds one about and about, yet seems not to have more curiosity than one would wish him to have. Led on by his smiling benignity, and fond of his attention to my prattle, I have caught myself in the midst of a tale of which I intended not to tell him one syllable. 'O Sir Charles! where am I got?' have I said, and suddenly stopped.—'Proceed, my Charlotte! No reserves to your nearest friend.' Yet he has *his;* and I have winded and winded about him, as he has done about me, but all to no purpose."

Now this reserve to such a sister, and in points that she thinks it imports her to know, is what I do not like in Sir Charles.

His sister, who cannot think he has one fault, excuses him, and says that her brother has no other view in drawing her on to reveal her own heart but the better to know how to serve and oblige her. But then, might not the same thing be said in behalf of the curiosity of so generous a sister?

Sir Charles has seen more of the world, it may be said, than his sister has: he has traveled. But is not human nature the same in every country, allowing for only different customs? Do not love, hatred, anger, malice,—*all* the passions in short, good or bad,—show themselves by like effects in the faces, hearts, and actions of the people of every country? And let men make ever such strong pretensions to knowledge from their far-fetched and dear-bought experience, cannot a penetrating spirit learn as much from the passion of a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen in England, as it could from a man of the same or the like ill qualities in Spain, in France, or in Italy?

If I am allowed to be so happy as to cultivate this desirable acquaintance, then will I closely watch every step of this excellent man, in hope, however, to find him as perfect as report declares him, that I may fearlessly make him my theme, as I shall delight to make his sister my example. And if I were to find any *considerable* faults in him, never fear, my dear, but my gratitude will enlarge my charity in his favor. But I shall, at

the same time, arm my heart with those remembered failings, lest my gratitude should endanger it, and make me a hopeless fool.

I have not said one half of what I intended to say of this extraordinary man. But having imagined, from the equal love I have to his admirable sister, that I had found something to blame him for, my impartiality has carried me out of my path; and I know not how to recover it, without going a great way back. Let, therefore, what I have further to say mingle in with my future narratives, as new occasions call it forth. But yet I will not suffer any other subject to interfere with that which fills my heart with the praises, the due praises, of this worthy brother and sister, to which I intended to consecrate this rambling and very imperfect letter; and which here I will conclude, with assurances of duty, love, and gratitude, where so much is due from *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

JEAN RICHEPIN

(1849–)

BY MATHURIN M. DONDO

THE literary activity of Richepin, from 1872 to the present time, comprises over fifty volumes of poems, novels, dramas, and miscellaneous works. These works embody the salient traits which mark the principal movements of contemporary French literature. With the flamboyant rhetoric of Romanticism, Richepin combines the directness and grossness of Naturalism; thus he mingles the most extravagant idealism with the most truculent realism. We may even find symbolic tendencies in some of his writings, but «it is symbolism with Zola sauce,» as one French critic puts it.

In his childhood, Richepin acquired a liking for the nomadic and adventurous life, the spirit of which permeates a large part of his writings. He was born in 1849 in Algeria, where his father was stationed as an army officer. Owing to frequent changes of garrison, Richepin's youth was spent in various places until he was sent to the École Normale of the University of Paris. After qualifying as a professor he taught for a while in a provincial college, but found the class-room ill fitted to his nature. He then frankly started on a life of adventure. Between 1871 and 1875 he was in turn sailor, stevedore, wrestler at fairs, and official songster for a band of gypsies.

In 1876 appeared his first collection of poems, «La Chanson des Gueux» (The Song of the Beggars), which led him not only to fame but also to prison, as the tone of the poems was found offensive. In this work, Richepin gives free vent to his fancy and exalts without reticence the brutal poetry of the outcast. He makes frequent use of the ballad and expresses himself abundantly in the slang of the vagabonds. Both in thought and form «La Chanson des Gueux» reminds us of François Villon, whom Richepin proclaims as his master.

In spite of Richepin's crude and even revolting realism, one cannot help admiring his sincerity and keen understanding of human nature. These beggars, these wretches, who have nothing to expect from life but privation and suffering, with what desperate tenacity they cling to life! Genuine pathos permeates his poems, as, for example, when he

tells us of the rich families gathered on Christmas Eve in front of a blazing hearth:

«But what a sad and bitter day
For the poor who feast on wind,
For those who have no hearth!»

Richepin excels in the «chanson,» to which he gives all the naïveté, archaism, and singing qualities so characteristic of the popular songs of France. Not a few of his compositions seem to have sprung spontaneously from the soul of an artless singer.

‹Les Caresses› (1877), ‹Les Blasphèmes› (1884), ‹La Mer› (1886), are poetical works which continue and develop the inspiration which brought forth ‹La Chanson des Gueux.› With prodigious effects of rhythm, with an exuberance of vocabulary that reminds one of Rabelais, Richepin sings the joys of love and elemental passion. In the poems of ‹The Sea,› which deal with life as he himself had known it as a sailor before the mast, Richepin obtains great vigor and directness of expression. For sheer unaffected pathos and honest strength there is nothing better in modern French verse.

Richepin detested all rules, literary as well as social. When he began to write, the Parnassian school dominated. But his sanguine and exalted temperament could not submit to the restrained and objective mood of Leconte de Lisle. The earlier Romanticists attracted him; their tempestuous lyricism is to be found in most of his poetic works. On the other hand, Naturalism had made a deep impression on the literature of that period, and Richepin did not escape its influence. This is particularly evident in his novels. ‹Miarka› (1883), which relates the story of a gypsy girl, and ‹La Glu› (1801), which deals with the tragic effects of a woman's depravity, are written very much in the spirit of Zola's Rougon-Macquart series.

But Richepin's most important works are his dramas in verse. The first play to attract attention was ‹Le Chemineau› (The Tramp, 1897). Its theme is the glorification of the Vagabond in whom the poet has embodied the spirit of his own youth. A gay and singing wanderer appears on a farm at harvest time. He is the nameless Chemineau who knows the secrets of the woods and the fields. He beguiles the young servant Toinette, who prefers this poetic companion to the industrious farm-hand, François, her admirer. But the Chemineau leaves, singing, and Toinette is saved from misery only by the generosity of François, who marries her and takes the child of the Vagabond as his own. Twenty years have passed. This child, Toinet, has grown to a youth. He falls desperately in love with the daughter of proud and wealthy Maître Pierre. The master will not consent to the marriage. In his grief, Toinet takes to drink and abandons his work. François is sick and old and his farm is on the verge of ruin. The Chemineau by chance wanders

again through the village. He learns of the condition of Toinette and her son and becomes their savior. By his sorcery he coaxes the obdurate Maître Pierre to consent to the marriage of the two lovers. The Chemineau has a home at last, for all love him and entreat him to stay. But, on a snowy Christmas night, while all, save the dying François, are at midnight mass, he vanishes into the dark, carried away by the fever of wandering and the destiny of the Chemineau. Toinette alone understands his nostalgia which she explains to those who blame him for being without home and country.

«The poor tramp counts his home by the hundreds,
By the thousands, while we have one only;
He finds home and his country wherever
A friend's voice gives him neighborly welcome.
His the land of the grape and the apple,
His the land of the hills and low valleys,
All whose songs he learns while passing through them.
So the great big wide world is his country,
And for him every path leads straight homeward.
He is rich beyond dreams of the wealthy —
What belongs to no one he possesses —
Heaths and wastes, slumbering ponds, pathless thickets,
Which speak to him with intimate murmur,
Wild ravines, and the sweet-scented moorlands,
The lone song of the wind in the rushes,
Shade and sunshine, the flowers and the waters,
All the birds of the hedges and forests!»

(«Le Chemineau,» Act V, Scene III.)

After Rostand's «Cyrano de Bergerac,» Richepin's «La Martyre» is perhaps the most successful play of the contemporary French theatre. The story of this drama bears a strong resemblance to that of «Quo Vadis.» The scene is laid in Rome in the second century A. D. Flammeola, a patrician lady, falls in love with Johannes, the leading priest of the Christians. She endeavors by all sorts of allurements to win his affection. Aruns, his fanatic and uncompromising coadjutor, springs up at each critical moment and guards him against the danger of succumbing to her charms. Latro, a gladiator of great repute, is in love with Flammeola and attempts to kill Johannes in a jealous frenzy. The latter is arrested for being a Christian, having been betrayed to the authorities by Thomrys, a Scythian circus girl who vainly seeks the love of Latro. Johannes is condemned and crucified in the Coliseum. Flammeola, on seeing him in agony, moved by the grace of Eros rather than by the grace of Christ, exclaims, «I am a Christian,» which was only another way of saying «I love you.» Thereupon Latro kills her and then himself. In this Christian drama, Richepin gives but little

of the spirit of Christianity. Apart from a few concessions to the conventional hero, the idea of the play is thoroughly pagan. Zythophanes, the philosopher, who is the mouthpiece of Richepin, refers to Jesus as the last incarnation of Eros, under whose influence plebeians and patricians, knaves and saints are drawn irresistibly together.

In «Don Quichotte» (1905) Richepin undertook the difficult task of setting on the stage the hero of Cervantes. By a careful selection of well known incidents, which he presents in eight tableaux, he gives us a most picturesque scenic presentation of the famous hidalgo. Of course, he takes liberties with his subject and now and then attributes to the knight of La Mancha a philosophy more akin to his own. These are the words of Don Quichotte on his deathbed:

«Not in vain on this earth have I trespassed,
Nor unfruitful my dreams, though I perish.
Poor men, down in your valley of sadness,
For your welfare these flowers called romantic
Are as needful, nay, more so, more needful
Than the so-called real things of existence.
And yet you would scorn this ambrosia
The ideal, truth, justice, and beauty!
These bright flowers you would weed from your meadows,
So a man cursed with madness and folly
Must once more sow the fragrance immortal.
You insult him. You spit on his forehead.
What of that? He has sown. The flowers blossom.
Yes! I see them! Hail, flowers of my dreaming!
Noble vision enlarging for ever,
Blessed dawn that the madmen see breaking,
Blessed dawn for whose sake I am dying,
My ideal, the joy of my sadness,
The one love of my life — Dulcinea.»

Richepin, it will be seen, in spite of his apparent materialism, remains incurably romantic; his distinguishing note is a sincere sympathy with the poor, especially the rebellious poor. He has remarkable technical skill, suppleness and splendor of style, which give to his descriptive passages a color and intensity unsurpassed in contemporary literature.

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JEAN PAUL RICHTER

JEAN PAUL RICHTER

(1763–1825)

BY E. P. EVANS

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER was born as the "twin brother of spring," on March 21st, 1763, at Wunsiedel, a little town of the Fichtelgebirge in the principality of Bayreuth, where his father was assistant schoolmaster and organist. His mother, Sophie Rosina, was the daughter of a clothier, Johann Paul Kuhn, who plied his trade in Hof, an important manufacturing centre situated on a spur of the above-mentioned pine-clad range of mountains. On the next day after his birth the child was baptized. He had for his sponsors the maternal grandfather aforenamed, and a bookbinder, Johann Friedrich Thieme; the infant was therefore burdened at the font with a compound of both their names,—the first of which he translated some years later into French, out of admiration for Jean Jacques Rousseau.

When the babe was scarcely five months old, he was taken to the death-bed of his grandfather Johann Richter, rector or head master of the school at Neustadt on the Kulm, in the Upper Palatinate. The dying man, like Jacob of old, laid his hand on the child and blessed him. The event left a strong impression, not so much in the actual occurrence as in the repeated relation of it by his father in after years. "Pious grandfather," exclaims Jean Paul in his autobiography, "often have I thought of thy hand, blessing as it grew cold, when fate led me out of dark hours into brighter; and I can already hold fast to the belief in thy blessing in this world, penetrated, ruled, and animated as it is by miracles and spirits."

In the second year of his age his father became pastor of the church in Joditz, a village not far from Hof, and situated in a charming region on the Saale; where the boy passed his earliest and most impressionable years in idyllic surroundings, and cultivated that innate delicacy of feeling for the beauties of nature which finds such warm and wonderfully original expression in the writings of the man. Unfortunately his entire education at this period was conducted at home by his father in a desultory and very disadvantageous way, with no inkling of the pedagogical method which Pestalozzi was just then putting into practice with the charity-children of Zürich. The good pastor pursued the old preceptorial system of mechanically

memorizing Biblical texts and catechistical doctrines, alternating with long lists of Latin words and grammatical rules, without any explanation,—a form of instruction called "learning by heart," but contributing little or nothing to the development of either heart or head. History, natural science, geography, arithmetic, astronomy, and even a branch of knowledge so elementary and useful as orthography, were utterly neglected; music too, in which the father was quite accomplished, and for which the son showed decided taste and talent, found no place in this pietistic and pedantic programme. Oases in the pedagogical desert were occasional opportunities of reading by stealth in his father's library; and the eagerness with which he devoured the dry theological tomes—whose contents, as he confesses, were wholly unintelligible to him—is pathetic proof of his inborn and insatiable love of letters. It was only after his father was promoted to the more important pastorate of Schwarzenbach in 1776, that the youngster of thirteen was sent to school; where he received systematic instruction from the kind-hearted and clear-headed Rector Werner, and above all, had access to books that were books,—poems, romances, and other products of polite literature, historical works, philosophical treatises, and a casual volume of controversial divinity, which seems to have attracted him in proportion as it "leaned to the heterodox side." Three years later he was sent to the gymnasium at Hof, and in 1781 matriculated as a student of theology in the University of Leipsic.

Meanwhile the death of his father on April 15th, 1779, had not only cut off all financial supplies from home, but also reduced the family to extreme poverty, and caused the widowed mother to look to him as her only strength and stay. Ofttimes he was on the verge of starvation, without either money or credit for a loaf of bread, a bowl of milk, or new soles to his boots; but he struggled on manfully and cheerfully and overcame all adversities. Hardships arising from this source could not depress a man who was convinced that as a rule, "wealth weighs heavier than poverty on talent." The choice of theology as a profession—which may have been determined by family influences, but certainly accorded with his deeply religious nature—grew somewhat distasteful to him even during his preparatory course of study at Hof, and was wholly abandoned soon after he entered the University, where, as he states, the academical atmosphere was impregnated with religious skepticism, and "most of the professors and nearly all the students had a leaning to heterodoxy." Thus he wrote in one of his letters to Pastor Vogel:—

"I am no longer a theologian, and do not pursue any science *ex professo:* indeed, none of them have any attraction for me except so far as they bear upon my literary work; even philosophy is now indifferent to me, since I doubt everything."

The literary work here referred to was the series of satirical sketches entitled 'Grönländische Processe' (Greenland Lawsuits), published in two parts in 1783–4. It is a rather unripe production; somewhat in the manner of Hippel's 'Lebensläufe,' but with a delicate vein of sentiment and genuine humor in it reminding the reader occasionally of Sterne. Unhappily his exuberant fancy runs riot: the quaintest conceits are clothed in forced and far-fetched similitudes, often inextricably mixed; one metaphor gives birth to a dozen; and the whole living mass, composed of parts without organic connection, holds together like a mother-opossum and her young by intertwisting their tails. Nevertheless it was a remarkable performance for a youth of nineteen; rich in promise, and full of deep meanings half hidden from the hasty reader under a grotesque style.

Of a like character, though rather more mature and therefore less extravagant, are 'Auswahl aus des Teufels Papieren' (Selection from the Devil's Papers: 1788), and 'Biographische Belustigungen unter der Gehirnschale einer Riesin' (Biographical Diversions under the Brain-pan of a Giantess: 1796). But these works did not suit the public taste, and brought neither fame nor pecuniary returns to the author; who in 1784 was obliged to flee from Leipsic, as Lessing had done thirty-six years before, in order to avoid the debtor's prison. It may be proper to add that in both cases the creditors, thus constrained to possess their souls with patience, received their own with usury in due time. Meanwhile Jean Paul earned his daily food as private tutor; but although devoting himself conscientiously and lovingly to the training of his pupils, gave his best energies to the more congenial task of «bringing up his own children,»—namely, to the writing of books. The first of this literary progeny that excited favorable attention, and was thought to do credit to him, was 'Die Unsichtbare Loge' (The Invisible Lodge), which appeared in two volumes in 1793, and bore the secondary title of 'Mummies.' From a purely artistic point of view this novel, in which the influence of Rousseau is clearly perceptible, is a failure. Jean Paul himself speaks of it as «a born ruin,»—a quite characteristic example of mixed metaphor (for ruins, unlike poets, are not born, but made), though sufficiently expressive of the fact that the work not only remained unfinished, but was positively unfinishable. The course of the narration is constantly obstructed, diverted, and covered up by the masses of miscellaneous matter which are dumped into it, and borne along by the current until they take shape as a luxuriant and labyrinthian delta of reflections on all sorts of topics, in which the stream is at last wholly lost to view. If in its structure it is a chaos «without form,» it is in its substance by no means «void.» It is also important as a turning-point in the career of the author, who was not only warmly praised by the critics, but received a still more

welcome recognition from the publisher in the form of a hundred ducats.

It was doubtless due in a great measure to this encouragement, that a more cheerful and less sardonic tone prevails in his next novel, 'Hesperus' (1794), as well as in most of his subsequent writings: 'Leben des Quintus Fixlein' (Life of Quintus Fixlein: 1796); 'Blumen-, Frucht-, und Dornenstücke; oder, Ehestand, Tod, und Hochzeit des Armenadvocaten Siebenkäs' (Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces; or, Wedded Life, Death, and Nuptials of the Poor Man's Advocate Siebenkäs: 1796–7); 'Das Kampaner Thal; oder, Über die Unsterblichkeit der Seele' (The Campan Valley; or, On the Immortality of the Soul: 1797); 'Titan' (1800–3); 'Flegeljahre' (Wild Oats: 1804–5); 'Dr. Katzenbergers Badereise' (Dr. Katzenberger's Journey to the Bath: 1809); 'Der Feldpredigers Schmelzles Reise nach Fläz' (Chaplain Schmelzle's Journey to Fläz: 1809); 'Leben Fibels' (Life of Fibel: 1812); and 'Der Komet; oder, Nikolaus Marggraf' (The Comet; or, Nicholas Marggraf: 1820–2). To these titles, which comprise his principal works, may be added 'Die Vorschule der Aesthetik' (Introduction to Æsthetics: 1804); 'Levana; oder, Erziehungslehre' (Levana; or, Theory of Education: 1807); and 'Selina; oder, Über die Unsterblichkeit' (Selina; or, On the Immortality of the Soul). The last-mentioned discourse on his favorite theme was left unfinished at the time of his death on November 14th, 1825, and borne on his bier to the grave, but was not published till two years later.

To complete the account of Richter's outer life, it may be added that after the death in 1797 of his mother, whose last years were cheered and made comfortable by his literary success, he lived for a time in Leipsic and Weimar, and then went to Berlin, where in 1801 he found a highly cultivated and thoroughly congenial wife in Caroline Mayer, the daughter of a Prussian privy-councilor. In 1804 he settled permanently in Bayreuth; and four years later the Archbishop and Prince Primate von Dalberg granted him a pension of one thousand florins, which after the dissolution of the Confederation of the Rhine in 1813 continued to be paid by the King of Bavaria. Titular honors were also bestowed upon him: he was made Legationsrath (Councilor of Legation) by the Duke of Saxe-Hildburghausen; in 1817 he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Heidelberg; and was chosen a member of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences in 1820.

Richter's best and most brilliant works of fiction are 'Hesperus,' 'Titan,' 'Quintus Fixlein,' 'Flegeljahre,' and 'Siebenkäs.' He himself seems to have thought most highly of 'Flegeljahre'; but the critical reader of to-day will probably give the preference to 'Fixlein' and 'Siebenkäs.' The permanent value of these products of the imagination, as well as of his so-called scientific writings,—

'Introduction to Æsthetics,' 'Levana,' and 'Selina,'—lies less in their symmetry and unity as artistic creations (in which respects they are woefully deficient) than in the wealth of isolated thoughts, aphoristic utterances, and original conceits which they contain. Even in Germany the dust on the sixty-five volumes of his 'Complete Works,' issued shortly after his death, is nowadays seldom disturbed. It is only in anthologies that he is read or can be really enjoyed by the present generation. Even his humor, which is his one precious quality, is apt to cloy through excess of sensibility running over into sentimentality. It is also difficult to find a passage of considerable length in which his metaphors do not halt, and to use his own comparison, go limping along like an actor with a buskin on one foot and a sock on the other. The meaning, too, is apt to be obscured by unintelligible allusions; a peculiarity due in part to his lifelong habit of keeping a commonplace-book, which gradually grew into numerous volumes, and was filled with notes and excerpts, curious facts and fancies, serving as material for illustration, and suggesting tropes overstrained and incomprehensible to the general reader without a special commentary. Indeed, as early as 1808, the Hamburg publicist Carl William Reinhold deemed it necessary to prepare a dictionary explaining Richter's strange modes of speech, and rendering the more difficult passages into plain German for the benefit of his own countrymen and contemporaries. In this respect he is the very antithesis of Lessing, whose thoughts are simply and strongly expressed, and need no exegetical apparatus to make them understood.

But with all these defects as an artist, Richter was an original thinker, a keen but kind-hearted humorist, a genuine poet, and a noble man. Of the German romanticists he was unquestionably the healthiest; or rather the least «tainted in his wits.» However much he may love to peer into graves and charnels, and to weep over the wrongs and miseries of human life, his melancholy is «a most humorous sadness»; the wormwood and the gall of cynicism are not the ingredients of his satire, and in his bosom there beats a stout, warm, cheerful heart, with no drop of misanthropic bitterness in it. He studied men and nature through a microscopic lens, and thus discovered a world of wonders where the common eye saw nothing. Owing to the circumstances of his youth, the sphere of his observation of social phenomena was limited, but his vision exceedingly sharp within this narrow range. His one point of firm footing on the earth was his genuine sympathy with the joys and sorrows of the common people, the sufferings and sacrifices of the poor; and herein lay his strength.

E. P. Evans

EXTRA LEAF ON CONSOLATION

From 'Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces'

A TIME will come — that is, must come — when we shall be commanded by morality not only to cease tormenting others, but also ourselves. A time must come when man, even on earth, shall wipe away most of his tears, were it only from pride.

Nature indeed draws tears out of the eyes, and sighs out of the breast, so quickly that the wise man can never wholly lay aside the garb of mourning from his body; but let his soul wear none. For as it is ever a merit to bear a small suffering with cheerfulness, so must the calm and patient endurance of the worst be a merit, and will only differ in being a greater one; as the same reason which is valid for the forgiveness of small injuries is equally valid for the forgiveness of the greatest.

The first thing that we have to contend against and despise, in sorrow as in anger, is its poisonous, enervating sweetness, which we are so loath to exchange for the labor of consoling ourselves, and to drive away by the effort of reason.

We must not exact of philosophy, that with one stroke of the pen it shall reverse the transformation of Rubens, who with one stroke of his brush changed a laughing child into a weeping one. It is enough if it change the full mourning of the soul into half-mourning; it is enough if I can say to myself,— I will be content to endure the sorrow that philosophy has left me: without it, it would be greater, and the gnat's bite would be a wasp's sting.

Even physical pain shoots its sparks upon us out of the electrical condenser of the imagination. We could endure the most acute pangs calmly, if they only lasted the sixtieth part of a second; but in fact we never have to endure an hour of pain, but only a succession of the sixtieth parts of a second, the sixty beams of which are collected into the burning focus of a second, and directed upon our nerves by the imagination alone. The most painful part of our bodily pain is that which is bodiless or immaterial,— namely, our impatience, and the delusion that it will last forever.

There is many a loss over which we all know for certain that we shall no longer grieve in twenty — ten — two years. Why do we not say to ourselves,— I will at once then, to-day, throw

away an opinion which I shall abandon in twenty years? Why should I be able to abandon errors of twenty years' standing, and not of twenty hours?

When I awake from a dream which has painted an Otaheite for me on the dark ground of the night, and find the flowery land melted away, I scarcely sigh, thinking to myself, "It was only a dream." Why is it that if I had really possessed this island while awake, and it had been swallowed up by an earthquake,—why is it that I do not then exclaim, "The island was only a dream"? Wherefore am I more inconsolable at the loss of a longer dream than at the loss of a shorter,—for that is the difference; and why does man find a great loss less probable, and less a matter of necessity when it occurs, than a small one?

The reason is, that every sentiment and every emotion is mad, and exacts and builds its own world. A man can vex himself that it is already, or only, twelve o'clock. What folly! The mood not only exacts its own world, its own individual consciousness, but its own time. I beg every one to let his passions, for once, speak out plainly within himself, and to probe and question them to the bottom, as to what they really desire. He will be terror-struck at the enormity of these hitherto only half-muttered wishes. Anger wishes that all mankind had only one neck; love, that it had only one heart; grief, two tear-glands; pride, two bent knees.

Translation by Edward Henry Noel.

THE NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT OF A MISERABLE MAN

In the lone stillness of the New-Year's night
An old man at his window stood, and turned
His dim eyes to the firmament, where, bright
And pure, a million rolling planets burned,—
And then down on the earth all cold and white,
And felt that moment that of all who mourned
And groaned upon its bosom, none there were
With his deep wretchedness and great despair.

For near him lay his grave,—hidden from view
Not by the flowers of youth, but by the snows
Of age alone. In torturing thought he flew
Over the past, and on his memory rose

That picture of his life which conscience drew,
With all its fruits,—diseases, sins, and woes;
A ruined frame, a blighted soul, dark years
Of agony, remorse, and withering fears.

Like spectres now his bright youth-days came back,
And that cross-road of life where, when a boy,
His father placed him first: its right-hand track
Leads to a land of glory, peace, and joy,
Its left to wildernesses waste and black,
Where snakes and plagues and poison-winds destroy.
Which had he trod? Alas! the serpents hung
Coiled round his heart, their venom on his tongue.

Sunk in unutterable grief, he cried,
"Restore my youth to me! O God, restore
My morn of life! O father! be my guide,
And let me, let me choose my path once more!"
But on the wide waste air his ravings died
Away, and all was silent as before.
His youth had glided by, fleet as the wave;
His father came not,—he was in his grave.

Strange lights flashed flickering by: a star was falling;
Down to the miry marsh he saw it rush—
"Like me!" he thought, and oh! that thought was galling
And hot and heart-wrung tears began to gush.
Sleep-walkers crossed his eyes in shapes appalling;
Gaunt windmills lifted up their arms to crush;
And skeleton monsters rose up from the dim
Pits of the charnel-house, and glared on him!

Amid these overboiling bursts of feeling,
Rich music, heralding the young year's birth,
Rolled from a distant steeple, like the pealing
Of some celestial organ o'er the earth:
Milder emotions over him came stealing;
He felt the soul's unpurchasable worth.
"Return!" again he cried, imploringly;
"O my lost youth! return, return to me!"

And youth returned, and age withdrew its terrors;
Still was he young,—for he had dreamed the whole:
But faithful is the image conscience mirrors
When whirlwind passions darken not the soul.

Alas! too real were his sins and errors;
Too truly had he made the earth his goal;
He wept, and thanked his God that with the will,
He had the power, to choose the right path still.

Here, youthful reader, ponder! and if thou,
Like him, art reeling over the abyss,
And shakest off sin's iron bondage now,
This ghastly dream may prove thy guide to bliss;
But should age once be written on thy brow,
Its wrinkles will not be a dream, like this.
Mayest vainly pour thy tears above the urn
Of thy departed youth,—it never will return!

Translation of James Clarence Mangan.

FROM 'FIRST FLOWER PIECE'

Once on a summer evening I was lying in the sunshine on a mountain, and fell asleep. Then I dreamed that I awoke in a church-yard. The down-rolling wheels of the steeple-clock, which was striking eleven, had awakened me. I looked for the sun in the empty night-heaven, for I thought an eclipse was veiling it with the moon. All the graves were open, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were moved to and fro by invisible hands. Shadows which no one cast, flitted on the walls; and other shadows walked erect in the thin air. In the open coffins none were sleeping now but children. In the sky hung in large folds merely a gray sultry mist, which a giant shadow like a net was drawing down nearer, tighter, and hotter. Above me I heard the distant fall of avalanches; under me the first step of an illimitable earthquake. The church wavered up and down with two unceasing discords, which contended with each other and vainly endeavored to mingle in unison. At times a gray gleam skipped up along its windows, and under the gleam the lead and iron ran down molten. The net of the mist and the reeling earth thrust me into that fearful temple, at the door of which, in two poisonous thickets, two glittering basilisks were brooding. I passed through unknown shadows, on whom ancient centuries were impressed. All the shadows were standing round the empty altar; and in all of them the breast, instead of the heart, quivered and beat. One dead man only, who had just been buried in the church, still lay on his pillow without a

quivering breast, and on his smiling countenance stood a happy dream. But as a living one entered, he awoke, and smiled no more; he lifted with difficulty his heavy eyelids, but within was no eye, and in his beating breast there was, instead of a heart, a wound. He lifted up his hands and folded them to pray; but the arms lengthened out and dissolved, and the hands, still folded, fell away. Above, on the vault of the church, stood the dial-plate of *eternity*, on which no number appeared, and which was its own index hand; but a black finger pointed thereon, and the dead sought to see the time by it. . . .

An immense and immeasurably extended hammer was about to strike the last hour of time and shatter the universe, when I awoke.

My soul wept for joy that I could still pray to God; and the joy, and the weeping, and the faith in him, were my prayer. And as I arose, the sun was glowing deep behind the full purpled ears of corn, and casting meekly the gleam of its twilight red on the little moon, which was rising in the east without an aurora; and between the sky and the earth, a gay transient air people was stretching out its short wings, and living, as I did, before the Infinite Father; and from all nature around me flowed peaceful tones as from distant evening bells.

MAXIMS FROM RICHTER'S WORKS

He who remains modest, not when he is praised but when he is blamed, is truly modest.

Of all human qualities, modesty is most easily stifled by fumes of incense, or of sulphur; and praise is often more hurtful than censure.

The truest love is the most timid; the falsest is the boldest.

If you wish to become acquainted with your betrothed, travel with him for a few days,—especially if he is accompanied by his own folks,—and take your mother along.

It is the misfortune of the bachelor that he has no one to tell him frankly his faults; but the husband has this happiness

A MAN ought never to be more delicately attentive to his wife than after making her a present, in order to lighten the sense of obligation.

MARRIAGES are so unhappy, because men cannot make up their minds to substitute love for force and arguments, and because they wish to attain their purpose by might and right.

LOVE increases in strength with years, and diminishes in its outward manifestations.

THE wedlock is happiest when one discovers the greatest advantages in it and not before it. It is therefore perilous to marry a poet.

MEN of imagination more easily make up with a lady-love when she is absent than when she is present.

JEALOUSY constitutes the sole difference between love and friendship. Friendship has therefore one pleasure, and love one pain, the more.

PAINS of sympathy are the sign of love: but if genuine, they are not imaginary, and cause more suffering than one's own pains; for we have at least the right to conquer the latter.

ONE should never hope to be compatible with a wife with whom one has quarreled as a bride.

IF YOU are unable to refute an argument, you find fault with the way in which it is put.

NO TWO persons are ever more confidential and cordial than when they are censuring a third.

INTERCOURSE with men of the world narrows the heart, communion with nature expands it.

SATAN is a scarecrow set up by the clergy in the spiritual vineyard.

SO EASILY are we impressed by numbers, that even a dozen wheelbarrows in succession seem quite imposing.

REFORMERS are constantly forgetting that the hour-hand must make progress if only the minute-hand keeps moving.

IT IS of little avail that fortune makes us rich, if our desires make us poor again.

THE Indians mistook the clothes of the first European they saw for the body; we mistake them for the soul.

IT IS not always the best actor that plays the part of king, either on the stage or in real life.

How quickly and quietly the eye opens and closes, revealing and concealing a world!

DULL persons look upon the refined as false.

THE head, like the stomach, is most easily infected with poison when it is empty.

THE whole constitution of the English is like their manufactured cloth, which may not have a fair gloss, but is capable of standing bad weather.

THE timid fear before danger, the cowardly in the midst of it, and the courageous after it is over.

BETWEEN no two things are the resemblance and the antipathy stronger than between critic and author, unless it be between wolf and dog.

THE public is so fond of reading reviews because it likes to see authors, as the English used to like to see bears, not only made to dance, but also goaded and baited.

MAN'S moral, like his physical progress, is nothing but a continuous falling.

EVERY recovery from illness is a restoration and palingenesis of our youth.

FEMALE virtue is the glowing iron, which, as formerly in ordeals, women must bear from the font to the altar in order to be innocent.

GIRLS and gold are the softer the purer they are.

OUT of craftiness women often let the man rule; and then they do as they please.

NO ONE believes so readily as a woman that she has understood a very difficult point in philosophy.

FROM thinking to acting is a longer way with women than with men.

THE vanity of women is hurt by disparaging, not their intelligence or theif virtue, but their comeliness or taste. A man may safely say to his wife, "You are stupider than I." But just let him say once, "You are homelier than I."

IMITATE the bee: take the honey, but leave to the rose its fragrance.

IT IS as hard to prove anything to women as to lawyers.

SCARS grow with the body; so do stings of conscience.

CHILDREN, like wives, prefer that in every marriage there should be but one child to love.

MUSIC is the Madonna among the arts: she can give birth and being only to the holiest.

MUSIC is too good for drinking-songs and merry-makings.

THE courtesy with which I receive a stranger, and the civility I show him, form the background on which he paints my portrait.

SULKINESS is a spiritual catalepsy, in which, as in the physical, every member grows stiff in the position in which it was when the attack came on; spiritual catalepsy has also this in common with physical, that it seizes women oftener than men.

WOMEN are not fallen, but falling angels.

YOUTH and Age.—The rising star looks larger, but the risen one shines brighter.

OLD people are long shadows that are projected by the evening sun, and lie cold upon the earth; but they all point to the morning.

EVERY one utters the word "past" with more emotion than "future."

NO MAIDEN should slander, scold, or hate,—at least so long as she is in love, on account of the contrast: when she is a housewife with children, cattle, and maid-servants, no just man will object to moderate anger and modest chiding.

IN THE spirit world, autumn is the next neighbor to spring.

IF ANY departed souls long for earth, it must be those of children.

IF A man should rise from the dead, we should adore him as a saint, even if he should tell us that he had merely fallen into a long and profound sleep. Is it not the same with the newborn?

HE WHO sacrifices health to knowledge will find that he has in most cases sacrificed knowledge too.

IN GOING over the bridge to the Castle of St. Angelo in Rome, one is reminded of women: for there are ten angels standing on it hewn in stone, each with a different instrument of martyrdom; one with the nails, another with the reed, and a third with the dice. Thus every woman has in her hand a different instrument of martyrdom for us, poor lambs of God.

IF A man spends the day in reading and studying, what worlds, what comprehensive ideas, dwarfing the present, pass before him! How vast the universe seems, and how small the earth!

THE greater the thing that comes to end, the more we think of the end; like the end of a day, a year, or a century.

DARKNESS is pleasanter than a dim light.

THE past and the future are both veiled; but the former wears the widow's and the latter the virgin's veil.

DYING for the truth is death not merely for one's country, but also for the world. Truth, like the Medicean Venus, may be transmitted to posterity in thirty fragments, but posterity will put them together into a goddess. Genius is the alarm-clock of sleeping centuries.

THERE are truths of which we hope that great men will be more firmly convinced than we can be, and that therefore our conviction will be supplemented by theirs.

WE WISH for immortality not as the reward, but as the perpetuity, of virtue.

VIRTUE can be no more rewarded than joy; its sole reward is its continuance.

VICE wins the battle-field, but virtue the Elysian fields.

ART may not be the bread, but it is the wine, of life. To disparage it on the plea of utility is to imitate Domitian, who ordered the grape-vines to be rooted out in order to promote agriculture.

A CONVERSATION about a work of art can embrace almost everything.

KNOWLEDGE and Action.—It is a fine thing in the springtide of youth to poetize and theorize, and then in the years of manhood to rule from a higher throne and to crown thoughts with deeds. It is like the sun, which in the morning merely paints the clouds and lights up the earth, but at midday fructifies it with heat, and yet continues to shine and to paint rainbows on storm-clouds.

IT WERE damnable if I should not have as much freedom to do good as other poetic heads have to work evil.

IF A ruler has received the two heavenly gifts of knowledge and purity of heart, the earthly gift of statecraft will come of itself. Thus two celestial telescopes combine to form one terrestrial telescope.

NECESSITY is the mother of the arts; but also the grandmother of vices.

WHAT bloomed in Rome on high elevations, grows in Germany on lower levels; as in the far north, Alpine plants are found at the foot of mountains. But it is gratifying to experience the oldest in the newest, and to discover that the modern, like the ancient classic, is born rich and grand, just as he writes.

SATIRE invents ridiculous combinations of purely imaginary follies, not in order that they may be laughed at and laid aside, for they never existed, but in order to render the sense of the ludicrous more acute, so that like combinations in real life may be better observed.

A MAN may curse a misfortune, but never weep over it.

HE WHO no longer aspires to be more than a man will be less than a man.

THE thought of immortality is a luminous sea, in which he who bathes is all surrounded by stars.

WHERE man is, infinity begins.

A BEING in whom the thought of immortality can arise, cannot be mortal.

O MUSIC! thou that bringest the past and the future with their fluttering flames so near to our wounds, art thou the evening zephyr of this life, or the morning breeze of the life to come? Yes, thy notes are echoes which angels catch from the joyous tones of another world, in order to drop into our mute heart and our desolate night the exhaled vernal harmonies of the heavens that fly far from us.

MAN, an Egyptian deity, a patchwork of beasts' heads and human bodies, stretches out his hands in opposite directions towards the present and the future life. He is moved by spiritual and material forces, as the moon is attracted at once by the sun and the earth; but the earth holds it fast in its fetters, while the sun only produces slight deviations in its course.

THE progress of mankind towards the holy city of God is like that of some penitents, who on their pilgrimage to Jerusalem always take three steps forward and one backward.

He who differs from the world in important matters should be the more careful to conform to it in insignificant ones.

Philosophy and the nymph Echo never let you have the last word.

The belief in immortality is by no means incompatible with the belief in atheism: for the same Necessity which in this life threw my shining dewdrop of *Me* into a flower-bell and under a sun, can repeat the process in a second life; indeed, it can embody me more easily the second time than the first.

Men deny the existence of God with as little feeling as the most affirm it. Even in our true systems we are constantly collecting mere words, counters and medals, as misers do coins; and not till late do we convert the words into feelings, the coins into enjoyments. A man may believe in the immortality of the soul for twenty years, and not till in the one-and-twentieth, in a great moment, be amazed at the rich contents of this belief, the warmth of this naphtha-well.

Childhood, and its terrors rather than its raptures, take wings and radiance in dreams, and sport like fireflies in the little night of the soul. Do not crush these flickering sparks!

It is a fine thing that authors, even those who deny the immortality of their souls, seldom dare to contest that of their names; and as Cicero affirmed that he would believe in another life even if there were none, so they wish to cling to the belief in the future eternal life of their names, although the critics may have furnished positive proofs to the contrary.

Let us not despise the slender thread upon which we and our fortune may depend. If, like the spider, we have spun and drawn it out of ourselves, it will hold us quite well; and we may hang on it safely as the tempest tosses us and the web uninjured to and fro.

Poverty is the only burden which grows heavier when loved ones help to bear it.

The human body is a musical instrument, in which the Cremona chords are twisted out of living intestines, and the breast is the sounding-board and the head the damper.

SINCE there are in our world so many delicate and Divine sentiments hovering about, so many rich blossoms unfolding and bearing no seed, it is fortunate that poesy was invented to preserve all these unborn spirits and the fragrance of flowers in its halo.

IF YOU are an author, picture to yourself the best man, one who cherishes in his heart all that is most holy and most beautiful, and never suffers anything impure to enter there; then take your pen and strive to enrapture this imaginary reader.

MAN is like horse-radish: the more it is grated the more it bites. The satirist is sadder than the jester, for the same reason that the orang-outang is more melancholy than the monkey,—because he is nobler.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

(1849–1916)

BY W. D. HOWE

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY was born in Greenfield, Indiana, in 1849. His father, Reuben A. Riley, a native of Pennsylvania, was a lawyer of ability and was considered one of the most effective political speakers of his community. In the Civil War he became captain of cavalry and then achieved distinction as a citizen in the little county-seat during the years following the war. Young Riley seems to have been exceptionally fortunate in his earliest education. The schools of his town were notably good, his teacher was, as he says, «a little old woman rosy and roly-poly who looked as though she might have come tumbling out of a fairy story, so lovable was she and so jolly and so amiable.» Then later he came under the direction of Lee O. Harris, himself a poet who «had ever the sweet spirit of a companion rather than the manner of an instructor.» Harris introduced him to some of the best poetry and encouraged him to commit to memory and to recite pieces that he liked. Most of the work at school was irksome to him.

«There was but one book at school in which I found the slightest interest — McGuffey's old leather-bound reader. It was the tallest book known, and to the boys of my size it was a matter of eternal wonder how I could belong to the big class in that reader.»

One of the first books which he bought was «The Divine Emblems» by Quarles.

The regular curriculum of the schools of those days, even when adapted by such a sympathetic teacher as Harris, and of the colleges not far from Greenfield, was not for him, so in his sixteenth year he gave it up altogether and went out into the world to see with his own eyes and to find out what it all meant. He began to write verses not because he wished to be a poet or because he desired to live in a literary atmosphere, but because that was the way he must express himself about what he saw and felt. Regarding his facility in versifying he wrote afterwards:

«After long labor at verse, you will find there comes a time when everything you see or hear, touch, taste, or smell, resolves itself into rhyme, and rattles away till you can't rest. I mean this literally. The people you meet upon the streets are so

many disarranged rhymes, and only need proper coupling. The boulders in the side-walks are jangled words. The crowd of corner loungers is a mangled sonnet with a few lines lacking; the farmer and his teams an idyl of the road, perfected and complete when he stops at the picture of a grocery and hitches to an exclamation point.»

Everywhere he saw the interesting panorama of life, at the court house whither he went with his father to sessions of the county court, in the print shop, the political meetings, besides the adjoining towns and counties which he invaded in the role of a traveling sign painter, musician, and story-teller. The people of a typical Indiana county seat on the great thoroughfare, The National Road, were the originals for all his subsequent efforts in verse and nourished his imagination and memory throughout his life.

Riley's first verses to be printed appeared in the Indianapolis Mirror, The Danbury News, Hearth and Home, and the Indianapolis Herald. Later he found employment on the Anderson Democrat and finally on the Indianapolis Journal from 1877 to 1885. While he was associated with the Anderson Democrat he wrote ‹Leonainie› and passed it off as a recently discovered poem by Poe. The hoax was so successful that it deceived some of the best American critics, much to the discomfort of the author. Recognition which was not local followed the publication of a series of letters which appeared in the Journal signed Benj. F. Johnson of Boone, consisting of dialect verses introduced with the editorial comment of a Boone County farmer and printed as the old farmer is supposed to have written them. Although these verses were well received and newspapers everywhere copied them, young Riley had his days of gloom. At the instigation of his former teacher, Lee Harris, he sent some of his recent poems to Longfellow who, as Riley afterwards wrote, «replied in his kind and gentle manner with the substantial encouragement for which I had long thirsted.» A few of these early poems were put together and published in 1883 under the title, ‹The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems› by Benj. F. Johnson of Boone. This was the first of a number of volumes, the best known of which are the following, besides many selections of his poems and several large editions.

‹Afterwhiles› (1888); ‹Pipes O'Pan at Zekesbury› (1889); ‹Old-Fashioned Roses› (1888); ‹Rhymes of Childhood› (1891); ‹Green Fields and Running Brooks› (1893); ‹Poems at Home› (1893); ‹Armazindy› (1894); ‹Rubaiyat of Doc Sifers› (1897); ‹Home Folks› (1900).

Fame came to him quickly and while he was yet young. In 1887 he was invited to New York to take part in an authors' reading and was introduced by James Russell Lowell as «the voice of a true poet.» Then came an urgent call for him to read from his own poems, so insistent that his natural shyness yielded and quickly he became one of the most

successful popular readers in America. The discomfort of going about over the country, which annoyed him, was in part relieved by association with such men as Mark Twain, Robert J. Burdette, George Cable, Eugene Field, and «Bill Nye.» The years after 1883 brought him continuous applause so that at the time of his death he was probably the most popular poet of his time, widely read in this country and in England. In his own State he was the most beloved citizen, idolized by men of all classes and children of all ages. He received honorary degrees from Yale, Wabash, University of Pennsylvania and Indiana, and in 1912 was awarded the gold medal for poetry by the Academy of Arts and Letters. He died on July 22d, 1916, in Indianapolis which had been his home for many years.

«I was always trying to write of the kind of people I knew and especially to write verse that I could read just as if it were being spoken for the first time.»

This was the ideal of Riley. He never touched anything he did not know intimately, better indeed than anybody else — the whimsical character, the boys of the town, the little village of a few houses such as Griggsby's Station or the Little Town of Tailholt. He has few references to the classic authors or to mythology.

«I never run to Hellicon ner writ about (Pernassus).»

His reading included the masters of pure speech and classic verse in English, such as Shakespeare, Herrick, Tennyson, Keats, Longfellow, and his study of their verse brought to him a real conception of the variety and technique of English poetry. In conversation he displayed a deep interest in the problems of versifying and a sincere respect for the master poets.

His verse always describes the things he saw and knew. A list of some of his subjects and the things he writes about will convey a suggestion of the intimate nature of his realism and the apparent commonplaceness of the world in which he lives — the little bits of out of doors, the clover, the roses, the cherry tree, mulberry, willow, the little red apple tree, the watermelon, the honey dropping from the comb, the beetle, the bumble-bee, the June-bug, blue-bird, «old bob-white,» jay bird, katy-dids, «the doodle-bugs», «mister hop-toad»; particular scenes such as Griggsby's Station, Little Town of Tailholt, Lockerbie Street, Down on Wriggle Creek, Up and Down Old Brandywine, On the Banks of Deer Creek and the Old Swimmin' Hole; such characters as The Boy on Our Farm, the Preacher's Boy, the Runaway Boy, The Old Band, The Old Tramp, Uncle Mart, Uncle Sidney, Doc Sifers, Armazindy, Old Bee Fessler, The Raggedy Man, Old Aunt Mary. It is perhaps significant that the words most commonly found in his titles are *little*, *old*, and *song*.

Riley writes with his eye on the character and has always in mind a real person. He has been criticized for using such words as *resignated* (resigned), *competenter* (more competent), *ministratin'* (ministering), such phrases as «durin' the army» and «when the army broke out.» He had probably heard them or something very like them from the lips of his characters for no person has more intimate knowledge of the speech of the people he described. It must be remembered that he writes of the odd character rather than of the common type of country man. He is not interested in recording the actual words from a scientific or comparative point of view. Regarding the use of dialect he once wrote:

«Briefly summed, it would appear that dialect means something more than mere rude form of speech and action — that it must, in some righteous and substantial way, convey to us a positive force of soul, truth, dignity, beauty, grace, purity, and sweetness that may even touch us to the tenderness of tears.»

His dialect poems do not pretend to describe exactly the type on the farm or at the cross-roads. Rather they are little pictures or sketches or dramas which suggest a character or scene just as he sees it. Humor is the one indispensable quality, always present, always simple and kindly, bringing out with no trace of irony or ridicule or satire, a gentle sympathy, a common-sense morality which he thought characterized the common man. Just beneath the surface is always a simple and natural pathos which is as manly as it is tender. In some cases this blending of humor and pathos is assisted by the dialect of the humble moralizing philosopher such as ‹The Raggedy Man,› ‹Doc Sifers,› ‹Squire Hawkins,› ‹A Liz-town Humorist,› ‹Old John Henry.› Again it comes in the simplest of pure English in such poems as ‹A Life Lesson,› ‹Away,› ‹Let Something Good Be Said.›

About children he has written some of his best verse. He had no praise for the merely conventional child in books or in life, but was interested in presenting real children. This aim he set down in the following words,

«since the elegantly minded purveyors of Child Literature can not possibly tolerate the presence of any but refined children — the very proper children — the studiously thoughtful, poetic children; — and these must be kept safe from the contaminating touch of our rough-and-tumble little fellows in ‹hodden gray,› with frously heads, begrimed but laughing faces, and such awful, awful vulgarities of naturalness, and crimes of simplicity and brazen faith and trust, and love of life and everybody in it. All other real people are getting into Literature; and without some real children along will they not soon be getting lonesome, too?»

He liked to record the fun and play of child time, the objects and scenes in which children are interested, in short the world that the real boy or girl likes to think about or cry about or dream about. For the

time he is one of them, not talking down to them, writing out their fairy tales, lisping as they lisp, eagerly watching the pictures of the apparently commonplace world made wonderful by the red letter days when it was time to go swimming or fishing or when the circus came to town. He had a child's delight in coining words and phrases that haunt the memory of children, such as hik-tee-dik, old man whiskery-wheekum-wheeze, oo-Rinkum-Jing, The Raggedy Man, Lizabuth Ann, Little Orphant Annie, The Goblens Will Get Ye. The attempt of the child to answer some of the questions about the big world find expression in many poems, such as, «When the World Busts Through,» «No Boy Knows,» «A Life Lesson.» Perhaps his most permanent contribution to our literature has been this child world in which boys and girls are not simply children but something elfish and eerie.

His dialect verse is best known and has caused innumerable imitations, especially among writers of newspaper verse. To Riley's credit it may be said that his own verse suffers not at all by comparison with any of his successors in this particular field. With his popularity as a reader of his own poems, simultaneously his public increased that liked to read for themselves the poems which they had heard him so delightfully present. Although he wrote much in dialect, he studied the best models and wrote a large amount of verse in the purest English. Few have surpassed him in the ability to convey the mood as well as the idea in simple language.

His joy in living, his frank acceptance of both happiness and sorrow, his resolve to see the bright side, his preference for the simple and natural, his self-restraint in merely suggesting the pathos that lies just beneath a whimsical exterior — these are the abounding characteristics of Riley the man as well as Riley the poet.

Riley is perhaps not the poet for the academic critic. He was averse to the cultivation of the «art of poetry.» He did not crave to be a poet or merely to bask in the sunshine of poets. He wrote no distinguished blank verse, treated no subject of heroic proportion, touched no classic themes. Rather he relied upon the simple and sweet melodies of childhood. With little of the psychologist in his genius he searched not for the causes of sorrow, but was content to deal correctly and sincerely with characters and scenes which he knew more intimately than any one of his generation. Like the greater poets he had real limitations, like them he knew his field and worked in it with a manly sincerity that will entitle him to the high praise which Lowell graciously accorded to him, «the voice of a true poet.»

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WHEN SHE COMES HOME

WHEN she comes home again! A thousand ways
I fashion, to myself, the tenderness
Of my glad welcome: I shall tremble—yes;
And touch her, as when first in the old days
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress.
Then silence; and the perfume of her dress.
The room will sway a little, and a haze
Cloy eyesight—soul sight, even—for a space.
And tears—yes; and the ache here in the throat,
To know that I so ill deserve the place
Her arms make for me; and the sobbing note
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face
Again is hidden in the old embrace.

A SONG

THERE is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a something sings alway:
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray;
The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair;
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black or the midday blue:
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrups the whole night through;
The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere:
But whether the sun or the rain or the snow,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE

TELL you what I like the best:
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time the strawberries melts
On the vine,—some afternoon
Like to jes' git out and rest,
And not work at nothin' else!

Orchard 's where I'd ruther be—
Needn't fence it in for me!—
Jes' the whole sky overhead,
And the whole airth underneath—
Sorto' so's a man kin breathe
Like he ort, and kindo' has
Elbow-room to keerlessly
Sprawl out len'thways on the grass,
Where the shadder's thick and soft
As the kivvers on the bed
Mother fixes in the loft
Allus, when they's company!

Jes' a sorto' lazin' there—
S' lazy 'at you peek and peer
Through the wavin' leaves above,
Like a feller 'at's in love
And don't know it, ner don't keer!
Ever'thing you hear and see
Got some sort o' interest:
Maybe find a bluebird's nest
Tucked up there conveenently
For the boys 'at's apt to be
Up some other apple-tree!

Watch the swallers scootin' past
'Bout as peert as you could ast;
Er the bobwhite raise and whiz
Where some other's whistle is.

Ketch a shadder down below,
And look up to find the crow;
Er a hawk away up there,
'Pearantly froze in the air!—
Hear the old hen squawk, and squat
Over every chick she's got,

Suddent-like! — And she knows where
That air hawk is, well as you!
You jes' bet your life she do!—
Eyes a-glitterin' like glass,
Waitin' till he makes a pass!

Pee-wee's singin', to express
My opinions second-class,
Yit you'll hear 'em more or less;
Sapsuck's gittin' down to biz,
Weedin' out the lonesomeness;
Mr. Bluejay, full o' sass,
In them base-ball clothes o' his,
Sportin' 'round the orchard jes'
Like he owned the premises!
Sun out in the fields kin sizz,
But flat on yer back, I guess,
In the shade's where glory is!
That's jes' what I'd like to do
Stiddy fer a year er two.

Plague! ef they ain't sompin' in
Work, 'at kind o' goes ag'in
My convictions!—'long about
Here in June especially!
Under some old apple-tree,
Jes' a-restin' through and through,
I could git along without
Nothin' else at all to do
Only jes' a-wishin' you
Was a-gittin' there like me,—
And June was eternity!

Lay out there and try to see
Jes' how lazy you kin be!—
Tumble round and souse your head
In the clover-bloom, er pull
Yer straw hat acrost yer eyes,
And peek through it at the skies,
Thinkin' of old chums 'at's dead,
Maybe smilin' back at you
In betwixt the beautiful
Clouds o' gold and white and blue!—
Month a man kin railly love—
June, you know, I'm talkin' of!

March ain't never nothing new! —
April's altogether too
  Brash fer me! and May—I jes'
  'Bominate its promises:
    Little hints o' sunshine and
    Green around the timber-land—
A few blossoms, and a few
Chip-birds, and a sprout er two—
  Drap asleep, and it turns in
  'Fore daylight and snows ag'in!

But when June comes—clear my throat
  With wild honey! Rench my hair
In the dew! and hold my coat!
    Whoop out loud! and throw my hat!
  June wants me, and I'm to spare!
  Spread them shadders anywhere,
  I'll git down and waller there,
    And obleeged to you at that!

7

OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S

WASN'T it pleasant, O brother mine,
  In those old days of the lost sunshine
  Of youth — when the Saturday's chores were through,
And the «Sunday's wood» in the kitchen, too,
And we went visiting, «me and you,»
    Out to Old Aunt Mary's? —

«Me and you» — And the morning fair,
With the dewdrops twinkling everywhere;
  The scent of the cherry-blossoms blown
  After us, in the roadway lone,
  Our capering shadows onward thrown —
    Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

It all comes back so clear to-day!
Though I am as bald as you are gray, —
  Out by the barn-lot and down the lane
  We patter along in the dust again,
  As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,
    Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

The few last houses of the town;
Then on, up the high creek-bluffs and down;

Past the squat toll-gate, with its well-sweep pole;
The bridge, and «the old babtizin'-hole,»
Loitering, awed, o'er pool and shoal,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

We cross the pasture, and through the wood,
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,
Where the hammering «red-heads» hopped awry,
And the buzzard «raised» in the «clearing»-sky
And lolled and circled, as we went by
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Or, stayed by the glint of the redbird's wings,
Or the glitter of song that the bluebird sings,
All hushed we feign to strike strange trails,
As the «big braves» do in the Indian tales,
Till again our real quest lags and fails —
Out to Old Aunt Mary's —

And the woodland echoes with yells of mirth
That make old war-whoops of minor worth! . . .
Where such heroes of war as we? —
With bows and arrows of fantasy,
Chasing each other from tree to tree
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again;
The teams we met, and the countrymen;
And the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead
Out to Old Aunt Mary's. —

For only, now, at the road's next bend
To the right we could make out the gable-end
Of the fine old Huston homestead — not
Half a mile from the sacred spot
Where dwelt our Saint in her simple cot —
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Why, I see her now in the open door
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er
The clapboard roof! — And her face — ah, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see —
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to Old Aunt Mary's? —

The jelly — the jam and the marmalade,
The cherry and quince «preserves» she made!
And the sweet-sour pickles of peach and pear,
With cinnamon in 'em, and all things rare! —
And the more we ate was the more to spare,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

Ah! was there, ever, so kind a face
And gentle as hers, or such a grace
Of welcoming, as she cut the cake
Or the juicy pies that she joyed to make
Just for the visiting children's sake —
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

The honey, too, in its amber comb
One only finds in an old farm-home;
And the coffee, fragrant and sweet, and ho!
So hot that we gloried to drink it so,
With spangles of tears in our eyes, you know —
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And the romps we took, in our glad unrest! —
Was it the lawn that we loved the best,
With its swooping swing in the locust trees,
Or was it the grove, with its leafy breeze,
Or the dim haymow, with its fragrancies —
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Far fields, bottom-lands, creek-banks — all,
We ranged at will. — Where the waterfall
Laughed all day as it slowly poured
Over the dam by the old mill-ford,
While the tail-race writhed, and the mill-wheel roared —
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

But home, with Aunty in nearer call,
That was the best place, after all! —
The talks on the back porch, in the low
Slanting sun and the evening glow,
With the voice of counsel that touched us so,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And then, in the garden — near the side
Where the beehives were and the path was wide, —

The apple-house — like a fairy cell —
With the little square door we knew so well,
And the wealth inside but our tongues could tell —
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And the old spring-house, in the cool green gloom
Of the willow trees, — and the cooler room
Where the swinging shelves and the crocks were kept,
Where the cream in a golden languor slept,
While the waters gurgled and laughed and wept —
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And as many a time have you and I —
Barefoot boys in the days gone by —
Knelt, and in tremulous ecstasies
Dipped our lips into sweets like these, —
Memory now is on her knees
Out to Old Aunt Mary's. —

For, O my brother so far away,
This is to tell you — she waits *to-day*
To welcome us: — Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering, «Tell
The boys to come.» . . . And all is well
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

NO BOY KNOWS

THERE are many things that boys may know —
Why this and that are thus and so, —
Who made the world in the dark and lit
The great sun up to lighten it:
Boys know new things every day —
When they study, or when they play, —
When they idle, or sow and reap —
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

Boys who listen — or should, at least, —
May know that the round old earth rolls East; —
And know that the ice and the snow and the rain —
Ever repeating their parts again —

Are all just water the sunbeams first
Sip from the earth in their endless thirst,
And pour again till the low streams leap. —
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

A boy may know what a long, glad while
It has been to him since the dawn's first smile,
When forth he fared in the realm divine
Of brook-laced woodland and spun-sunshine; —
He may know each call of his truant mates,
And the paths they went, — and the pasture-gates
Of the 'cross-lots home through the dusk so deep. —
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

O I have followed me, o'er and o'er,
From the flagrant drowse on the parlor-floor,
To the pleading voice of the mother when
I even doubted I heard it then —
To the sense of a kiss, and a moonlit room,
And dewy odors of locust-bloom —
A sweet white cot — and a cricket's cheep. —
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

OLD JOHN HENRY

Old John's jes' made o' the commonest stuff —
Old John Henry —
He's tough, I reckon, — but none too tough —
Too tough though's better than not enough!
Says old John Henry.
He does his best, and when his best's bad,
He don't fret none, ner he don't git sad —
He simply 'lows it's the best he had:
Old John Henry!

His doctern's jes' o' the plainest brand —
Old John Henry —
A smilin' face and a hearty hand —
'S religen 'at all folks understand,
Says old John Henry.
He's stove up some with the rhumatiz,
And they hain't no shine on them shoes o' his,
And his hair hain't cut — but his eye-teeth is:
Old John Henry!

He feeds hisse'f when the stock's all fed —
Old John Henry —
And sleeps like a babe when he goes to bed —
And dreams o' Heaven and home-made bread,
Says old John Henry.
He hain't refined as he'd ort to be
To fit the statutes o' poetry,
Ner his clothes don't fit him — but *he* fits *me:*
Old John Henry!

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

INSCRIBED

with all faith and affection

To all the little children: — The happy ones; and sad ones;
The sober and the silent ones; the boisterous and glad ones;
The good ones — Yes, the good ones, too; and all the lovely bad ones.

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-an'-keep;
An' all us other childern, when the supper-things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at 'll gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Wunst they wuz a little boy wouldn't say his prayers, —
An' when he went to bed at night, away up-stairs,
His Mammy heerd him holler, an' his Daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wuzn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'wheres, I guess;
But all they ever found wuz thist his pants an' roundabout: —
An' the Gobble-uns'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!.

An' one time a little girl ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever'one, an' all her blood-an'-kin;
An' wunst, when they was «company,» an' ole folks wuz there,
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They wuz two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she's about!
An' the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind goes *woo-oo!*
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away, —
You better mind yer parunts, an' yer teachurs fond an' dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

WHEN the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O, it's then's the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo' harty-like about the atmusfere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here —
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossums on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock —
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries — kindo' lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermuns to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in theyr stalls below — the clover overhead! —
O, it sets my hart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock;
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

Then your apples all is getherd, and the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the celler-floor in red and yeller heaps;
And your cider-makin' 's over, and your wimmern-folks is through
With their mince and apple-butter, and theyr souse and saussage, too!
I don't know how to tell it — but ef sich a thing could be
As the Angels wantin' boardin', and they'd call around on *me* —
I'd want to 'commodate 'em — all the whole-indurin' flock —
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

A LIFE LESSON

THERE, little girl — don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house, too,
Are things of the long ago:
But childish troubles will soon pass by;—
There, little girl — don't cry!

There, little girl — don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your schoolgirl days
Are things of the long ago:
But life and love will soon come by;—
There, little girl — don't cry!

There, little girl — don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago:
But heaven holds all for which you sigh;—
There, little girl — don't cry!

AWAY

I CANNOT say and I will not say
That he is dead.—He is just away!

With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you—O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return,—

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here;

And loyal still as he gave the blows
Of his warrior strength to his country's foes.

Mild and gentle, as he was brave,
When the sweetest love of his life he gave

To simple things: where the violets grew
Pure as the eyes they were likened to,

The touches of his hands have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed;

When the little brown thrush that harshly chirred
Was dear to him as the mocking-bird;

And he pitied as much as a man in pain
A writhing honey-bee wet with rain.—

Think of him still as the same, I say:
He is not dead—he is just away!

NOTHIN' TO SAY

NOTHIN' to say, my daughter! nothin' at all to say!—
G'yirls that's in love, I've noticed, ginerly has their way!
Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks objected to me—
Yit here I am, and here you air; and yer mother—where is she?

You look lots like yer mother: purty much same in size;
And about the same complected; and favor about the eyes;

Like her, too, about her livin' here, — because *she* couldn't stay:
It'll most seem like you was dead — like her! but I hain't got
nothin' to say!

She left you her little Bible — writ yer name acrost the page;
And left her ear-bobs fer you, ef ever you come of age.
I've allus kep' 'em and g'yarded 'em, but ef yer goin' away —
Nothin' to say, my daughter! nothin' at all to say!

You don't rikollect her, I reckon? No: you wasn't a year old then!
And now yer — how old air you? W'y, child, not 'twenty'! When?
And yer nex' birthday's in April? and you want to get married that
day? —
I wisht yer mother was livin'! — but — I hain't got nothin' to say!

Twenty year! and as good a girl as parent ever found!
There's a straw ketched onto yer dress there — I'll bresh it off —
turn round.
(Her mother was jes' twenty when us two run away!)
Nothin' to say, my daughter! nothin' at all to say!

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY

I

OLD Glory! say, who,
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue, —
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air
And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you to? —
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you? —
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead —
By day or by night
Their delightfulest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue! —
Who gave you the name of Old Glory? — say, who —
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old banner lifted, and faltering then
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.

II

Old Glory — speak out! — we are asking about
How you happened to «favor» a name, so to say,
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay
As we cheer it and shout in our wild breezy way —
We — the *crowd*, every man of us, calling you that —
We — Tom, Dick, and Harry — each swinging his hat
And hurrahing «Old Glory!» like you were our kin,
When — *Lord!* — we all know we're as common as sin!
And yet it just seems like you *humor* us all
And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and fall
Into line, with you over us, waving us on
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone. —
And this is the reason we're wanting to know —
(And we're wanting it *so!* —
Where our own fathers went we are willing to go.) —
Who gave you the name of Old Glory — Oho! —
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill
For an instant, then wistfully sighed and was still.

III

Old Glory: the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were, —
For your name — just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear; —
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye
And an aching to live for you always — or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last. —

IV

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said: —
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead —
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod, —
My name is as old as the glory of God.
. . . So I came by the name of Old Glory.

ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE

(1838–)

THE feminine quality in Thackeray's genius, which saved his unerring comprehension of human nature from harshness, seems detached and given complete embodiment in the writings of his daughter, Anne Thackeray Ritchie. Not that these are lacking in strength, nor in evidences of keen perception; but they are steeped in the mellow atmosphere of an exquisite womanliness. They are feminine in the highest and completest sense of the word. They contain moreover a quality lacking to the works of the younger generation of writers,—that of nobility, of high breeding; the spirit indeed of one whose life from her childhood up has been spent among the true aristocracy of mind and of character, and whose sensitive soul responded wholly to gracious influences.

ANNE T. RITCHIE

Anne Isabella Thackeray (Ritchie), the daughter of William Makepeace Thackeray, was born in London in 1838. Her childhood was spent partly in Kensington,—whose quaintness she has immortalized in her most characteristic novel,—partly on the continent with her grandparents. She grew up in London as her own heroine Dolly grew up, «like a little spring flower among the silent old bricks.» Her girlhood was spent in association with her father and his circle of friends; which included indeed the cream of England's true gentry. Never did a little lady grow into womanhood in a more harmonious environment.

In 1877 Miss Thackeray married her cousin, Sir Richmond T. Ritchie. In 1860 her first story, ‹Little Scholars in the London Schools,› had appeared in the Cornhill Magazine, of which her father was editor. Unpretentious as it was, it revealed the author's dominant qualities: her appreciation of the beautiful and dramatic elements which may lie hidden in obscure lives, and in the experiences of commonplace people; her genial sympathy, the rare charity and truthfulness of her spirit. It revealed, moreover, the genuineness of her literary gift. Her simple and strong English belonged to no «school.» It was that of one who had drunk deep at the undefiled wells of the great Masters of the tongue.

In 'Old Kensington,' published in 1873, her gifts become fully manifest. It would be difficult to overrate the charm of this novel of gentlefolk, living out their simple lives in that quaint quarter of London where the author's own girlhood was passed, and whose old-fashioned beauties (many of them now vanished) she depicts with the clear memory of love. The odor as of lavender haunts each chapter of this book; whose fine, clean atmosphere removes it, as the East from the West, from the neurotic vulgarities which in the present day have debased the beautiful art of fiction. To read a novel like 'Old Kensington' is to come at once into good society. The book is remarkable, moreover, for its depiction of human nature, and of child nature; and for its exquisite bits of description, like some little warm Dutch landscapes:—

«As days go by, Dolly's pictures warm and brighten from early spring into summer-time. By degrees they reach above the table, and over and beyond the garden roller. They are chiefly of the old garden, whose brick walls seem to inclose sunshine and gaudy flowers all the summer through; of the great Kensington parks, where in due season chestnuts are to be found shining among the leaves and dry grasses; of the pond where the ducks are flapping and diving; of the house which was little Rhoda's home. This was the great bare house in Old Street, with plenty of noise, dried herbs, content, children without end, and thick bread-and-butter. There was also cold stalled ox on Sundays at one.»

Scattered through the book are wise comments on the mysteries of life, worthy of Thackeray's daughter, who was too much of a woman and of an artist ever to change her broad morality into the moralizing spirit.

«To hate the Devil and all his works is one thing; but to-day, who is the Devil and which are his works is another.»

«Dolly was true to herself; and in those days she used to think that all her life she would be always true, and always say all she felt. As life grows long, and people living on together through time and sorrow and experience realize more and more the complexities of their own hearts, and sympathise more and more with the failings and sorrows of others, they are apt to ask themselves with dismay, if it is a reality of life to be less and less uncompromising as complexities increase, less true to themselves as they are more true to others.»

In 1873 and 1874 Miss Thackeray also published a number of short stories and sketches: 'Toilers and Spinsters,' 'Bluebeard's Keys,' etc. In 1875 appeared a novel, 'Miss Angel,' of which the heroine is Angelica Kaufmann. In the same year she edited 'The Orphan of Pimlico, and other Sketches, Fragments, and Drawings,' by her father. Her life of Madame de Sévigné, in the 'Foreign Classics for English Readers' series, appeared in 1881; and in the same year she published another novel, 'Miss Williamson's Divagations.' Later,

'Chapters from Some Unwritten Memoirs' was published. This book of personal reminiscences is delightful, for the glimpses it affords the reader of the Thackeray household, and of the rare guests who gathered there from time to time. One of the prettiest pictures is that of a child's party at Dickens's house: of the little Misses Thackeray in plaid sashes and bronze shoes, of Dickens's little daughters in white sashes and white shoes; of the supper table presided over by Mr. and Mrs. Dickens; of the innumerable small boys who swarmed on the staircase, and who gave three cheers for Thackeray when he appeared in the hall to take his little girls home. There is a humorous picture of Charlotte Brontë dining with Thackeray and his family: a number of his intimate friends were invited to meet her afterwards, and hopes of brilliant conversation ran high; but the little shy author took refuge with the family governess, an awful gloom like a London fog settled upon the company, and Thackeray in despair went off to his club.

In her 'Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning,' Mrs. Ritchie has given to the world pictures of these great men drawn by the hand of a loving and understanding friend. Like her other books, it is instinct with the charm of her sympathy. Her true, pure, and sweet spirit has left a precious imprint upon the world of letters and of society. She is loved and will be long remembered, not only as Thackeray's daughter and editor, but for her own inherent qualities of true greatness.

MY WITCH'S-CALDRON

From 'Chapters from Some Unwritten Memoirs.' Copyright 1894, by Harper & Brothers

I REMEMBER a visit from another hero of those times. We were walking across Kensington Square early one morning when we heard some one hurrying after us and calling, "Thackeray, Thackeray!" This was also one of Byron's friends,—a bright-eyed, active old man; with long wavy white hair and a picturesque cloak flung over one shoulder. I can see him still, as he crossed the corner of the square and followed us with a light, rapid step. My father, stopping short, turned back to meet him; greeting him kindly, and bringing him home with us to the old brown house at the corner where we were then living. There was a sort of eagerness and vividness of manner about the stranger which was very impressive. You could not help watching him and his cloak, which kept slipping from its place,

and which he caught at again and again. We wondered at his romantic foreign looks, and his gayety and bright eager way. Afterwards we were told that this was Leigh Hunt. We knew his name very well; for on the drawing-room table, in company with various Ruskins and Punches, lay a pretty shining book called 'A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla,'—from which, in that dilettante childish fashion which is half play, half impatience and search for something else, we had contrived to extract our own allowance of honey. It was still an event to see a real author in those days, specially an author with a long cloak flung over his shoulder; though for the matter of that, it is still and always will be an event to see the faces and hear the voices of those whose thoughts have added something delightful to our lives. Not very long afterwards came a different visitor, still belonging to that same company of people. I had thrown open the dining-room door and come in, looking for something; and then I stopped short, for the room was not empty. A striking and somewhat alarming-looking person stood alone by the fireplace with folded arms,—a dark, impressive-looking man, not tall, but broad and brown and weather-beaten,—gazing with a sort of scowl at his own reflection in the glass. As I entered he turned slowly, and looked at me over his shoulder. This time it was Trelawny, Byron's biographer and companion, who had come to see my father. He frowned, walked deliberately and slowly from the room, and I saw him no more. . . . All these people now seem almost like figures out of a fairy tale. One could almost as well imagine Sindbad, or Prince Charming, or the Seven Champions of Christendom, dropping in for an hour's chat. But each generation, however matter-of-fact it may be, sets up fairy figures in turn to wonder at and delight in. I had not then read any of the books which have since appeared; though I had heard my elders talking, and I knew from hearsay something of the strange, pathetic, irrational histories of these bygone wanderers, searching the world for the Golden Fleece and the Enchanted Gardens. These were the only members of that special, impracticable, romantic crew of Argonauts I ever saw; though I have read and re-read their histories and diaries so that I seem to know them all, and can almost hear their voices.

One of the most notable persons who ever came into our old bow-windowed drawing-room in Young Street is a guest never to be forgotten by me,—a tiny, delicate little person, whose small

hand nevertheless grasped a mighty lever which set all the literary world of that day vibrating. I can still see the scene quite plainly!—the hot summer evening, the open windows, the carriage driving to the door as we all sat silent and expectant; my father, who rarely waited, waiting with us; our governess and my sister and I all in a row, and prepared for the great event. We saw the carriage stop, and out of it sprang the active, well-knit figure of young Mr. George Smith, who was bringing Miss Brontë to see our father. My father, who had been walking up and down the room, goes out into the hall to meet his guests; and then, after a moment's delay, the door opens wide and the two gentlemen come in, leading a tiny, delicate, serious little lady, pale, with fair, straight hair, and steady eyes. She may be a little over thirty; she is dressed in a little *barège* dress with a pattern of faint green moss. She enters in mittens, in silence, in seriousness; our hearts are beating with wild excitement. This, then, is the authoress, the unknown power whose books have set all London talking, reading, speculating; some people even say our father wrote the books—the wonderful books. To say that we little girls had been given 'Jane Eyre' to read, scarcely represents the facts of the case; to say that we had taken it without leave, read bits here and read bits there, been carried away by an undreamed-of and hitherto unimagined whirlwind into things, times, places, all utterly absorbing and at the same time absolutely unintelligible to us, would more accurately describe our states of mind on that summer's evening as we look at Jane Eyre—the great Jane Eyre—the tiny little lady. The moment is so breathless that dinner comes as a relief to the solemnity of the occasion, and we all smile as my father stoops to offer his arm; for, genius though she may be, Miss Brontë can barely reach his elbow. My own personal impressions are that she is somewhat grave and stern, especially to forward little girls who wish to chatter. Mr. George Smith has since told me how she afterwards remarked upon my father's wonderful forbearance and gentleness with our uncalled-for incursions into the conversation. She sat gazing at him with kindling eyes of interest, lighting up with a sort of illumination every now and then as she answered him. I can see her bending forward over the table, not eating, but listening to what he said as he carved the dish before him.

I think it must have been on this very occasion that my father invited some of his friends in the evening to meet Miss

Brontë, for everybody was interested and anxious to see her. Mrs. Crowe, the reciter of ghost stories, was there. Mrs. Brookfield, Mrs. Carlyle — Mr. Carlyle himself was present, so I am told, railing at the appearance of cockneys upon Scotch mountain-sides; there were also too many Americans for his taste; "but the Americans were as God compared to the cockneys," says the philosopher. Besides the Carlyles, there were Mrs. Elliott and Miss Perry, Mrs. Procter and her daughter, most of my father's habitual friends and companions. In the recent life of Lord Houghton, I was amused to see a note quoted in which Lord Houghton also was convened. Would that he had been present! — perhaps the party would have gone off better. It was a gloomy and a silent evening. Every one waited for the brilliant conversation which never began at all. Miss Brontë retired to the sofa in the study, and murmured a low word now and then to our kind governess, Miss Truelock. The room looked very dark; the lamp began to smoke a little; the conversation grew dimmer and more dim; the ladies sat round still expectant; my father was too much perturbed by the gloom and the silence to be able to cope with it at all.

Mrs. Brookfield, who was in the doorway by the study, near the corner in which Miss Brontë was sitting, leaned forward with a little commonplace, since brilliance was not to be the order of the evening. "Do you like London, Miss Brontë?" she said. Another silence; a pause; then Miss Brontë answers "Yes" and "No," very gravely. My sister and I were much too young to be bored in those days: alarmed, impressed, we might be, but not yet bored. A party was a party, a lioness was a lioness; and — shall I confess it? — at that time an extra dish of biscuits was enough to mark the evening. We felt all the importance of the occasion — tea spread in the dining-room, ladies in the drawing-room. We roamed about inconveniently, no doubt, and excitedly; and in one of my excursions crossing the hall, towards the close of the entertainment, I was surprised to see my father opening the front door with his hat on. He put his fingers to his lips, walked out into the darkness, and shut the door quietly behind him. When I went back to the drawing-room again, the ladies asked me where he was. I vaguely answered that I thought he was coming back. I was puzzled at the time; nor was it all made clear to me till long years afterwards, when one day Mrs. Procter asked me if I knew what had happened once when my

father had invited a party to meet Jane Eyre at his house. It was one of the dullest evenings she had ever spent in her life, she said. And then with a good deal of humor she described the situation: the ladies who had all come expecting so much delightful conversation; and how as the evening went on, the gloom and the constraint increased; and how finally, after the departure of the more important guests, overwhelmed by the situation, my father had quietly left the room, left the house, and gone off to his club. The ladies waited, wondered, and finally departed also; and as we were going up to bed with our candles, after everybody was gone, I remember two pretty Miss L——s, in shiny silk dresses, arriving, full of expectation. . . . We still said we thought our father would soon be back; but the Miss L——s declined to wait upon the chance, laughed, and drove away again almost immediately. . . .

I remember the trembling little frame, the little hand, the great honest eyes; an impetuous honesty seemed to me to characterize the woman. . . . I fancied an austere little Joan of Arc marching in upon us, and rebuking our easy lives, our easy morals. She gave me the impression of being a very pure and lofty and high-minded person. A great and holy reverence of right and truth seemed to be with her always. Such in our brief interview she appeared to me As one thinks of that life, so noble, so lonely,—of that passion for truth,—of those nights and nights of eager study, swarming fancies, invention, depression, elation, and prayer; as one reads of the necessarily incomplete though most touching and admirable history of the heart that throbbed in this one little frame, of this one among the myriads of souls that have lived and died on this great earth,—this great earth! this little speck in the infinite universe of God,—with what wonder do we think of to-day, with what awe await to-morrow, when that which is now but darkly seen shall be clear! . . .

I am suddenly conscious as I write that my experiences are very partial; but a witch's-caldron must needs after all contain heterogeneous scraps, and mine, alas! can be no exception to the rest. It produces nothing more valuable than odds and ends, happily harmless enough; neither sweltered venom nor fillet of finny snake, but the back of one great man's head, the hat and umbrella of another. The first time I ever saw Mr. Gladstone, I only saw the soles of his boots. A friend had taken me into the ventilator of the House of Commons, where we listened to a

noble speech, and watched the two shadows on the grating overhead, of the feet of the messenger of glad tidings. One special *back* I cannot refrain from writing down, in a dark-blue frock coat and strapped trousers, walking leisurely before us up Piccadilly. The sun is shining, and an odd sort of brass buckle which fastens an old-fashioned stock flashes like a star. "Do look!" I say: "who is that old gentleman?" "That old gentleman! Why, that is the Duke of Wellington," said my father. On another occasion I remember some one coming up to us and beginning to talk very charmingly, and among other things describing some new lord mayor who had been in state to a theatrical performance, by which it seemed he had been much affected. "I cried, I do assure you," the lord mayor had said; "and as for the lady mayoress, she cry too:" and the gentleman smiled, and told the little story so dryly and drolly that my sister and I couldn't help laughing; and we went on repeating to one another afterwards, "As for the lady mayoress, she cry too." And then as usual, we asked who was that. "Don't you know Lord Palmerston by sight?" said my father. . . .

Another miscellaneous apparition out of my caldron rises before me as I write. On a certain day we went to call at Mrs. Procter's with our father. We found an old man standing in the middle of the room, taking leave of his hostess, nodding his head: he was a little like a Chinese mandarin with an ivory face. His expression never changed, but seemed quite fixed. He knew my father, and spoke to him and to us too, still in this odd, fixed way. Then he looked at my sister. "My little girl," he said to her, "will you come and live with me? You shall be as happy as the day is long; you shall have a white pony to ride, and feed upon red-currant jelly." This prospect was so alarming and unexpected that the poor little girl suddenly blushed up and burst into tears. The old man was Mr. Samuel Rogers; but happily he did not see her cry, for he was already on his way to the door. . . .

My father used to write in his study at the back of the house in Young Street. The vine shaded his two windows, which looked out upon the bit of garden, and the medlar-tree, and the Spanish jasmines, of which the yellow flowers scented our old brick walls. I can remember the tortoise belonging to the boys next door crawling along the top of the wall where they had set it, and making its way between the jasmine sprigs. Jasmines won't

grow now any more, as they did then, in the gardens of Kensington, nor will medlars and vine-trees take root and spread their green branches: only herbs and bulbs, such as lilies and Solomon's-seals, seem to flourish; though I have a faint hope that all the things people put in will come up all right some centuries hence, when London is resting and at peace, and has turned into the grass-grown ruin one so often hears described. Our garden was not tidy (though on one grand occasion a man came to mow the grass), but it was full of sweet things. There were verbenas — red, blue, and scented; and there were lovely stacks of flags, blades of green with purple heads between, and bunches of London-pride growing luxuriantly; and there were some blush-roses at the end of the garden, which were not always quite eaten up by the caterpillars. Lady Duff Gordon came to stay with us once (it was on that occasion, I think, that the grass was mowed); and she afterwards sent us some doves, which used to hang high up in a wicker cage from the windows of the school-room.

The top school-room was over my father's bedroom, and the bedroom was over the study where he used to write. I liked the top school-room the best of all the rooms in the dear old house: the sky was in it, and the evening bells used to ring into it across the garden, and seemed to come in dancing and clanging with the sunset; and the floor sloped so that if you put down a ball, it would roll in a leisurely way right across the room of its own accord. And then there was a mystery, — a small trap-door between the windows which we never could open. Where did not that trap-door lead to? It was the gateway of paradise, of many paradises, to us. We kept our dolls, our bricks, our books, our baby-houses, in the top room, and most of our stupid little fancies. My little sister had a menagerie of snails and flies in the sunny window-sill: these latter, chiefly invalids rescued out of milk-jugs, lay upon rose-leaves in various little pots and receptacles. She was very fond of animals, and so was my father — at least, he always liked *our* animals. Now, looking back, I am full of wonder at the number of cats we were allowed to keep, though De la Pluche the butler, and Gray the housekeeper, waged war against them. The cats used to come to us from the garden; for then, as now, the open spaces of Kensington abounded in fauna. My sister used to adopt and christen them all in turn by the names of her favorite heroes: she had

Nicholas Nickleby, a huge gray tabby, and Martin Chuzzlewit, and a poor little half-starved Barnaby Rudge, and many others. Their saucers used to be placed in a row on the little terrace at the back of my father's study, under the vine where the sour green grapes grew — not at all out of reach; and at the farther end of which was an empty greenhouse ornamented by the busts of my father as a boy and of a relation in a military cloak.

One of my friends — she never lived to be an old woman — used to laugh and say that she had reached the time of life when she loved to see even the people her parents had particularly disliked, just for the sake of old times. I don't know how I should feel if I were to meet one agreeable, cordial gentleman, who used to come on horseback, and invite us to all sorts of dazzling treats and entertainments, — which, to our great disappointment, my father invariably refused, saying, "No, I don't like him; I don't want to have anything to do with him." The wretched man fully justified these objections by getting himself transported long after for a protracted course of peculiarly deliberate and cold-blooded fraud On one occasion, a friend told me, he was talking to my father, and mentioning some one in good repute at the time, and my father incidentally spoke as if he knew of a murder that person had committed. "You know it, then!" said the other man. "Who could have told you?" My father had never been told, but he had known it all along, he said; and indeed he sometimes spoke of this curious feeling he had about people at times, as if uncomfortable facts in their past history were actually revealed to him. At the same time I do not think anybody had a greater enjoyment than he in other people's goodness and well-doing: he used to be proud of a boy's prizes at school, he used to be proud of a woman's sweet voice or of her success in housekeeping. He had a friend in the Victoria Road hard by, whose delightful household ways he used to describe; and I can still hear the lady he called Jingleby warbling "O du schöne Müllerin," to his great delight.

Any generous thing or word seemed like something happening to himself. I can remember, when 'David Copperfield' came out, hearing him saying in his emphatic way to my grandmother, that "little Em'ly's letter to old Peggotty was a masterpiece." I wondered to hear him at the time, for that was not at all the part I cared for most; nor, indeed, could I imagine how little Em'ly ever was so stupid as to run away from Peggotty's

enchanted house-boat. But we each and all enjoyed in turn our share of those thin green books full of delicious things; and how glad we were when they came to our hands at last, after our elders and our governess and our butler had all read them in turn!

It is curious to me now to remember, considering how little we met and what a long way off they lived, what an important part the Dickens household played in our childhood. But the Dickens books were as much a part of our home as our own father's.

Certainly the Dickens children's-parties were shining facts in our early London days; nothing came in the least near them. There were other parties, and they were very nice, but nothing to compare to these: not nearly so light, not nearly so shining, not nearly so going round and round. Perhaps—so dear K. P. suggests—it was not all as brilliantly wonderful as I imagined it; but most assuredly the spirit of mirth and kindly jollity was a reality to every one present, and the master of the house had that wondrous fairy gift of leadership. I know not what to call that power by which he inspired every one with spirit and interest. One special party I remember, which seemed to me to go on for years, with its kind, gay hospitality, its music, its streams of children passing and repassing. We were a little shy coming in alone, in all the consciousness of new shoes and ribbons; but Mrs. Dickens called us to sit beside her till the long sweeping dance was over, and talked to us as if we were grown up,—which is always flattering to little girls. Then Miss Hogarth found us partners; and we too formed part of the throng. I remember watching the white satin shoes and long flowing white sashes of the little Dickens girls, who were just about our own age, but how much more graceful and beautifully dressed! Our sashes were bright plaids of red and blue, (tributes from one of our father's Scotch admirers;—is it ungrateful to confess now, after all these years, that we could not bear them?) our shoes were only bronze. Shall I own to this passing shadow amid all that radiance? But when people are once dancing, they are all equal again, and happy.

Somehow after the music we all floated into a long supper-room, and I found myself sitting near the head of the table by Mr. Dickens, with another little girl much younger than myself; she wore a necklace, and pretty little sausage curls all round her

head. Mr. Dickens was very kind to the little girl, and presently I heard him persuading her to sing, and he put his arm round her to encourage her; and then, wonderful to say, the little girl stood up (she was little Miss Hullah) and began very shyly, trembling and blushing at first, but as she blushed and trembled she sang more and more sweetly; and then all the *jeunesse dorée*, consisting of the little Dickens boys and their friends, ranged along the supper table, clapped and clapped, and Mr. Dickens clapped too, smiling and applauding her. And then he made a little speech, with one hand on the table; I think it was thanking the *jeunesse dorée* for their applause, and they again clapped and laughed; — but here my memory fails me, and everything grows very vague and like a dream.

Only this much I do remember very clearly: that we had danced and supped and danced again, and that we were all standing in a hall lighted and hung with bunches of Christmas green, and as I have said, everything seemed altogether magnificent and important; more magnificent and important every minute, for as the evening went on, more and more people kept arriving. The hall was crowded, and the broad staircase was lined with little boys — thousands of little boys — whose heads and legs and arms were waving about together. They were making a great noise, and talking and shouting; and the eldest son of the house seemed to be marshaling them. Presently their noise became a cheer, and then another; and we looked up and saw that our own father had come to fetch us, and that his white head was there above the others: then came a third final ringing cheer, and some one went up to him — it was Mr. Dickens himself — who laughed and said quickly, "That is for you!" and my father looked up, — surprised, pleased, touched, — settled his spectacles, and nodded gravely to the little boys.

BRICKS AND IVY

From 'Old Kensington.' Published by Harper & Brothers

A QUARTER of a century ago, the shabby tide of progress had not spread to the quiet old suburb where Lady Sarah Francis's brown house was standing, with its many windows dazzling, as the sun traveled across the old-fashioned house-tops to

set into a distant sea of tenements and echoing life. The roar did not reach the old house. The children could listen to the cawing of the rooks, to the echo of the hours, as they struck on from one day to another, vibrating from the old brown tower of the church. At night the strokes seemed to ring more slowly than in the day. Little Dolly Vanborough, Lady Sarah's niece, thought each special hour had its voice. The church clock is silent now, but the rooks caw on undisturbed from one spring to another in the old Kensington suburb. There are tranquil corners still, and sunny silent nooks, and ivy wreaths growing in the western sun; and jasmines and vine-trees, planted by a former generation, spreading along the old garden walls. But every year the shabby stream of progress rises and ingulfs one relic or another, carrying off many and many a landmark and memory. Last year only the old church was standing, in its iron cage, at the junction of the thoroughfares. It was the Church of England itself to Dolly and George Vanborough, in those early church-going days of theirs. There was the old painting of the lion and the unicorn hanging from the gallery; the light streaming through the brown saints over the communion table. In after life the children may have seen other saints more glorious in crimson and in purple, nobler piles and arches; but none of them have ever seemed so near to heaven as the old Queen Anne building, and the wooden pew with its high stools, through which elbows of straw were protruding, where they used to kneel on either side of their aunt, watching with awe-stricken faces the tears as they came falling from the widow's sad eyes.

Lady Sarah could scarcely have told you the meaning of those tears as they fell: old love and life partings, sorrows and past mercies, all came returning to her with the familiar words of the prayers. The tears fell bright and awe-stricken as she thought of the present, of distances immeasurable, of life and its inconceivable mystery; and then her heart would warm with hope perhaps of what might be to come, of the overwhelming possibilities — how many of them to her lay in the warm clasp of the child's hand that came pushing into hers! For her, as for the children, heaven's state was in the old wooden pew. Then the sing-song of the hymn would flood the old church with its homely cadence.

"Prepare your glad voices;
Let Hisreal rejoice,"

sang the little charity children; poor little Israelites, with blue stockings, and funny woolen knobs to their fustian caps, rejoicing, though their pastures were not green as yet, nor was their land overflowing with milk and honey. However, they sang praises for others, as all people do at times; thanks be to the merciful dispensation that allows us to weep, to work, to be comforted, and to rejoice, with one another's hearts, consciously or unconsciously, as long as life exists.

Every lane and corner and archway had a childish story for Dolly and her brother; for Dolly most especially, because girls cling more to the inanimate aspects of life than boys do. For Dolly the hawthorn bleeds as it is laid low, and is transformed year after year into iron railings and areas; for particulars of which you are requested to apply to the railway company, and to Mr. Taylor, the house-agent.

In those days the lanes spread to Fulham, white with blossom in spring, or golden with the yellow London sunsets that blazed beyond the cabbage fields. In those days there were gardens and trees and great walls along the high-road that came from London, passing through the old white turnpike. There were high brown walls along Kensington Gardens, reaching to the Palace Gate; elms spread their shade, and birds chirruped, and children played behind them.

Dolly Vanborough and her brother had many a game there, and knew every corner and haunt of this sylvan world of children and ducks and nurse-maids. They had knocked their noses against the old sun-dial many and many a time. Sometimes now, as she comes walking along the straight avenues, Dolly thinks she can hear the echo of their own childish voices whooping and calling to one another as they used to do. How often they had played with their big cousin, Robert Henley, and the little Morgans, round about the stately orange-house, and made believe to be statues in the niches!

"I am Apollo," cries George Vanborough, throwing himself into an attitude.

"Apollo!" cries Robert, exploding with schoolboy wit; "an Apollo-guy, you mean."

Dolly does not understand why the Morgan boys laugh, and George blushes up furiously. When they are tired of jumping about in the sun, the statues straggle homeward, accompanied by Dolly's French governess, who has been reading a novel on a bench close by. They pass along the front of the old Palace, that stands blinking its sleepy windows across elmy vistas, or into tranquil courts where sentries go pacing. Robert has his grandmother living in the Palace, and he strides off across the court to her apartments. The children think she is a witch and always on the watch for them, though they do not tell Robert so. The Morgans turn up Old Street, and George and Dolly escort them so far on their way home. It is a shabby brown street, with shops at one end, and old-fashioned houses, stone-stepped, bow-windowed, at the other Dear Old Street! where an echo still lingers of the quaint and stately music of the past, of which the voice comes to us like a song of Mozart sounding above the dreamy flutterings of a Wagner of the present! Little Zoë Morgan would linger to peep at the parrot that lived next door in the area, with the little page-boy, who always winked at them as they went by; little Cassie would glance wistfully at a certain shop-front where various medals and crosses were exposed for sale. There were even in those days convents and Catholics established at Kensington, and this little repository had been opened for their use.

When they have seen the little Morgans safe into their old brown house,—very often it is John Morgan who comes to the door to admit them (John is the eldest son, the curate, the tutor, the mainstay of the straggling establishment),—Dolly and her brother trudge home through the Square, followed by Mademoiselle, still lost in her novel. The lilacs are flowering behind the rusty rails. The children know every flagstone and window; they turn up a little shabby passage of narrow doorways and wide-eaved roofs, and so get out into the high-road again. They look up with friendly recognition at the little boy and girl, in their quaint Dutch garb, standing on their pedestals above the crowd as it passes the Vestry-hall; then they turn down a sunshiny spring lane, where ivy is growing, and brown bricks are twinkling in the western sunshine; and they ring at a gateway where an iron bell is swung. The house is called Church House, and all its windows look upon gardens, along which the sunshine comes flowing. The light used to fill Dolly's slanting wooden

school-room at the top of the house. When the bells were ringing, and the sun flood came in and made shadows on the wall, it used to seem to her like a chapel full of music.

George wanted to make an altar one day, and to light Lady Sarah's toilet candles, and to burn the sandalwood matches; but Dolly, who was a little Puritan, blew the matches out and carried the candles back to their places.

"I shall go over to the Morgans," said George, "since you are so disagreeable." Whether Dolly was agreeable or not, this was what George was pretty sure to do.

DUTCH TILES

From 'Old Kensington.' Published by Harper & Brothers

THERE are many disconnected pictures in Dorothea Vanborough's gallery, drifting and following each other like the images of a dissolving view. There are voices and faces changing; people whom she hardly knows to be the same, appearing and disappearing. Looking back nowadays through a score or two of years, Dorothea can see many lights crossing and reflecting one another, many strange places and persons in juxtaposition. She can hear, as we all can, a great clamor of words and of laughter, cries of pain and of sorrow and anger, through all of which sound the sacred voices that will utter to her through life — and beyond life, she humbly prays.

Dorothea's pictures are but mist and fancy-work; not made of paint and canvas, as is that one which hangs over the fireplace in the wainscot dining-room at Church House in Kensington, where my heroine passed so much of her life. It is supposed by some to be a Van der Helst. It represents a golden-brown grandmother, with a coiffe and a ruffle and a grand chain round her neck, and a ring on her forefinger, and a double-winged house in the background. This placid-faced Dutchwoman, existing two centuries ago, has some looks still living in the face of the Dorothea Vanborough of these days. Her descendants have changed their name and their dress, cast away their ruffles, forgotten the story of their early origin; but there is still a something that tells of it, — in Dolly's slow quaint grace and crumpled bronze hair, in her brother George's black brows, in

their aunt Lady Sarah Francis's round brown eyes and big ears, to say nothing of her store of blue Dutch china. Tall blue pots, with dragon handles, are ranged in rows upon the chimney-board under the picture. On either side of the flame below are blue tiles, that Lady Sarah's husband brought over from The Hague the year before he died. Abraham, Jonah, Noah, Balaam tumbling off his blue ass,—the whole sacred history is there, lighted up by the flaring flame of the logs.

When first George and Dolly came to live in the old house, then it was the pictures came to life. The ass began to call out "Balaam! Balaam!" the animals to walk two by two (all blue) into the ark. Jonah's whale swallowed and disgorged him night after night, as George and Dolly sat at their aunt's knee listening to her stories in the dusk of the "children's hour"; and the vivid life that childhood strikes even into inanimate things awakened the widow's dull heart and the silent house in the old by-lane in Kensington.

The lady over the fireplace had married in King Charles's reign: she was Dorothea Vanborough, and the first Countess of Churchtown. Other countesses followed in due course, of whom one or two were engraved in the passage overhead; the last was a miniature in Lady Sarah's own room, her mother and my heroine's grandmother,—a beautiful person, who had grievously offended by taking a second husband soon after her lord's demise in 1806. This second husband was himself a member of the Vanborough family,—a certain Colonel Stanham Vanborough. a descendant of the lady over the chimney-piece. He was afterward killed in the Peninsula. Lady Sarah bitterly resented her mother's marriage, and once said she would never forgive it. It was herself that she never forgave for her own unforgiveness. She was a generous-hearted woman; fantastic, impressionable, reserved. When her mother died soon after Colonel Vanborough, it was to her own home that Lady Sarah brought her little half-brother, now left friendless, and justly ignored by the 'Peerage,' where the elder sister's own life was concisely detailed as "dau. John Vanborough, last Earl of Churchtown, b. 1790, m. 1807, to Darby Francis, Esq. of Church House, Kensington."

Young Stanham Vanborough found but a cold welcome from Mr. Francis; but much faithful care and affection, lavished, not without remorse, by the sister who had been so long estranged. The boy grew up in time, and went out into the world, and

became a soldier as his father had been. He was a simple, straightforward youth, very fond of his sister and loath to leave her, but very glad to be his own master at last. He married in India the daughter of a Yorkshire baronet; a pretty young lady, who had come out to keep her brother's house. Her name was Philippa Henley, and her fortune consisted chiefly in golden hair and two pearly rows of teeth. The marriage was not so happy as it might have been: trouble came, children died; the poor parents, in fear and trembling, sent their one little boy home to Lady Sarah to save his life. And then, some three years later, their little daughter Dolly was making her way, a young traveler by land and by sea, coming from the distant Indian station where she had been born, to the shelter of the old house in the old by-lane in Kensington. The children found the door open wide, and the lonely woman on her threshold looking out for them. Mr. Francis was dead, and it was an empty house by this time, out of which a whole home had passed away. Lady Sarah's troubles were over, leaving little behind; the silence of mid-life had succeeded to the loving turmoils and jealousies and anxieties of earlier days; only some memories remained, of which the very tears and words seemed wanting now and then,—although other people may have thought that if words failed the widow, the silent deeds were there that should belong to all past affection.

One of the first things Dolly remembers is a landing-place one bitter east-winded morning, with the white blast blowing dry and fierce from the land, and swirling out to sea through the leafless forest of shipping; the squalid houses fast closed and double-locked upon their sleeping inmates; the sudden storms of dust and wind; the distant clanking of some awakening peal; and the bewildered ayah, in her rings and bangles, squatting on the ground and veiling her face in white muslin.

By the side of the ayah stands my heroine, a little puppy-like girl, staring as Indian children stare, at the strange dismal shores upon which they are cast; staring at the lady in the gray cloak who had come on board, with her papa's face, and caught her in her arms, and who is her Aunt Sarah; at the big boy of seven in the red mittens, whose photograph her papa had shown her in the veranda, and who is her brother George; at the luggage as it comes bumping and stumbling off the big ship; at the passengers departing. The stout little gentleman who used to take her to see the chickens, pats Dolly on the head, and says he shall

come and see her; the friendly sailor who carried her on shore shakes hands, and then the clouds close in, and the sounds and the faces disappear. . .

Presently into Dolly's gallery come pleasanter visions of the old house at Kensington, to which Lady Sarah took her straight away; with its brick wall and ivy creepers and many-paned windows, and the stone balls at either side of the door,—on one of which a little dark-eyed girl is sitting, expecting them.

"Who is dat?" says little three-year-old Dolly, running up and pulling the child's pinafore, to make sure that she is *real.*

Children believe in many things: in fairies, and sudden disappearances; they would not think it very strange if they were to see people turn to fountains and dragons in the course of conversation.

"That is a nice little girl like you," said Lady Sarah kindly.

"A nice little girl lite me?" said Dolly.

"Go away," says the little strange girl, hiding her face in her hands.

"Have you come to play wiss me? My name is Dollicia-vanble," continues Dolly, who is not shy, and quite used to the world, having traveled so far.

"Is that your name? What a funny name!" says the little girl, looking up. "My name is Rhoda, but they call me Dody at our house. I's four years old."

Dolly was three years old, but she could not speak quite plain. She took the little girl's hand and stood by the ayah, watching the people passing and repassing, the carriage being unpacked, Lady Sarah directing and giving people money, George stumping about in everybody's way, and then, somehow, everything and everybody seem going up and down stairs, and in confusion; she is very tired and sleepy, and forgets all the rest.

Next day Dolly wakes up crying for her mamma. It is not the ship any more. Everything is quite still, and her crib does not rock up and down. "I sought she would be here," said poor little Dolly, in a croaking, waking voice, sitting up with crumpled curls and bright warm cheeks. It is not her mamma, but Aunt Sarah, who takes her up and kisses her, and tries to comfort her; while the ayah, Nun Comee, who has been lying on the floor, jumps up and dances in her flowing white garment, and snaps her black fingers; and George brings three tops to spin all

at once. Dolly is interested, and ceases crying; and begins to smile and to show all her little white teeth.

Lady Sarah rarely smiled. She used to frown so as not to show what she felt. But Dolly from the first day had seemed to understand her; she was never afraid of her, and she used to jump on her knee and make her welcome to the nursery.

"*Is* you very pretty?" said little Dolly one day, looking at the grim face with the long nose and pinched lips. "I think you is a very ugly aunt." And she smiled up in the ugly aunt's face.

"O Dolly! how naughty!" said Rhoda, who happened to be in Dolly's nursery.

Rhoda was a little waif *protégée* of Lady Sarah's. She came from the curate's home close by, and was often sent in to play with Dolly, who would be lonely, her aunt thought, without a companion of her own age. Rhoda was Mr. Morgan's niece, and a timid little thing: she was very much afraid at first of Dolly; so she was of the ayah, with her brown face and ear-rings and monkey hands: but soon the ayah went back to India with silver pins in her ears, taking back many messages to the poor child-bereft parents, and a pair of Dolly's shoes as a remembrance, and a couple of dolls for herself as a token of good-will from her young mistress. They were for her brothers, Nun Comee said; but it was supposed that she intended to worship them on her return to her native land.

The ayah being gone, little Rhoda soon ceased to be afraid of Dolly; the kind, merry, helpful little playmate, who remained behind, frisking along the passages and up and down the landing-places of Church House. She was much nicer, Rhoda thought, than her own real cousins, the Morgans in Old Street.

As days go by, Dolly's pictures warm and brighten from early spring into summer-time. By degrees they reach above the table, and over and beyond the garden-roller. They are chiefly of the old garden, whose brick walls seem to inclose sunshine and gaudy flowers all the summer through; of the great Kensington parks, where in due season chestnuts are to be found shining among the leaves and dry grasses; of the pond where the ducks are flapping and diving; of the house which was little Rhoda's home. This was the great bare house in Old Street, with plenty of noise, dried herbs, content, children without end,

and thick bread-and-butter. There was also cold stalled ox on Sundays at one.

In those days life was a simple matter to the children: their days and their legs lengthened together; they loved, they learned, and they looked for a time that was never to be,—when their father and mother should come home and live with them again, and everybody was to be happy. As yet the children thought they were only expecting happiness.

George went to school at Frant, near Tunbridge Wells, and came home for the holidays. Dolly had a governess too; and she used to do her lessons with little Rhoda in the slanting school-room at the top of Church House. The little girls did a great many sums, and learned some French, and read 'Little Arthur's History of England' to everybody's satisfaction.

Kind Lady Sarah wrote careful records of the children's progress to her brother, who had sent them to the faithful old sister at home. He heard of the two growing up with good care and much love in the sunshine that streamed upon the old garden; playing together on the terrace that he remembered so well; pulling up the crocuses and the violets that grew in the shade of the white holly-tree. George was a quaint, clever boy, Sarah wrote; Dolly was not so quick, but happy and obedient, and growing up like a little spring flower among the silent old bricks.

Lady Sarah also kept up a desultory correspondence with Philippa, her sister-in-law. Mrs. Vanborough sent many minute directions about the children: Dolly was to dine off cold meat for her complexion's sake, and she wished her to have her hair crimped; and George was to wear kid gloves and write a better hand; and she hoped they were very good, and that they sometimes saw their cousin Robert, and wrote to their uncle, Sir Thomas Henley, Henley Court, Smokethwaite, Yorkshire; and she and dear papa often and often longed for their darlings. Then came presents: a spangled dress for Lady Sarah, and silver ornaments for Dolly, and an Indian sword for George with which he nearly cut off Rhoda's head.

MY FATHER'S MOTHER

From 'Chapters from Some Unwritten Memoirs.' Copyright 1894, by Harper & Brothers

ONE'S early life is certainly a great deal more amusing to look back to than it used to be when it was going on. For one thing, it isn't nearly so long now as it was then; and remembered events come cheerfully scurrying up one after another, while the intervening periods are no longer the portentous cycles they once were. And another thing to consider is, that the people walking in and out of the bygone mansions of life were not, to our newly opened eyes, the interesting personages many of them have since become: *then* they were men walking as trees before us, without names or histories; *now* some of the very names mean for us the history of our time. Very young people's eyes are certainly of more importance to them than their ears, and they all *see* the persons they are destined to spend their lives with, long before the figures begin to talk and to explain themselves.

My grandmother had a little society of her own at Paris, in the midst of which she seemed to reign from dignity and kindness of heart; her friends, it must be confessed, have not as yet become historic, but she herself was well worthy of a record. Grandmothers in books and memoirs are mostly alike,—stately, old-fashioned, kindly, and critical. Mine was no exception to the general rule. She had been one of the most beautiful women of her time; she was very tall, with a queenly head and carriage; she always moved in a dignified way. She had an odd taste in dress, I remember, and used to walk out in a red merino cloak trimmed with ermine, which gave her the air of a retired empress wearing out her robes. She was a woman of strong feeling, somewhat imperious, with a passionate love for little children, and with extraordinary sympathy and enthusiasm for any one in trouble or in disgrace. How benevolently she used to look round the room at her many *protégés*, with her beautiful gray eyes! Her friends as a rule were shorter than she was, and brisker, less serious and emotional. They adopted her views upon politics, religion, and homœopathy, or at all events did not venture to contradict them. But they certainly could not reach her heights, and her almost romantic passion of feeling.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

(1860–)

THE writings of Charles G. D. Roberts are distinguished by an imaginative quality, which in its most perfect expression elevates them to a high plane of originality; and even in its fainter manifestations lends charm to them. This quality is instinct in both his prose and his verse; like a subtle fragrance it attracts and eludes the reader, who will return to his poems and his stories when works of more palpable excellence are forgotten. He is an exquisite poet of the minor order; his limitations are well defined, but within them he is complete and satisfying. The writer of 'An Epitaph for a Husbandman' and 'The Deserted City' has not the range of the earth and sky; but the fields which are his he has made beautiful.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Charles G. D. Roberts was born in New Brunswick, Canada, in 1860; and was the son of a Church of England clergyman, from whom he received his early education. After graduation from the University of New Brunswick, he became in 1879 headmaster of Chatham Grammar School in his native province. Two years later he became for a short time editor of the Toronto Week, a leading Canadian literary periodical of the day. In 1885 he was appointed professor of modern literature in King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, and later resigned his chair to devote himself entirely to literature. His first volume of poetry was entitled ‹Orion and Other Poems.› ‹In Divers Tones› appeared in 1887, and subsequently ‹Songs of the Common Day,› and ‹The Book of the Native.›

Much of Mr. Roberts's most finished and significant work appears in these two last-named volumes. 'Songs of the Common Day' contains an ode on the Shelley centenary, entitled 'Ave,' which attains in parts to a high degree of impassioned strength and beauty. This collection includes also a number of sonnets; in which form of verse he is peculiarly successful, understanding as he does the spiritual requirements of the sonnet, its temper of restraint, its frugal music. 'The Book of the Native' is rich in poems most characteristic of

the author's peculiar gifts. These are not alone a delicate sense of melody, and a sympathetic understanding of the requirements of the various verse forms: they include those endowments without which true poetry cannot come into being,—passion, insight, sympathy. Mr. Roberts's poems of nature are warm with life. To him—

> «Life is good and love is eager
> In the playground of the sun.»

In his 'Epitaph for a Husbandman' this simple, objective exultation in nature's bounties gives place to the recognition of the silent companionship of man with Mother Earth and her creatures. The poem bears about it the cool gray air of the twilit farm, the kindly scent of the soil. The pathos of this, as of other of his poems, is hidden in the general and the impersonal. It is the pathos of all human life,—running its course, coming back at last to the great Mother, as a child at evening. The sailor, «wooing the East to win the West,» whose «will was the water's will»; the farmer in his fields, the child among «the comrade grasses,» return to sleep on the bosom of nature.

His removal to the United States finds its poetic record in (New York Nocturnes) (1898). His (Collected Poems) were issued in 1900, and (The Book of the Rose) in 1903.

Mr. Roberts's prose possesses the same imaginative quality as his verse, though its manifestation is along different lines. In 'Earth's Enigmas,' a volume of unique short stories, there is contained some very subtle work. The scenes of these tales are nearly all laid out of doors, in Canadian regions with which the author is familiar: nature is less a background in them than a wild, disturbing element, a gigantic actor in the scene itself. In two of them, 'The Young Ravens that Call upon Him,' and 'Strayed,' there is no trace of a human footstep. The wandering lonely winds of the wilderness are the very spirit of these stories. In 'The Perdu' and 'The Stone Dog' there is a certain weird imagination, which seems unlike anything but the strange quality which informs the works of Poe. The former has a mysterious beauty which impels a re-reading, although the tale seems nothing in itself. In this entire collection, Mr. Roberts exhibits a high degree of sensitiveness to nature, although not always without that mixture of the pathetic fallacy which seems inevitable in the attitude of the present-day generation towards the natural world.

Mr. Roberts's next book, (The Forge in the Forest,) was an Acadian romance, being the narrative of the Acadian ranger, Jean de Mer, Seigneur de Briart. Like his short stories, it is instinct with the spirit of the wilderness. The same is to be said of his subsequent work in fiction, which extends to some dozen volumes, including (Red Fox) (1905), (Feet of the Furtive) (1912), (Children of the Wild) (1913), (Hoof and Claw) (1914), and (The Secret Trails) (1916).

STRAYED

From 'Earth's Enigmas.' Copyright 1895, by Lamson, Wolffe & Co.

IN THE Cabineau Camp, of unlucky reputation, there was a young ox of splendid build, but of a wild and restless nature.

He was one of a yoke, of part Devon blood, large, dark-red, all muscle and nerve, and with wide magnificent horns. His yoke-fellow was a docile steady worker, the pride of his owner's heart; but he himself seemed never to have been more than half broken in. The woods appeared to draw him by some spell. He wanted to get back to the pastures where he had roamed untrammeled of old with his fellow-steers. The remembrance was in his heart of the dewy mornings when the herd used to feed together on the sweet grassy hillocks; and of the clover-smelling heats of June, when they would gather hock-deep in the pools under the green willow shadows. He hated the yoke, he hated the winter; and he imagined that in the wild pastures he remembered, it would be forever summer. If only he could get back to those pastures!

One day there came the longed-for opportunity; and he seized it. He was standing unyoked beside his mate, and none of the teamsters were near. His head went up in the air, and with a snort of triumph he dashed away through the forest. For a little while there was a vain pursuit. At last the lumbermen gave it up. "Let him be!" said his owner, "an' I rayther guess he'll turn up ag'in when he gets peckish. He kaint browse on spruce buds an' lungwort."

Plunging on with long gallop through the snow, he was soon miles from camp. Growing weary, he slackened his pace. He came down to a walk. As the lonely red of the winter sunset began to stream through the openings of the forest, flushing the snows of the tiny glades and swales, he grew hungry, and began to swallow unsatisfying mouthfuls of the long moss which roughened the tree-trunks. Ere the moon got up he had filled himself with this fodder, and then he lay down in a little thicket for the night.

But some miles back from his retreat a bear had chanced upon his footprints. A strayed steer! That would be an easy prey. The bear started straightway in pursuit. The moon was high in heaven when the crouched ox heard his pursuer's approach. He had no idea what was coming, but he rose to his feet and waited.

The bear plunged boldly into the thicket, never dreaming of resistance. With a muffled roar the ox charged upon him, and bore him to the ground. Then he wheeled, and charged again, and the astonished bear was beaten at once. Gored by those keen horns, he had no stomach for further encounter, and would fain have made his escape; but as he retreated, the ox charged him again, dashing him against a huge trunk. The bear dragged himself up with difficulty beyond his opponent's reach; and the ox turned scornfully back to his lair.

At the first yellow of dawn, the restless creature was again upon the march. He pulled more mosses by the way; but he disliked them the more intensely now, because he thought he must be nearing his ancient pastures, with their tender grass and their streams. The snow was deeper about him, and his hatred of the winter grew apace. He came out upon a hillside, partly open, whence the pine had years before been stripped, and where now grew young birches thick together. Here he browsed on the aromatic twigs; but for him it was harsh fare. As his hunger increased he thought a little longingly of the camp he had deserted; but he dreamed not of turning back. He would keep on till he reached his pastures, and the glad herd of his comrades, licking salt out of the trough beside the accustomed pool. He had some blind instinct as to his direction, and kept his course to the south very strictly, the desire in his heart continually leading him aright.

That afternoon he was attacked by a panther, which dropped out of a tree and tore his throat. He dashed under a low branch, and scraped his assailant off; then, wheeling about savagely, put the brute to flight with his first mad charge. The panther sprang back into his tree, and the ox continued his quest.

Soon his steps grew weaker; for the panther's cruel claws had gone deep into his neck, and his path was marked with blood. Yet the dream in his great wild eyes was not dimmed as his strength ebbed away. His weakness he never noticed or heeded. The desire that was urging him absorbed all other thoughts,—even, almost, his sense of hunger. This however it was easy for him to assuage, after a fashion; for the long, gray, unnourishing mosses were abundant.

By-and-by his path led him into the bed of a stream, whose waters could be heard faintly tinkling on thin pebbles beneath their coverlet of ice and snow. His slow steps conducted him far along this open course. Soon after he had disappeared around

a curve in the distance, there came the panther, following stealthily upon his crimsoned trail. The crafty beast was waiting till the bleeding and the hunger should do its work, and the object of its inexorable pursuit should have no more heart left for resistance.

This was late in the afternoon. The ox was now possessed with his desire, and would not lie down for any rest. All night long, through the gleaming silver of the open spaces, through the weird and checkered gloom of the deep forest, heedless even of his hunger,—or perhaps driven the more by it as he thought of the wild clover bunches and tender timothy awaiting him,—the solitary ox strove on. And all night, lagging far behind in his unabating caution, the panther followed him.

At sunrise the worn and stumbling animal came out upon the borders of the great lake, stretching its leagues of unshadowed snow away to the south before him. There was his path, and without hesitation he followed it. The wide and frost-bound water here and there had been swept clear of its snows by the wind, but for the most part its covering lay unruffled; and the pale dove-colors and saffrons and rose-lilacs of the dawn were sweetly reflected on its surface.

The doomed ox was now journeying very slowly, and with the greatest labor. He staggered at every step, and his beautiful head drooped almost to the snow. When he had got a great way out upon the lake, at the forest's edge appeared the pursuing panther, emerging cautiously from the coverts. The round tawny face and malignant green eyes were raised to peer out across the expanse. The laboring progress of the ox was promptly marked. Dropping its nose again to the ensanguined snow, the beast resumed his pursuit, first at a slow trot, and then at a long elastic gallop. By this time the ox's quest was nearly done. He plunged forward upon his knees, rose again with difficulty, stood still, and looked around him. His eyes were clouding over, but he saw dimly the tawny brute that was now hard upon his steps. Back came a flash of the old courage, and he turned, horns lowered, to face the attack. With the last of his strength he charged, and the panther paused irresolutely; but the wanderer's knees gave way beneath his own impetus, and his horns plowed the snow. With a deep bellowing groan he rolled over on his side, and the longing and the dream of the pleasant pastures faded from his eyes. With a great spring the panther

was upon him, and the eager teeth were at his throat,—but he knew naught of it. No wild beast, but his own desire, had conquered him.

When the panther had slaked his thirst for blood, he raised his head and stood with his fore-paws resting on the dead ox's side, and gazed all about him.

To one watching from the lake shore, had there been any one to watch in that solitude, the wild beast and his prey would have seemed but a speck of black on the gleaming waste. At the same hour, league upon league back in the depth of the ancient forest, a lonely ox was lowing in his stanchions, restless, refusing to eat, grieving for the absence of his yoke-fellow.

THE UNSLEEPING

From 'Book of the Native.' Copyright 1896, by Lamson, Wolffe & Co.

I SOOTHE to unimagined sleep
The sunless bases of the deep;
And then I stir the aching tide
That gropes in its reluctant side.

I heave aloft the smoking hill;
To silent peace its throes I still.
But ever at its heart of fire
I lurk, an unassuaged desire.

I wrap me in the sightless germ
An instant or an endless term;
And still its atoms are my care,
Dispersed in ashes or in air.

I hush the comets one by one
To sleep for ages in the sun;
The sun resumes before my face
His circuit of the shores of space.

The mount, the star, the germ, the deep,
They all shall wake, they all shall sleep.
Time, like a flurry of wild rain,
Shall drip across the darkened pane.

Space in the dim predestined hour
Shall crumble like a ruined tower.
I only, with unfaltering eye,
Shall watch the dreams of God go by.

AN EPITAPH FOR A HUSBANDMAN

From 'Book of the Native.' Copyright 1896, by Lamson, Wolffe & Co.

He who would start and rise
Before the crowing cocks,—
No more he lifts his eyes,
Whoever knocks.

He who before the stars
Would call the cattle home,—
They wait about the bars
For him to come.

Him at whose hearty calls
The farmstead woke again,—
The horses in their stalls
Expect in vain.

Busy and blithe and bold,
He labored for the morrow;—
The plow his hands would hold
Rests in the furrow.

His fields he had to leave,
His orchards cool and dim;
The clods he used to cleave
Now cover him.

But the green, growing things
Lean kindly to his sleep;—
White roots and wandering strings,
Closer they creep.

Because he loved them long,
And with them bore his part,
Tenderly now they throng
About his heart.

THE LITTLE FIELD OF PEACE

From 'Book of the Native.' Copyright 1896, by Lamson, Wolffe & Co.

By the long wash of his ancestral sea
He sleeps how quietly!
How quiet the unlifting eyelids lie
Under this tranquil sky!

The little busy hands and restless feet
Here find that rest is sweet;—
For, sweetly from the hands grown tired of play
The child-world slips away,
With its confusion of forgotten toys
And kind, familiar noise.

Not lonely does he lie in his last bed,
For love o'erbroods his head.
Kindly to him the comrade grasses lean
Their fellowship of green.
The wilding meadow companies give heed:
Brave tansy, and the weed
That on the dike-top lifts its dauntless stalk,—
Around his couch they talk.
The shadows of the oak-tree flit and play
Above his dreams all day.
The wind that was his playmate on the hills
His sleep with music fills.

Here in this tender acre by the tide
His vanished kin abide.
Ah! what compassionate care for him they keep,
Too soon returned to sleep!
They watch him in this little field of peace
Where they have found release.
Not as a stranger or alone he went
Unto his long content;
But kissed to sleep and comforted lies he
By his ancestral sea.

MARSYAS

From 'Songs of the Common Day.' By permission of Mr. Roberts and his publishers

A LITTLE gray hill-glade, close-turfed, withdrawn
Beyond resort or heed of trafficking feet,
Ringed round with slim trunks of the mountain-ash.
Through the slim trunks and scarlet bunches flash—
Beneath the clear, chill glitterings of the dawn—
Far off, the crests where down the rosy shore
The Pontic surges beat.
The plains lie dim below. The thin airs wash
The circuit of the autumn-colored hills,

And this high glade whereon
The satyr pipes, who soon shall pipe no more.
He sits against the beech-tree's mighty bole;
He leans, and with persuasive breathing fills
The happy shadows of the slant-set lawn.
The goat-feet fold beneath a gnarlèd root,
And sweet and sweet the note that steals and thrills
From slender stops of that shy flute.
Then to the goat-feet comes the wide-eyed fawn
Hearkening: the rabbits fringe the glade, and lay
Their long ears to the sound;
In the pale boughs the partridge gather round,
And quaint hern from the sea-green river reeds;
The wild ram halts upon a rocky horn
O'erhanging; and unmindful of his prey,
The leopard steals with narrow lids to lay
His spotted length along the ground.
The thin airs wash, the thin clouds wander by,
And those hushed listeners move not. All the morn
He pipes, soft swaying, and with half-shut eye
In rapt content of utterance,—
Nor heeds
The young god standing in his branchy place;
The languor on his lips; and in his face
Divinely inaccessible, the scorn.

THE FLIGHT OF THE GEESE

From 'Songs of the Common Day.' By permission of Mr. Roberts and his publishers

I HEAR the long wind wash the softening snow,
The low tide loiter down the shore. The night,
Full filled with April forecast, hath no light;
The salt wave on the sedge-flat pulses slow.
Through the hid furrows lisp in murmurous flow
The thaw's shy ministers; and hark! the height
Of heaven grows weird and loud with unseen flight
Of strong hosts prophesying as they go!
High through the drenched and hollow night their wings
Beat northward hard on winter's trail. The sound
Of their confused and solemn voices, borne
Athwart the dark to their long arctic morn,
Comes with a sanction and an awe profound.
A boding of unknown, foreshadowed things.

BESIDE THE WINTER SEA

From 'Book of the Native.' Copyright 1896, by Lamson, Wolffe & Co.

As one who sleeps and hears across his dream
The cry of battles ended long ago,
Inland I hear the calling of the sea.
I hear its hollow voices, though between
My wind-worn dwelling and thy wave-worn strand
How many miles, how many mountains are!
And thou beside the winter sea alone
Art walking with thy cloak about thy face.
Bleak, bleak the tide, and evening coming on;
And gray the pale, pale light that wans thy face.
Solemnly breaks the long wave at thy feet;
And sullenly in patches clings the snow
Upon the low, red rocks worn round with years.
I see thine eyes, I see their grave desire,
Unsatisfied and lonely as the sea's,—
Yet how unlike the wintry sea's despair!
For could my feet but follow thine, my hands
But reach for thy warm hands beneath thy cloak,
What summer joy would lighten in thy face,
What sunshine warm thy eyes, and thy sad mouth
Break to a dewy rose and laugh on mine!

THE DESERTED CITY

From 'Songs of the Common Day.' By permission of Mr. Roberts and his publishers

There lies a little city leagues away;
Its wharves the green sea washes all day long,
Its busy sun-bright wharves with sailor's song
And clamor of trade ring loud the livelong day.
Into the happy harbor hastening gay
With press of snowy canvas, tall ships throng.
The peopled streets to blithe-eyed Peace belong,
Glad housed beneath these crowding roofs of gray.

'Twas long ago the city prospered so;
For yesterday a woman died therein,
Since when the wharves are idle fallen, I know,
And in the streets is hushed the pleasant din;
The thronging ships have been, the songs have been.
Since yesterday it is so long ago.

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON

(1816–1853)

AMONG the souls which refused the haven where Newman had found peace, because they dreamed of longer voyages and of undiscovered lands, few so suffered in the lonelier seas of their choice as did Frederick William Robertson. His short intense life was spent in a spiritual isolation from his fellows, which was partly the result of temperament, partly of his ability to see clearer and farther than most men into the mysteries of existence. He never found home. It seemed, indeed, as if a divine nostalgia drew him out of the world. He left it still young, struggling, the questions upon his lips, the desire in his heart; faring forth into the lands of God as one who could not mistrust the divine Lover, and would fain learn of himself the meaning of the confused earthly existence, which had only deepened his dejection. He was indeed the embodiment of the religious spirit of the end of the century. He exhibited its most striking characteristics: its dependence upon conduct rather than emotion; its glorification of morality; its humanism, its hunger for God, hidden under a pantheistic composure; its adoration of Jesus, as the one wholly comforting figure in the bleak perspectives of human history; finally, he held its conception of Christianity as a life, not a creed. The man who wrote, "The religion of Christ is not a law but a spirit, not a creed but a life," had felt within him the forces of a new realization of religion as yet unperceived by his generation. He suffered in consequence the pangs of those who travail to bring forth the new which will supplant the old.

F. W. ROBERTSON

His short life of thirty-seven years was lived in a transitional period of England's spiritual development, when through the prayers of both ritualist and evangelical might be heard strange voices speaking of strange things,—of a universe emptied of God, of man without a soul.

Robertson was born in 1816, in London. His father was a captain in the Royal Artillery; the boy grew up therefore in the atmosphere of the military life, and imbibed not a few of its nobler ideals. Until he was five years old he was at Leith Fort, where his father was stationed. In 1821 the latter retired to Beverley; there Robertson attended the grammar school, going later to Tours for the sake of learning the French tongue. After a year he returned home, continuing his education at the Edinburgh Academy and then at the University. His elevation of character, his nobility of mind, led to a proposal from his father that he should enter the church; but he refused on the ground of his unworthiness. At the age of eighteen he was articled to a solicitor in Bury St. Edmunds; but a year's study so undermined his health that he was obliged to give up the project of studying the law. His name was then entered on the list of the 3d Dragoons. He spent two years in preparation for military service; but on the eve of receiving his commission, in 1837, he matriculated at Brasenose College, Oxford. There he read extensively, coming under the influence of Plato and Aristotle, of Butler and Jonathan Edwards. With the Tractarian movement he seems to have had little sympathy, his temper at that stage of his development being evangelical. He was being drawn gradually into the church: in July 1840, he was ordained by the Bishop of Winchester, and immediately entered upon ministerial work in that place. His enthusiasm led him, however, into excesses of self-denial and of religious exercises, so that his health being undermined, he was obliged to go abroad within a year.

It was during his sojourn in Switzerland that he met and married Helen, third daughter of Sir George William Denys. Upon his return to England in 1842 he accepted the curacy of Cheltenham, where he remained for four years; a period of great importance in his life, for his religious views were gradually undergoing a radical change. Of a temperament characterized by its reasonableness and by its sensitiveness to reality, what he considered the extravagance and the cant of the extreme evangelical party filled him with repugnance. Moreover he had come under the influence of Carlyle and Emerson, and was beginning to think that dogma occupied too large a place in religion. He himself was too much of a man of the world in the best sense, to remain long fettered by what he believed to be provincial in a church party. He cut loose therefore from his moorings, and ventured out upon that sea which stretches beyond the limits of the world. At first he was to encounter only night and the terror of the unknown.

«It is an awful moment,» he writes, «when the soul begins to find that the props on which it has blindly rested so long are many of them rotten, and

begins to suspect them all; when it begins to feel the nothingness of many of the traditionary opinions which have been received with implicit confidence, and in that horrible insecurity begins also to doubt whether there be anything to believe at all. It is an awful hour — let him who has passed through it say how awful — when this life has lost its meaning, and seems shriveled into a span; when the grave appears to be the end of all, human goodness nothing but a name, and the sky above this universe a dead expanse, black with the void from which God himself has disappeared. . . . I know of but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony scathless; it is by holding fast to those things which are certain still,— the grand, simple landmarks of morality. If there be no God and no future state, yet even then it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than a coward.»

Like many other noble spirits of the time, he found in right conduct, in the keeping of the commandments, that «upon which his soul might assuredly rest and depend»; despite the suffering incident upon his growth, he entered through this new hope into a conception of Christianity as being primarily not a theological system but a life, not a religion of emotion but one of principle. He believed that under this aspect of it only could it become a universal religion, making its appeal not to the changing intellect but to the eternal conscience of the race.

These new phases in Robertson's development led to his giving up the curacy of Cheltenham, and — after a short residence abroad, and a few subsequent months at Oxford — to entrance upon his famous ministry at Trinity Chapel, Brighton. There he preached sermons which attracted the attention of all England, and there he endeavored to realize his new conception of Christianity, which seemed little short of heretical to his generation. He founded a workingman's institute, and was called a socialist; he preached the religion of holiness, and was accused of heresy: yet his sermons seem wholly reasonable and beautiful to this generation. They exhibit a remarkable clearness of spiritual insight, profound knowledge of human nature, and a sweetness, born of strength, most winning in its warm humanity. Nevertheless his teachings were misunderstood; in obscure ways he was persecuted. His sensitive spirit, which could expand only in the atmosphere of sympathy, drew into itself in pain. He suffered likewise from religious doubt and terror. He had chosen the eternal rather than the finite; but its vastness struck a chill to a nature made for the uses of love, for the intimacy and definiteness of affection.

He died on the 15th of August, 1853, knowing that his unfinished life could be completed only in the lives of his spiritual children, breathing the air of a time more friendly to a wider interpretation of the gospel.

THE EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF CHRIST

From 'Sermons Preached in Trinity Chapel'

IN THE case of all rare excellence that is merely human, it is the first object of the biographer of a marvelous man to seek for surprising stories of his early life. The appetite for the marvelous in this matter is almost instinctive and invariable. All men, almost, love to discover the early wonders which were prophetic of after greatness. Apparently the reason is that we are unwilling to believe that wondrous excellence was attained by slow, patient labor. We get an excuse for our own slowness and stunted growth, by settling it, once for all, that the *original* differences between such men and us were immeasurable. Therefore it is, I conceive, that we seek so eagerly for anecdotes of early precocity.

In this spirit the fathers of the primitive Church collected legends of the early life of Christ, stories of superhuman infancy, — what the Infant and the Child said and did. Many of these legends are absurd; all, as resting on no authority, are rejected.

Very different from this is the spirit of the Bible narrative. It records no marvelous stories of infantine sagacity or miraculous power, to feed a prurient curiosity. Both in what it tells and in what it does not tell, one thing is plain, that the human life of the Son of God was *natural.* There was first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn. In what it does *not* say; because, had there been anything preternatural to record, no doubt it would have been recorded. In what it *does* say; because that little is all unaffectedly simple. One anecdote, and two verses of general description, — that is all which is told us of the Redeemer's childhood.

The child, it is written, grew. Two pregnant facts: He was a child, and a child that grew in heart, in intellect, in size, in grace, in favor with God. Not a man in child's years. No hotbed precocity marked the holiest of infancies. The Son of Man grew up in the quiet valley of existence, — in shadow, not in sunshine, — not *forced.* No unnatural, stimulating culture had developed the mind or feelings; no public flattery, no sunning of infantine perfections in the glare of the world's show, had brought the Temptation of the Wilderness, with which his manhood grappled, too early on his soul. We know that he was childlike, as

other children; for in after years his brethren thought his fame strange, and his townsmen rejected him. They could not believe that *that one* who had gone in and out, ate and drank and worked, was He whose Name is Wonderful. The proverb, true of others, was true of him: «A prophet is not without honor but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house.» You know him in a *picture* at once, by the halo round his brow: there was no glory in his real life to mark him. He was in the world, and the world knew him not. Gradually and gently he woke to consciousness of life and its manifold meaning; found himself in possession of a self; by degrees opened his eyes upon this outer world, and drank in its beauty. Early he felt the lily of the field discourse to him of the Invisible Loveliness, and the ravens tell of God his Father. Gradually, and not at once, he embraced the sphere of human duties, and woke to his earthly relationships one by one,—the Son, the Brother, the Citizen, the Master.

It is a very deep and beautiful and precious truth that the Eternal Son had a human and progressive childhood. Happy the child who is suffered to be and content to be what God meant it to be,—a child while childhood lasts. Happy the parent who does not force artificial manners, precocious feeling, premature religion. Our age is one of stimulus and high pressure. We live, as it were, our lives out fast. Effect is everything,—results produced at once; something to show and something that may *tell*. The folio of patient years is replaced by the pamphlet that stirs men's curiosity to-day, and to-morrow is forgotten. «Plain living and high thinking» are no more. The town with its fever and its excitements, and its collision of mind with mind, has spread over the country; and there is no country—scarcely home. To men who traverse England in a few hours, and spend only a portion of the year in one place, «home» is becoming a vocable of past ages. The result is that heart and brain, which were given to last for seventy years, wear out before their time. We have our exhausted men of twenty-five, and our old men of forty. Heart and brain give way: the heart hardens and the brain grows soft.

Brethren, the Son of God lived till thirty in an obscure village of Judea unknown, then came forth a matured and perfect Man,—with mind, and heart, and frame, in perfect balance of humanity. It is a divine lesson! I would I could say as strongly

as I feel deeply. Our stimulating artificial culture destroys depth. Our competition, our nights turned into days by pleasure, leave no time for earnestness. We are superficial men. Character in the world wants *root*. England has gained much; she has lost also much. The world wants what has passed away (and which until we secure, we shall remain the clever, shallow men we are), a childhood and a youth spent in shade — a home.

Now, this growth took place in three particulars.

I. In spiritual strength. "The child waxed strong in spirit."

Spiritual strength consists of two things,— power of will, and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence,— strong feelings, and strong command over them.

Now it is here we make a great mistake: we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him,— before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the house quake,— because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, *that* is the weak man: it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings which he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him.

And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? That was a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? or one bearing a hopeless daily trial, remain silent, and never tell the world what it was that cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who with strong passions remains chaste,— he who, keenly sensitive, with manly power of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet refrain himself and forgive,— these are strong men, spiritual heroes.

The child *waxed* strong: spiritual strength is reached by successive steps. Fresh strength is got by every mastery of self. It is the belief of the savage that the spirit of every enemy he slays enters into him and becomes added to his own, accumulating a warrior's strength for the day of battle; therefore he slays all he can. It is true in the spiritual warfare. Every sin you slay, the spirit of that sin passes into you transformed into strength; every passion, not merely kept in abeyance by asceticism, but subdued by a higher impulse, is so much character

strengthened. The strength of the passion not expended is yours still. Understand, then, you are not a man of spiritual power because your impulses are irresistible. They sweep over your soul like a tornado,—lay all flat before them,—whereupon you feel a secret pride of strength. Last week, men saw a vessel on this coast borne headlong on the breakers, and dashing itself with terrific force against the shore. It embedded itself, a miserable wreck, deep in sand and shingle. Was that brig, in her convulsive throes, strong? or was it powerless and helpless?

No, my brethren: God's spirit in the soul,—an inward power of doing the same thing we will and ought,—that is strength, nothing else. All other force in us is only our weakness,—the violence of driving passion. "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me,"—that is Christian strength. "I cannot do the things I would,"—that is the weakness of an unredeemed slave.

I instance one single evidence of strength in the early years of Jesus: I find it in that calm, long waiting of thirty years before he began his work. And yet all the evils he was to redress were there, provoking indignation, crying for interference,—the hollowness of social life, the misinterpretations of Scripture, the forms of worship and phraseology which had hidden moral truth, the injustice, the priestcraft, the cowardice, the hypocrisies: he had long seen them all.

All those years his soul burned within him with a divine zeal and heavenly indignation. A mere *man*—a weak, emotional man of spasmodic feeling, a hot enthusiast—would have spoken out at once, and at once been crushed. The Everlasting Word incarnate bided his own time,—"Mine hour is not yet come,"—matured his energies, condensed them by repression; and then went forth to speak, and do, and suffer. His hour was come. This is strength: the power of a Divine Silence; the strong will to keep force till it is wanted; the power to wait God's time. "He that believeth," said the wise prophet, "shall not make haste."

THE UNIVERSAL NATURE OF CHRIST

From 'Sermons Preached in Trinity Chapel'

NOTHING, in the judgment of historians, stands out so sharply distinct as race,—national character; nothing is more ineffaceable. The Hebrew was marked from all mankind. The Roman was perfectly distinct from the Grecian character; as markedly different as the rough English truthfulness is from Celtic brilliancy of talent. Now, these peculiar nationalities are seldom combined. You rarely find the stern old Jewish sense of holiness going together with the Athenian sensitiveness of what is beautiful. Not often do you find together severe truth and refined tenderness. Brilliancy seems opposed to perseverance. Exquisiteness of taste commonly goes along with a certain amount of untruthfulness. By "humanity" as a whole, we mean the aggregate of all these separate excellences. Only in two places are they all found together,—in the universal human race and in Jesus Christ. He, having as it were a whole humanity in himself, combines them all.

Now, this is the universality of the nature of Jesus Christ. There was in him no national peculiarity or individual idiosyncrasy. He was not the son of the Jew, nor the son of the carpenter, nor the offspring of the modes of living and thinking of that particular century. He was the son of Man. Once in the world's history was born a MAN. Once in the roll of ages, out of innumerable failures, from the stock of human nature one bud developed itself into a faultless flower. One perfect specimen of humanity has God exhibited on earth.

The best and most catholic of Englishmen has his prejudices. All the world over, our greatest writer would be recognized as having the English cast of thought. The pattern Jew would seem Jewish everywhere but in Judea. Take Abraham, St. John, St. Paul, place them where you will,—in China or in Peru,—they are Hebrews: they could not command all sympathies; their life could not be imitable except in part. They are foreigners in every land, and out of place in every century, but their own. But Christ is the king of men, and "draws all men," because all character is in him, separate from nationalities and limitations. As if the life-blood of every nation were in his

veins, and that which is best and truest in every man, and that which is tenderest and gentlest and purest in every woman, in his character. He is emphatically the son of *Man*.

Out of this arose two powers of his sacred humanity,—the universality of his sympathies, and their intense particular personality.

The universality of his sympathies: for, compare him with any one of the sacred characters of Scripture. You know how intensely national they were—priests, prophets, and apostles—in their sympathies. For example, the apostles "marveled that he spake with a woman of Samaria"; just before his resurrection, their largest charity had not reached beyond this,—"Lord, wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom unto *Israel?*" Or to come down to modern times, when his spirit has been molding men's ways of thought for many ages: now, when we talk of our philanthropy and catholic liberality, here in Christian England, we have scarcely any fellow-feeling, true and genuine, with other nations, other churches, other parties, than our own: we care nothing for Italian or Hungarian struggles; we think of Romanists as the Jew thought of Gentiles; we speak of German Protestants in the same proud, wicked, self-sufficient way in which the Jew spoke of Samaritans.

Unless we bring such matters home, and away from vague generalities, and consider what we and all men are, or rather are not, we cannot comprehend with due wonder the mighty sympathies of the heart of Christ. None of the miserable antipathies that fence us from all the world bounded the outgoings of that Love, broad and deep and wide as the heart of God. Wherever the mysterious pulse of human life was beating, wherever aught human was in struggle, there to him was a thing not common or unclean, but cleansed by God and sacred. Compare the daily, almost indispensable, language of our life with his spirit.—"Common people"? point us out the passage where he called any people that God his Father made, common.—"Lower orders"? tell us when and where he, whose home was the workshop of the carpenter, authorized you or me to know any man after the flesh as low or high.—To him who called himself the Son of Man, the link was manhood. And *that* he could discern even when it was marred. Even in outcasts his eye could recognize the sanctities of a nature human still. Even in the harlot, "one of Eve's family;" a son of Abraham even in Zaccheus.

Once more, out of that universal, catholic nature rose another power,—the power of intense, particular, personal affections. He was the brother and savior of the human race; but this because he was the brother and savior of every separate man in it.

Now, it is very easy to feel great affection for a country as a whole; to have, for instance, great sympathies for Poland, or Ireland, or America, and yet not to care a whit for any single man in Poland, and to have strong antipathies to every single individual American. Easy to be a warm lover of England, and yet not love one living Englishman. Easy to set a great value on a flock of sheep, and yet have no particular care for any one sheep or lamb. If it were killed, another of the same species might replace it. Easy to have fine, large, liberal views about the working classes, or the emancipation of the negroes, and yet never have done a loving act to one. Easy to be a great philanthropist, and yet have no strong friendships, no deep personal attachments.

For the idea of a universal Manlike sympathy was not new when Christ was born. The reality *was* new. But before this, in the Roman theatre, deafening applause was called forth by this sentence:—"I am a man: nothing that can affect man is indifferent to me." A fine sentiment—that was all. Every pretense of realizing that sentiment, except one, has been a failure. One, and but one, has succeeded in loving man—and that by loving men. No sublime high-sounding language in his lips about educating the masses, or elevating the people. The charlatanry of our modern sentiment had not appeared then; it is but the parody of his love.

What was his mode of sympathy with men? He did not sit down to philosophize about the progress of the species, or dream about a millennium. He gathered round him twelve men. He formed one friendship, special, concentrated, deep. He did not give himself out as the leader of the publican's cause or the champion of the rights of the dangerous classes: but he associated with himself Matthew, a publican called from the detested receipt of custom; he went into the house of Zaccheus, and treated him like a fellow-creature, a brother, and a son of Abraham. His catholicity, or philanthropy, was not an abstraction, but an aggregate of personal attachments.

AGNES MARY FRANCES ROBINSON

(1857–)

THE poetry of culture — the poetry which smells of the lamp and implies commerce with books — can be as genuine and enjoyable as any other. All that is necessary is the authentic impulse, and sufficient individuality to assimilate the many influences to which the sensitive mind and soul of this order of singer are subjected. It is a mistake to sneer at culture-verse as derived and uninspired. As with any other kind of work, so in this, the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

The writer known as A. Mary F. Robinson is of this school of poets. Her polished and lovely verse indicates reading, and the absorption of the riches of the literary past of her own and other tongues — especially that of the Romance peoples. But her talent is independent; her note is distinct enough to justify all her contact with the great spirits of literature; and the chastened classic quality of some of her song in no wise detracts from the modernness of her mind. For a certain refined melancholy and pure lyric musicalness she is thoroughly a modern, the child of Pre-Raphaelite models, — feeling some of the time's realistic tendencies, and yet showing too a close affiliation with the Elizabethan song-makers.

Agnes Mary Frances Robinson was born at Leamington in Warwickshire on February 27th, 1857. Her father was an architect in connection with the ecclesiastical buildings in the neighboring town of Coventry. She was educated at Brussels, in Italy, and at University College, London, giving special attention to Greek. Her taste for poetry showed itself very early: at thirteen she was writing on history. Her first volume of verse, 'A Handful of Honeysuckle,' appeared in 1878, when she was twenty-one. Following this came 'The Crowned Hippolytus' (1880), containing a translation from Euripides and pieces of her own; 'The New Arcadia and Other Poems' (1884); 'An Italian Garden: A Book of Songs' (1886); 'Songs, Ballads, and A Garden Play' (1888); and 'Retrospect' (1895).

Besides verse, she has published a novel, 'Arden' (1883); a biography of Emily Brontë in the Eminent Women Series (1883); 'Margaret of Angoulême, Queen of Navarre' (1889); a book of historical essays, 'The End of the Middle Ages' (1888); 'Renan' (1897); 'The French Ideal' (1911); 'Twentieth Century French Writers' (1914).

Her response to the realistic demand of the day is felt in 'The New Arcadia,' which contains a number of narrative poems dealing with the English peasant life, and sternly tragic in subject. The work, though not without strength and skill, and commendable for its yearning sympathy with the wrongs and sorrows of the working folk, is not in the poet's most successful vein. A trip to Italy in 1880 revealed her truest source of inspiration. She sings most sweetly when seized with the gentle spirit of sadness which wafts from some old exotic garden where lovers, soon to be separated by chance or change or death, wander with clasped hands and dimly foreboding hearts. In 'An Italian Garden' are songs and lyrics of great beauty, whose art is hidden by the simplicity and fervor of the utterance. Here the lyric poet gives unaffected expression to her thoughts and imaginings on the grave things and the glad things of life; and the delicacy of the music, the tender mournfulness of the verse, together with its felicitous descriptive touches, make a very lovely impression. The sequence of love lyrics which imitate in form the Italian Rispetti are fairly Heinesque in their passionate feeling and charm of phrase. Of all the chords in the diapason of song, that most native to this poet is a tender dreamy minor that lingers long on the ear. She is neither robust nor optimistic; but the mysterious sweet sadness of life is of the very essence of poetry, and few of the recent English singers have given it voice with more attraction.

In 1882 the poetess married James Darmesteter, a well known French orientalist, and took up her residence in Paris, becoming exceedingly well known in literary circles on the continent. She wrote in French a sketch of Froissart, which was afterwards translated into English (1895) and an introduction to Darmesteter's 〈New English Studies〉 (1896). Darmesteter had died in 1894, and in 1901 she married Professor Duclaux, director of the Pasteur Institute. Her 〈Collected Poems〉 were published in 1901, but this by no means marked the end of her poetic activity. Her keen interest in the Great War gave her expressions of sympathy for the Allies a note of power which had hitherto been lacking in her poetic work.

TUSCAN CYPRESS

(RISPETTI)

WHAT good is there, ah me, what good in Love?
Since even if you love me, we must part:
And since for either, an you cared enough,
There's but division and a broken heart?

And yet, God knows, to hear you say—My dear!
I would lie down and stretch me on the bier.
And yet would I, to hear you say—My own!
With mine own hands drag down the burial stone.

I LOVE you more than any words can say,
And yet you do not feel I love you so;
And slowly I am dying day by day,—
You look at me, and yet you do not know.

You look at me, and yet you do not fear;
You do not see the mourners with the bier.
You answer when I speak, and wish me well,
And still you do not hear the passing-bell.

O LOVE, O Love, come over the sea, come here,
Come back and kiss me once when I am dead!
Come back and lay a rose upon my bier,
Come, light the tapers at my feet and head.

Come back and kiss me once upon the eyes,
So I, being dead, shall dream of Paradise;
Come, kneel beside me once and say a prayer,
So shall my soul be happy anywhere.

WHEN I am dead and I am quite forgot,
What care I if my spirit lives or dies?
To walk with angels in a grassy plot,
And pluck the lilies grown in Paradise?

Ah, no,—the heaven of all my heart has been
To hear your voice and catch the sighs between.
Ah, no,—the better heaven I fain would give,
But in a cranny of your soul to live.

AH ME, you well might wait a little while,
And not forget me, Sweet, until I die!
I had a home, a little distant isle,
With shadowy trees and tender misty sky.

I had a home! It was less dear than thou,
And I forgot, as you forget me now.
I had a home, more dear than I could tell,
And I forgot, but now remember well.

LOVE me to-day and think not on to-morrow,
Come, take my hands, and lead me out of doors;
There in the fields let us forget our sorrow,
Talking of Venice and Ionian shores;—

Talking of all the seas innumerable
Where we will sail and sing when I am well;
Talking of Indian roses gold and red,
Which we will plait in wreaths—when I am dead.

TELL me a story, dear, that is not true,
Strange as a vision, full of splendid things:
Here will I lie and dream it is not you,
And dream it is a mocking-bird that sings.

For if I find your voice in any part,
Even the sound of it will break my heart;
For if you speak of us and of our love,
I faint and die to feel the thrill thereof.

LET us forget we loved each other much,
Let us forget we ever have to part;
Let us forget that any look or touch
Once let in either to the other's heart.

Only we'll sit upon the daisied grass,
And hear the larks and see the swallows pass;
Only we'll live awhile, as children play,
Without to-morrow, without yesterday.

FAR, far away and in the middle sea,
So still I dream, although the dream is vain,
There lies a valley full of rest for me,
Where I shall live and you shall love again.

O ships that sail, O masts against the sky,
Will you not stop awhile in passing by?
O prayers that hope, O faith that never knew,
Will you not take me on to heaven with you?

AH, LOVE, I cannot die, I cannot go
Down in the dark and leave you all alone:
Ah, hold me fast, safe in the warmth I know,
And never shut me underneath a stone.

Dead in the grave! And I can never hear
If you are ill or if you miss me, dear.
Dead, oh my God! and you may need me yet,
While I shall sleep, while I—while I—forget!

COME away, Sorrow, Sorrow come away—
Let us go sit in some cool, shadowy place;
There shall you sing and hush me all the day,
While I will dream about my lover's face.

Hush me, O Sorrow, like a babe to sleep,
Then close the lids above mine eyes that weep;
Rock me, O Sorrow, like a babe in pain,
Nor, when I slumber, wake me up again.

RED MAY

OUT of the window the trees in the square
Are covered with crimson May:
You, that were all of my love and my care,
Have broken my heart to-day.

But though I have lost you, and though I despair
Till even the past looks gray,—
Out of the window the trees in the square
Are covered with crimson May.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

(1869–)

BY W. B. HENDERSON

For love for men and a catholic understanding of all men who stand most in need of it, together with a subtle strength and firm beauty of art in making these things evident — if these are, as they are generally allowed to be, — powers especially proper to the poet of a democracy, then E. A. Robinson, because he is the richest possessor of them to-day in America, stands now the assured «dean» among our poets.

Mr. Robinson has published five volumes of poetry: ‹The Children of the Night› (1897); ‹Captain Craig› (1902); ‹The Town Down the River› (1910); ‹The Man Against the Sky› (1916); and ‹Merlin› (1917); in addition two plays, ‹Van Zorn› (1914) and ‹The Porcupine› (1915).

His creed is love, announced at the start, demonstrated throughout, «Love's the trade we're plying,» as his first book has it:

> «Love builds of what Time takes away,
> Till death itself is less than change,»

as it is given in his last. Naturally, it grows maturer throughout his work; also it loses a little of its early piety. But even at the start it was mature. It was (and is) tender without sentimentality, wise without cynicism. It holds fellowship with all humankind: and among them with those who are «blind with enmity for man's unguarded fate»; perhaps even more with them than with those happy for whom «there is a music all day long, like flutes in Paradise.»

His idea of the poet's function was as early and as clearly expressed: «To get at the eternal strength of things, and fearlessly to make strong songs of it.» He also indicated just what was to be his peculiar way of doing this. Grief and loss, disease and desolation, being the «dreams of wasted excellence»; and every dream having in it «something that flouts deformity,» he would find «a constant opportunity» in all sorrow. It is, however, not the failure that attracts him;—there is no suspicion of morbidness in his work — but that feature of innermost and abiding things it aids him to perceive. Wounds and sore defeat may be here. But what he sees and presents is the battles of which they testify. Or was the battle listless: did Leffingwell, for instance,— to choose

«And though your very flesh and blood
Be what your Eagle eats and drinks,
You'll praise him for the best of birds,
Not knowing what the Eagle thinks.

«The power is yours, but not the sight;
You see not upon what you tread;
You have the ages for your guide,
But not the wisdom to be led.

«Think you to tread forever down
The merciless old verities?
And are you never to have eyes
To see the world for what it is?

«Are you to pay for what you have
With all you are?» — No other word
We caught, but with a laughing crowd
Moved on. None heeded, and few heard.

VETERAN SIRENS

THE ghost of Ninon would be sorry now
To laugh at them, were she to see them here,
So brave and so alert for learning how
To fence with reason for another year.

Age offers a far comelier diadem
Than theirs; but anguish has no eye for grace,
When time's malicious mercy cautions them
To think a while of number and of space.

The burning hope, the worn expectancy,
The martyred humor, and the maimed allure,
Cry out for time to end his levity,
And age to soften its investiture;

But they, though others fade and are still fair,
Defy their fairness and are unsubdued;
Although they suffer, they may not forswear
The patient ardor of the unpursued.

Poor flesh, to fight the calendar so long;
Poor vanity, so quaint and yet so brave;
Poor folly, so deceived and yet so strong,
So far from Ninon and so near the grave.

THE POOR RELATION

No longer torn by what she knows
And sees within the eyes of others,
Her doubts are when the daylight goes,
Her fears are for the few she bothers.
She tells them it is wholly wrong
Of her to stay alive so long;
And when she smiles her forehead shows
A crinkle that had been her mother's.

Beneath her beauty, blanched with pain,
And wistful yet for being cheated,
A child would seem to ask again
A question many times repeated;
But no rebellion has betrayed
Her wonder at what she has paid
For memories that have no stain,
For triumph born to be defeated.

To those who come for what she was —
The few left who know where to find her —
She clings, for they are all she has;
And she may smile when they remind her,
As heretofore, of what they know
Of roses that are still to blow
By ways where not so much as grass
Remains of what she sees behind her.

They stay a while, and having done
What penance or the past requires,
They go, and leave her there alone
To count her chimneys and her spires.
Her lip shakes when they go away,
And yet she would not have them stay;
She knows as well as anyone
That Pity, having played, soon tires.

But one friend always reappears,
A good ghost, not to be forsaken;
Whereat she laughs and has no fears
Of what a ghost may reawaken,
But welcomes, while she wears and mends
The poor relation's odds and ends,
Her truant from a tomb of years —
Her power of youth so early taken.

one from a vivid troop of his restored,— prove himself a sorry knight, then:

«What quiverings in the distance of what light
May not have lured him . . .?»

Did Clavering never come to anything, then he thinks of him as one who fared «amid mirages of renown and urgings of the unachieved.» — And says no more of Clavering.

This measuring of men through the medium (reconstructed) of the fights they fled or bled in, removes Mr. Robinson's work very far from the realm of the obvious. Its greatest effect is seldom immediate. This comes slowly, mysteriously; revealing through suggestion or innocent-seeming disclaimer, little by little, the face of truth.

So circumstanced, his style naturally has to maintain a classic restraint. It must be well balanced, urbane, human. All this it is, and withal has moods within its straight measure when it shows itself jovial, debonair, humorous, colloquial. Free it, too, for a moment from the necessities usually laid upon it, let the external circumstance need no more attention than the title gives it — then the poet is free to tell his whole story in overtones. Not prodigal of purely literary values — the *poetic* word or phrase — on these occasions it is as free of these as any other. Witness the irony of the lines on the ‹Veteran Sirens› and the opulence of those on ‹The White Lights.›

This richness, humor, debonair carriage may seem odd qualities in the work of a poet so much given to study the spirit through failure. But in reality they are inevitable — considering the poet; and even derive much of their peculiar pungency from a sort of mitigated fatalism with which the nature of his study informs him. To say the least, he is not one who,

«Sees unchastened here below
The soul triumphant . . .»

and they, in part, are witness of the chastening of his vision. What else they represent connects with that surplus of spirit in the man which carries him into and then through failure and defeat: with his power of thought and with his mystic insight. The first of these he exalts as the principle of optimism. All the clouds of human gloom he matches and loses against «the gleam of its impenetrable mail.» Of the second he witnesses first and last that it is the ultimate reason of existence. Personally, responding to it, it is «the onward phrase of some transcendent music» that makes melody in ‹The Children of the Night,› and even in the midst of his most soul-stripping poem, ‹The Man Against the Sky,› it is the glimpses of that «orient word» which, though it cannot be found or known save in incommunicable dreams, remains ineradicable.

CASSANDRA

I HEARD one who said: «Verily,
What word have I for children here?
Your Dollar is your only Word,
The wrath of it your only fear.

«You build it altars tall enough
To make you see, but you are blind;
You cannot leave it long enough
To look before you or behind.

«When Reason beckons you to pause,
You laugh and say that you know best;
But what it is you know, you keep
As dark as ingots in a chest.

«You laugh and answer, ‹We are young;
O leave us now, and let us grow.› —
Not asking how much more of this
Will Time endure or Fate bestow.

«Because a few complacent years
Have made your peril of your pride,
Think you that you are to go on
Forever pampered and untried?

«What lost eclipse of history,
What bivouac of the marching stars,
Has given the sign for you to see
Millenniums and last great wars?

«What unrecorded overthrow
Of all the world has ever known,
Or ever been, has made itself
So plain to you, and you alone?

«Your Dollar, Dove, and Eagle make
A Trinity that even you
Rate higher than you rate yourselves;
It pays, it flatters, and it's new.

Poor laugh, more slender than her song
It seems; and there are none to hear it
With even the stopped ears of the strong
For breaking heart or broken spirit.
The friends who clamored for her place,
And would have scratched her for her face,
Have lost her laughter for so long
That none would care enough to fear it.

None live who need fear anything
From her, whose losses are their pleasure;
The plover with a wounded wing
Stays not the flight that others measure;
So there she waits, and while she lives,
And death forgets, and faith forgives,
Her memories go foraging
For bits of childhood song they treasure.

And like a giant harp that hums
On always, and is always blending
The coming of what never comes
With what has passed and had an ending,
The City trembles, throbs, and pounds
Outside, and through a thousand sounds
The small intolerable drums
Of Time are like slow drops descending.

Bereft enough to shame a sage
And given little to long sighing,
With no illusion to assuage
The lonely changelessness of dying, —
Unsought, unthought-of, and unheard,
She sings and watches like a bird,
Safe in a comfortable cage
From which there will be no more flying.

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LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

(1613–1680)

THE 'Maxims' of La Rochefoucauld are perhaps most clearly understood in the light of his life. He was a gentleman, a soldier, a courtier, a cavalier, a lover, in one of the most picturesque periods of French history,—one which afforded the man of affairs unique opportunities for the study of human nature, especially of those weaknesses of human nature which the atmosphere of courts seems to foster. The 'Maxims' are the very essence of a luminous and seductive worldliness. They are the conclusions drawn by a man whose intellect was always guided by his judgment; they exhibit tact which amounts to genius. They might serve as rules alike for courtiers and Christians.

La Rochefoucauld was born in Paris in 1613, in the reign of Louis XIII. His family was ancient and noble; his father enjoyed the royal favor. He himself, as Prince de Marcillac, became early a prominent figure in the army and at court. Throughout his long life he was peculiarly susceptible to the influence of women: it was through his attachment to Madame de Chevreuse that he became the devoted champion of the Queen, Anne of Austria, the neglected wife of Louis; infusing into his devotion to her that romanticism which is sometimes discoverable in the 'Maxims,' under their brilliant world-wisdom. Caballings against Richelieu engaged him until the great statesman's death in 1642. He was then prominent in effecting a reconcilement between the Queen and Condé, that they might league together against Gaston of Orléans. Cardinal Mazarin, however, was to thwart his plans as Richelieu had done.

From 1642 to 1652 his life was one of confusion and of intrigue, with nothing better to steady it and to direct it than the fascinations of the Duchesse de Longueville, for whose sake he became a Frondeur. At the battle of the Faubourg St. Antoine in 1652, he was shot in the head; this misfortune in his military career proved to be of most happy significance in his career as a man of letters, for it forced him into that semi-retirement from which issued his famous 'Maxims' and 'Memoirs.' The remainder of his life was spent chiefly in Paris, in that brilliant and cultured society of which glimpses are obtained in the letters of Madame de Sévigné, whose intimate friend he was. La Rochefoucauld—the passionate soldier, the restless gallant, the

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

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suave lover — became in his old age the polished ornament of the most exclusive and exacting of Parisian salons. His friendship for Madame de Sévigné, for Madame de Sablé, for Madame de La Fayette, mellowed his declining years. He died in 1680.

In his 'Memoirs' he says of himself, "I have talent, marred by melancholy;" and again, "I extremely approve of exalted passion: it shows a grandeur of soul. I who know all the delicacy and strength of the lofty sentiments of love — if I ever love, it will assuredly be after this fashion; but such as I am, I do not believe that this knowledge which I have would ever pass from my head to my heart."

The key to Rochefoucauld's character and to his writings may perhaps be found in these passages. The melancholy of which he speaks was genuine. It lurks in many of the 'Maxims,' as the natural sorrow of one disillusioned by his contact with the world, forced to acknowledge the gulf between the ideal and the actual, and to bow to the power of expediency. La Rochefoucauld has been accused of supremest egotism; of teaching a mode of life which is little else than the essence of selfishness. If so, it is a selfishness disguised in a constant effort to put the world at its ease, — to infuse all society with the golden atmosphere of courts, in which everybody and everything is assumed to be perfect. The 'Maxims' show, indeed, how nearly the wisdom of the children of the world approaches the wisdom of the children of light. Their author knew the world as few men have the opportunity to know it; and once for all, he gave to worldly knowledge perfect literary embodiment. His loves for many women gave to him likewise an almost perfect insight into woman nature. "In their first love women love the lover; in the others they love love." The 'Maxims' are faultless in style and form: brief complete sayings, forming doorways neither too strait nor too broad into the House of Life, whose many chambers La Rochefoucauld had explored.

His 'Memoirs' are equally famous, taking first rank in their class. His letters are vistas into the highly colored picturesque life of the time. He himself seems less a great figure in French literature than a great figure in old French life. What he wrote has more the character of an afterthought than of a supreme intention, — the reflections of one concerning the world after that world had ceased to be of vital importance to him.

MAXIMS

PASSION often makes the cleverest man a fool, and often renders the most foolish clever.

Those great and brilliant feats which dazzle our eyes are represented by politicians as the effects of great designs, whereas they are usually only the effects of temper and of passions. Thus the war between Augustus and Antony, which is ascribed to their ambition to make themselves masters of the world, was perhaps only an effect of jealousy.

The passions often beget their contraries. Avarice sometimes produces prodigality, and prodigality avarice; we are often firm from weakness, and daring from timidity.

Our self-love bears more impatiently the condemnation of our tastes than of our opinions.

The moderation of prosperous people comes from the calm which good fortune gives to their temper.

We have strength enough to bear the ills of others.

The steadfastness of sages is only the art of locking up their uneasiness in their hearts.

Philosophy triumphs easily over troubles passed and troubles to come; but present troubles triumph over it.

When great men allow themselves to be cast down by continued misfortunes, they show that they bore them only through the strength of their ambition, and not through that of their soul; and that, great vanity apart, heroes are made like other men.

It requires greater virtue to bear good fortune than bad.

Neither sin nor death can be looked at steadily.

We often make a parade of passions,—even of the most criminal; but envy is a timid and shameful passion which we never dare to acknowledge.

Jealousy is in some measure just and reasonable, since it tends only to retain a good which belongs to us, or which we think belongs to us; whereas envy is a fury which cannot endure the good of others.

We have more strength than will; and it is often to excuse ourselves to ourselves that we imagine that things are impossible.

Pride has a greater share than goodness in our remonstrances with those who commit faults; and we reprove not so much to

correct, as to persuade them that we ourselves are free from them.

We promise according to our hopes, and we perform according to our fears.

Interest speaks all sorts of languages, and plays all sorts of parts,—even that of disinterestedness.

Those who occupy themselves too much with small things usually become incapable of great.

Strength and weakness of mind are misnamed: they are in fact only the good or bad arrangement of the bodily organs.

The love or the indifference which the philosophers had for life was only a taste of their self-love; which we should no more argue about than about the taste of the tongue or the choice of colors.

Happiness is in relish, and not in things: it is by having what we like that we are happy, and not in having what others find likable.

We are never so happy or so unhappy as we imagine.

Nothing ought to lessen the satisfaction we have in ourselves so much as seeing that we disapprove at one time what we approved at another.

Contempt for riches was with the philosophers a hidden desire to avenge their worth for the injustice of fortune, by contempt for the good things of which she deprived them; it was a secret to secure themselves from the degradation of poverty; it was a byway to gain that consolation which they could not have from wealth.

Sincerity is a frankness of heart. We find it in very few people, and what we usually see is only a delicate dissimulation to gain the confidence of others.

Grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.

It is difficult to define love. What we may say of it is, that in the soul it is a ruling passion; in the mind it is a sympathy; and in the body it is a hidden and delicate desire to possess what we love, after much mystery.

There is no disguise which can hide love long where it is, or feign it where it is not.

There are few people who are not ashamed of having loved each other when they no longer love each other.

We may find women who have never had a gallantry, but it is rare to find any who have only had one.

Love, as well as fire, cannot exist without constant motion; and it ceases to live as soon as it ceases to hope or to fear.

It is of true love as of the apparition of spirits: all the world talks of it, but few people have seen it.

The love of justice is in most men only the fear of suffering injustice.

What makes us so fickle in our friendships is, that it is difficult to know the qualities of the soul and easy to know those of the mind.

We can love nothing but by its relation to ourselves; and we only follow our taste and our pleasure when we prefer our friends to ourselves. Nevertheless it is by this preference alone that friendship can be true and perfect.

Every one complains of his memory, and no one complains of his judgment.

To undeceive a man absorbed in his own merit, is to do him as bad a turn as was done to that mad Athenian who believed that all the ships which entered the harbor belonged to himself.

Old men like to give good advice, to console themselves for being no longer able to give bad examples.

The sign of extraordinary merit is to see that those who envy it most are constrained to praise it.

We are mistaken when we think that the mind and the judgment are two different things. The judgment is only the greatness of the light of the mind: this light penetrates the depths of things; it notes there all that should be noted, and perceives those things which seem imperceptible. Thus we must admit that it is the extent of the light of the mind which causes all the effects which we attribute to judgment.

Refinement of mind consists in thinking on proper and delicate things.

The mind is ever the dupe of the heart.

All who know their mind do not know their heart.

The mind could not long play the part of the heart.

Youth changes its tastes from heat of blood, and age preserves its own from habit.

We give nothing so liberally as advice.

The more we love a lady-love, the nearer we are to hating her.

There are some good marriages, but no delightful ones.

We often do good to be able to do harm with impunity.

If we resist our passions, it is more from their weakness than from our strength.

The true way to be deceived is to think oneself sharper than others.

The least fault of women who give themselves up to love-making, is making love.

One of the causes why we find so few people who appear reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that there is scarcely any one who does not think more of what he wishes to say than of replying exactly to what is said to him. The cleverest and the most compliant think it enough to show an attentive air, while we see in their eyes and in their mind a wandering from what is said to them, and a hurry to return to what they wish to say; instead of considering that it is a bad way to please or to persuade others, to try so hard to please oneself, and that to listen well and answer well is one of the greatest accomplishments we can have in conversation.

We generally praise only to be praised.

Nature creates merit, and fortune sets it to work.

It is more easy to appear worthy of a calling not our own than of the one we follow.

There are two kinds of constancy in love: the one comes from constantly finding new things to love in the person we love, and the other comes from our making it a point of honor to be constant.

There are heroes in evil as well as in good.

We do not despise all who have vices, but we despise all who have not any virtue.

We may say that vices await us in the journey of life, as hosts with whom we must successively lodge; and I doubt whether experience would enable us to avoid them were we allowed to travel the same road again.

When vices leave us, we flatter ourselves by thinking that it is we who leave them.

Virtue would not go so far if vanity did not keep her company.

Whoever thinks he can do without the world deceives himself much; but whoever thinks the world cannot do without him deceives himself much more.

The virtue of women is often the love of their reputation and their repose.

The true gentleman is he who does not plume himself on anything.

Perfect valor is to do without a witness all that we could do before the whole world.

Hypocrisy is a homage which vice renders to virtue.

All those who discharge debts of gratitude cannot on that account flatter themselves that they are grateful.

Too great eagerness to requite an obligation is a kind of ingratitude.

Fortunate people seldom correct themselves: they always think they are right when fortune favors their bad conduct.

Pride will not owe, and self-love will not pay.

The good we have received from a man requires us to be tender of the evil he does us.

Nothing is so contagious as example; and we never do any great good or any great harm that does not produce its like. We copy good actions from emulation, and bad ones from the malignity of our nature, which shame kept a prisoner and example sets at liberty.

It is a great folly to wish to be wise all alone.

In afflictions there are various sorts of hypocrisy. In one, while pretending to mourn the loss of a person dear to us, we mourn for ourselves: we regret the good opinion he had of us, we mourn the diminution of our possessions, of our pleasure, of our consideration. Thus the dead are honored with tears which flow only for the living. I say that it is a kind of hypocrisy, for in these sorts of afflictions we deceive ourselves. There is another hypocrisy which is not so innocent, because it imposes on every one: it is the affliction of certain persons who aspire to the glory of a noble and immortal grief. When time, which wastes all things, has quenched the grief they really felt, they persist in their tears, their wailings, and their sighs; they assume a mournful aspect, and labor to persuade, by all their acts, that their grief will only end with their life. This sad and wearisome vanity is generally found in ambitious women: as their sex bars them from the roads which lead to glory, they seek celebrity by the show of unspeakable sorrow. There is yet another kind of tears whose springs are only small, which flow and dry up easily: the weepers weep to have a name for being tender; they weep to be pitied; they weep to be wept for: in short, they weep to avoid the shame of not weeping.

It is more often from pride than from deficiency of light that we so obstinately oppose the most received opinions: we find the first places taken on the good side, and we will have nothing to do with the last.

No one deserves to be praised for goodness, unless he has strength to be bad: all other goodness is most often only sloth or weakness of will.

It is not so dangerous to do harm to most men as it is to do them too much good.

Coquetry is the basis of the temper of women; but all do not practice it, for the coquetry of some is restrained by fear or by reason.

We often inconvenience others when we think we never could inconvenience them.

Magnanimity despises everything to gain everything.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is needed, and in saying only what is needed.

It is as common to see tastes change as it is uncommon to see inclinations change.

Gravity is a physical cloak invented to hide mental defects.

The pleasure of love is in loving; and we are happier in the passion we feel than in that we inspire.

What is called liberality is most often only the vanity of giving, which we prefer to the thing we give.

There are people whom the world approves of, whose only merits are the vices which serve in the intercourse of life.

The charm of novelty is, in relation to love, what the bloom is on fruit: it gives a lustre to it which is easily effaced, and which never returns.

Absence diminishes moderate passions and increases great ones, as wind puts out candles and inflames fire.

Women often think they love even when they do not. The occupation of an intrigue, the excitement of mind which gallantry causes, the natural inclination to the pleasure of being loved, and the pain of refusing,—persuade them that they are influenced by love, when they are influenced only by coquetry.

There are bad people who would be less dangerous if there was no good in them.

The gratitude of most men is only a secret desire to obtain greater favors.

Nearly every one takes pleasure in acknowledging small obligations; many are grateful for common ones; but there is scarcely any one who is not ungrateful for great ones.

We often forgive those who bore us, but we cannot forgive those whom we bore.

The reason why lovers and their lady-loves do not weary of being together, is that they always talk of themselves.

Why should we have memory enough to retain even the smallest particulars of what has happened to us, and yet not have enough to remember how often we have told them to the same individual?

In jealousy there is more of self-love than of love.

We sometimes think we hate flattery, but we only hate the way in which we are flattered.

We forgive as long as we love.

Women can less overcome their coquetry than their love.

The passions of youth are scarcely more opposed to salvation than is the tepidity of age.

There can be no order either in the mind or in the heart of woman, if her temperament be not in harmony with it.

We find few sensible people except those who are of our way of thinking.

The greatest miracle of love is to cure coquetry.

Most women mourn the death of their lovers, not so much because they loved them as to appear more worthy of being loved.

Most young people think they are natural when they are only unpolished and rude.

When our worth declines, our taste also declines.

We ought only to be astonished that we are still able to be astonished.

What makes the vanity of others unbearable to us is, that it wounds our own.

We may be sharper than one other, but not sharper than all others.

There is merit without loftiness, but there is no loftiness without some merit.

Loftiness is to merit, what dress is to handsome women.

Whatever shame we may have deserved, it is almost always in our power to re-establish our reputation.

Confidence contributes more to conversation than does mind.

Women who love, forgive great indiscretions more readily than small infidelities.

Nothing prevents us from being natural so much as the desire to appear so.

To praise noble actions heartily is in some sort to take part in them.

The reason why most women are but little influenced by friendship is, that it is insipid when they have tasted of love.

Decorum is the least of all laws and the most observed.

In great matters, we ought to strive less to create opportunities than to profit by those which offer.

There are few occasions on which we should make a bad bargain by giving up the good that is said of us, on condition that nothing bad may be said.

In their first love women love the lover, in the others they love love.

There are few women whose worth lasts longer than their beauty.

However wicked men may be, they dare not appear the enemies of virtue: when they wish to persecute it they pretend to believe it is false, or they impute crimes to it.

Quarrels would not last long if the wrong were only on one side.

Love, pleasant as it is, pleases even more by the ways in which it shows itself than by itself.

It seems that it is the Devil who has purposely placed sloth on the frontier of many virtues.

The ruin of a neighbor pleases friends and enemies.

Little is wanted to make the wise happy; nothing can satisfy a fool: therefore nearly all men are miserable.

It is sometimes agreeable to a husband to have a jealous wife: he always hears her talk of what he likes.

An honest woman is a hidden treasure: he who has found her does well not to boast of her.

It is never more difficult to talk well than when we are ashamed to be silent.

We prefer seeing those to whom we do good, to seeing those who do good to us.

In the adversity of our best friends we always find something which does not displease us.

There are none who hurry others so much as the slothful when they have gratified their sloth, in order to appear diligent.

Great souls are not those which have fewer passions and more virtues than common ones, but those only which have greater aims.

Luxury and too great refinement in States are the sure forerunners of decay; because every individual, clinging to his own interests, turns aside from the public good.

Of all the passions, that which is the most unknown to ourselves is sloth; it is the most fierce and malignant of all, though its violence may be insensible, and the harm it does may be deeply hidden. If we attentively consider its power, we shall see that on all occasions it masters our feelings, our interests, and our pleasures; it is the remora which has power to stop the largest vessels; it is a calm more dangerous to the most important affairs than rocks and the most violent tempests. The repose of sloth is a secret charm of the soul, which suddenly suspends the most ardent pursuits and the most stubborn resolves. In short, to give a true idea of this passion, we must say that sloth is like a beatitude of the soul, which consoles it for all its losses and takes the place of all its good.

Translation of A. S. Bolton.

REFLECTIONS

On Society

In speaking of society, it is not my intention to speak of friendship: although they have some connection, they are nevertheless very different; of the two, the second has more elevation and humility, and the greatest merit of the other is to resemble it.

I shall speak, then, at present only of the particular intercourse which well-bred people ought to have with each other. It would be useless to say how necessary society is to man. All desire it, and all seek it; but few make use of the means to render it pleasant and to make it lasting. Every one wishes to find his own pleasure and advantage at the expense of others: we always prefer ourselves to those we propose to live with; and we almost always make them feel this preference: it is this

which disturbs and breaks up society. We ought at least to know how to conceal this preference, since it is too much part of our nature for us to be able to conquer it. We ought to derive our pleasure from that of others, to spare their self-love, and never to wound it.

The mind has a large part in so great a work; but alone, it does not suffice to lead us in the various roads we must travel. The harmony which is met with between minds would not long preserve society if it were not ruled and supported by good sense, by temper, and by the regard which ought to exist between people who wish to live together. If it sometimes happens that persons opposed in temper and in mind appear to be united, they doubtless hold together from extraneous causes, which do not last long. We may also be in society with persons to whom we are superior by birth or by personal qualities: but those who have this advantage ought not to abuse it; they ought seldom to make it felt, and only make use of it for the instruction of others. They ought to make them see that they need to be guided, and lead them by reason, adapting themselves as much as is possible to their feelings and their interests.

To make society agreeable, all its members should preserve their liberty. They should either not see each other, or should see each other without constraint, and with a view to mutual enjoyment. They should be able to part without that parting causing a change. They should be *able* to do without each other, if they would not expose themselves sometimes to being in the way; and they should remember that they often bore others when they think it impossible ever to bore them. They should contribute as much as is possible to the amusement of those with whom they desire to live, but they should not always burden themselves with the care of contributing to it. In society, compliance with the wishes of others is necessary, but it ought to have limits: it becomes a slavery when it is excessive. It should at least appear to be free; and that in following the sentiments of our friends they should believe we are also following our own.

It should be easy to find excuses for our friends when their faults are born with them, and when they are fewer than their good qualities. We should often avoid letting them see that we have observed them and are shocked at them. We should

endeavor so to manage that they may see them themselves, to leave them the merit of correcting them.

There is a kind of politeness which is necessary in the intercourse of well-bred people: it makes them familiar with raillery, and prevents them from taking or giving offense by sharp and hard forms of speech, which often escape us without our thinking of it when we support our opinion with warmth.

Intercourse between well-bred people cannot exist without a certain sort of confidence: it ought to be common among them; every one should have an air of security and discretion which never gives rise to fear that anything could be said imprudently.

There should be variety in the mind: those who have only one kind of mind cannot please long. We may take various roads, not having the same talents, provided that we contribute to the pleasure of society, and observe in it the same propriety which different voices and different instruments ought to observe in music.

As it is not easy for several persons to have the same interests, they must at least, for the comfort of society, have no conflicting ones. We ought to anticipate what may please our friends, seek the means of being useful to them, save them from troubles, let them see that we share them with them when we cannot turn them aside, efface them insensibly without pretending to pluck them away at once, and replace them with agreeable subjects, or at least with such as engage their attention. We may talk to them of their own concerns; but only so far as they allow us to do so, and in that we ought to observe great discretion. There is politeness and sometimes even humanity in not going too far into the recesses of their heart: people often feel pain in showing all they know of them, and still more when we penetrate to what they do not know well. Although the intercourse which well-bred people have together gives them familiarity, and supplies them with numberless topics for frank conversation, scarcely any one has sufficient docility and good sense to receive in good part much of the advice that is necessary for preserving society. We like to be advised up to a certain point, but we do not like to be so in all things; and we are afraid to know all kinds of truths.

As we ought to preserve distances in order to see objects, we should preserve them also for society. Every one has his point

of view from which he desires to be seen; we are generally right in not liking to be seen too closely, and scarcely any man likes to be seen in all things such as he is.

Translation of A. S. Bolton.

ON CONVERSATION

THE reason why so few people are agreeable in conversation is, that every one thinks more of what he wishes to say than of what others say. We should listen to those who speak, if we would be listened to by them; we should allow them to make themselves understood, and even to say pointless things. Instead of contradicting or interrupting them, as we often do, we ought on the contrary to enter into their mind and into their taste, show that we understand them, praise what they say so far as it deserves to be praised, and make them see that it is rather from choice that we praise them than from courtesy. We should avoid disputing about indifferent things, seldom ask questions (which are almost always useless), never let them think that we pretend to more sense than others, and easily cede the advantage of deciding a question.

We ought to talk of things naturally, easily, and more or less seriously, according to the temper and inclination of the persons we entertain; never press them to approve what we say, nor even to reply to it. When we have thus complied with the duties of politeness, we may express our opinions, without prejudice or obstinacy, in making it appear that we seek to support them with the opinions of those who are listening.

We should avoid talking much of ourselves, and often giving ourselves as example. We cannot take too much pains to understand the bent and the compass of those we are talking with, in order to link ourselves to the mind of him whose mind is the most highly endowed; and to add his thoughts to our own, while making him think as much as is possible that it is from him we take them. There is cleverness in not exhausting the subjects we treat, and in always leaving to others something to think of and say.

We ought never to talk with an air of authority, nor make use of words and expressions grander than the things. We may

keep our opinions, if they are reasonable; but in keeping them, we should never wound the feelings of others, or appear to be shocked at what they have said. It is dangerous to wish to be always master of the conversation, and to talk of the same thing too often; we ought to enter indifferently on all agreeable subjects which offer, and never let it be seen that we wish to draw the conversation to a subject we wish to talk of.

It is necessary to observe that every kind of conversation, however polite or however intelligent it may be, is not equally proper for all kinds of well-bred persons; we should choose what is suited to each, and choose even the time for saying it: but if there be much art in knowing how to talk to the purpose, there is not less in knowing how to be silent. There is an eloquent silence,—it serves sometimes to approve or to condemn; there is a mocking silence; there is a respectful silence. There are, in short, airs, tones, and manners in conversation which often make up what is agreeable or disagreeable, delicate or shocking: the secret for making good use of them is given to few persons, those even who make rules for them mistake them sometimes; the surest, in my opinion, is to have none that we cannot change, to let our conversation be careless rather than affected, to listen, to speak seldom, and never to force ourselves to talk.

Translation of A. S. Bolton.

ÉDOUARD ROD

(1857-1910)

BY GRACE KING

ÉDOUARD ROD belonged in the class of young French authors of the last quarter of last century; the last recruits in the column of which De Stendhal, in the opening quarter, was the standard-bearer. His writings belong to that phase of the literary development of the period which may be termed parenthetical, rather than transitional. They are in their nature a consequent, a production, a reflection, rather than a factor, a vital actor; and their value lies perhaps in their ethical rather than literary relation to their period, important and charming as they are from a literary point of view. They might indeed be fitly defined as intuitive, had not the author, by himself assuming the classification of «intuitivist,» shorn the term of its fundamental meaning of self-unconsciousness.

Although Rod's writings belong to French literature, he himself was Swiss. He was born at Nyon in 1857, and studied at Berne and Berlin; and after a brilliant literary career, was invited to the chair of professor of foreign literature in the University of Geneva. Starting with essays upon his first ideals,—Leopardi, Schopenhauer, and Wagner,—Rod followed in his books, as a critic has pointed out, the entire revolution of thought with which men's minds have been in travail for forty years: first the inflexible rulings of naturalism and positivism, — of facts, externals, experiences, limited by the contracted horizon of immediate reality; then the gradual modification of the reactionary movement, when facts began to be accompanied by explanatory and supplemental ideas,— deprived of which they had been proven incomplete and sterile of conclusions. The soul was rediscovered; the phenomena of conscience began to be observed; intellectual activity was recognized to have an aim, and its development to be in conformity with certain rules and regulations of the time; the sum of whose changing, amended formulæ constitutes morality, which is of and for all time. And now it is being asked in literature if this morality, to be solid, should not rest on some supernatural foundation. In short, the human mind has turned round and retraced every step of its previous journey.

Rod's first novel, 'Palmyre Veulard,' is dedicated to the author of 'Nana.' «Conscientiously brutal and studiously impure,» says the

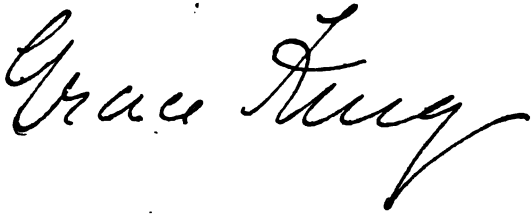
judicial critic, René Doumic, «it is worthy a disciple of Zola and the school of Medan.» But—to follow the reasoning of this authority—Rod's own nature protested against the developing tendencies of Naturalism; and besides, outside influences came to his assistance. He was a Swiss University man, and he was a Protestant; even though he retained but little tenderness of heart for the religion in which he had been reared, and mocked it upon all occasions. «But we remain prisoners for life in the religion that first fashioned our souls; we may lose faith, but not mental discipline.» Disengaging himself from Zola, and following his intuitive predilections for Leopardi, Schopenhauer, the music of Wagner, the art of the English pre-Raphaelites and the great Russian novelists, and for the contemporary psychological analysis, as applied by Bourget,—he came to the conception of his own work, his own true originality, and his self-possession, enfranchised from all other mastership.

'La Course à la Mort' (The Way to Death), 'Le Sens de la Vie' (The Sense of Life), 'La Haut' (Up Above), 'La Vie Privée de Michel Tessier' (The Private Life of Michael Tessier), and 'La Seconde Vie de Michel Tessier' (The Second Life of Michael Tessier), are the novels which, succeeding one another in rapid succession, have carried his name and the stream of his fresh strong thought afield into literature. Their titles are a fair indication of their essential nature. 'La Course à la Mort' is the intimate journal, the pitiless self-analysis, of the typical pessimistic youth of the day; a despairing cry in the darkness; the confession of the want of the very light of which one denies the existence. It has been criticized as a catechism of pessimism drawn from the philosophy of Schopenhauer, and its author was reproached with its possible contagious influence upon the young. But as he himself observed in the preface to the book, the analysis of a more or less subjective state of mind, which is itself more or less general, is not to be taken as the personal conviction of the author,—a confession of faith; still less as the propagation of a system. 'La Haut' itself is the antidote to the contagious influence, if such there be, of 'La Course à la Mort.' It is the story of the cure of a soul and its restoration to virility and hope, in the pure heights of an Alpine village. 'La Vie Privée de Michel Tessier,' with its sequel, is the melancholy story of a high-principled man, overtaken in his home and in an honored and honorable career by a love which seems to him pre-eminent above all previous claims and duties; and his conscientious effort, through divorce and remarriage, to reconsecrate his life with love, and his love with life. It is a modern French tragedy of the purest writing. 'The Sense of Life,' crowned by the Academy, is however the work which displays M. Rod's originality to the best advantage, to himself

and to that of the reader. There is hardly a novel in modern French literature that can be read with more profit, particularly by the foreign student of that literature and that life. And it is one of the books upon which criticism seems least profitably employed;—necessarily, from its nature and from the nature of M. Rod. To quote a characteristic passage from Jules Lemaître about it:—«M. Édouard Rod puts to himself the question: 'What is the Sense of Life?' and if I have quite understood him, he answers himself in pretty much these words: 'If life have a meaning, it is that which honest and brave people give it, no matter what be the kind and degree of their culture.' . . . Life has no meaning except for such as believe and love,—that is his conclusion.»

Besides these stories, Edouard Rod wrote other works on the same lines. It would hardly be just to the author to omit the competent criticism of M. Anatole France upon one of these:—«I understand nevertheless that there is a moral in the book of M. Rod,—that to the vain all is vanity, to the lying all is lies. . . . But even in its desolation of sadness, the book warns us to fear egoism as the worst of evils. It teaches us purity of heart and simplicity. It brings back to our memory that verse of the 'Imitation': 'For in whatever instance a person seeketh himself, there he falleth from love.'»

‹Moral Ideals of the Present Time› opens with a worthy dedication to M. Paul Desjardins, and passes in review Renan, Schopenhauer, Zola, Bourget, Lemaître, Scherer, Dumas, Brunetière, Tolstoy, and De Vogüé; it is an invaluable document to any student of the literary influences of the nineteenth century. Rod contributed to this Library a brief study of Rousseau, and made this author the hero of one of his last works, a drama entitled ‹Le Reformateur› (1906).



MARRIAGE

From 'The Sense of Life'

I SHOULD like to find a word to express a being who is tranquil, sweet, good, confiding; one whose presence alone gives repose; a being of grace and charm, breathing peace. . . . While I work she is there behind me, watchful not to disturb

me; from time to time I am conscious of the noise of the worsted she draws through the canvas, or the page she turns, or of her light breathing. Sometimes I turn and no longer see her; she has silently disappeared: after a moment she returns in the same way, without even a creak of the floor beneath her little slippers; and I feel her look resting on me as a continual caress,— the look of her great, deep, clear eyes, wherein there is only goodness, tenderness, and devotion. And always also I feel her thought following mine, and traveling side by side with it across the dreams, as across the cares of the day.

What mystery is there, then, in this sentiment of intimate union, which lessens disquietude and doubles joys? I suffered so much formerly in feeling myself alone! I passed nights wandering amid crowds to evade myself; forcing myself to the illusion that I was something to those others who were moving before my eyes. I have fled with horror from my home, so pitilessly filled with myself; where the smallest objects — the bibelots, books, paper on the wall, pictures and easy-chairs — sent back to me like multiplied mirrors my odious image. It seemed to me that I might leave it behind me as I went in the streets — this *me;* or forget it in a café, or deposit it in a theatre; and I haunted theatres, cafés, and streets. Often I fastened myself on to trumpery friends,— friends met by chance,— and recounted to them my affairs, sharing with them fragments of my soul, without allowing myself to be rebuffed by their indifference. How many times has not my heart beat out to strange hearts, without hearing aught but its own palpitations beating in a vacancy? How many times after having forgotten myself for an hour or a night in gay company,— in salons, casinos, or taverns; after laughing from full lips, and talking boisterously; after having diffused myself in confidences to others, and received with a friendly air theirs in return,— have I not felt with tenfold bitterness on the morrow that I was still alone, irremediably alone; that the noises had vanished, leaving naught behind; that the fumes of alcohol,— all had exhaled into sadness, like the friendship or love of the day before.

Well, it seems to me now that my solitude is vanquished; certainly not because I see unceasingly near me the same known form, but because that form is loved. Something of her passes continually into me, like a beautiful warmth; like another, better life; and something of me passes into her. It is no longer a

strange soul, which remains a stranger in spite of frequent meetings, in spite of closeness of relation; it is a continuous penetration, which little by little, of two beings makes only one. . . .

It is strange how one permits oneself to be taken and swept on by the machinery of life. We yield one finger carelessly; it takes the whole body. We think we can play with it; take from it what we wish; give up to it, through laziness, through lassitude or indifference, fragments of ourselves,—and yet remain masters and maintain our independence. Illusion! After the revolt of first youth, one day we see that we have surrendered ourselves, that we are bound! It is the trifling and treacherous habits whose insinuating sweetness has insensibly conquered you; it is the ambition for a long-disdained aim, which yet developed itself across your disdain; it is love — your powerlessness to feel which made you for a long time doubt it, which you even denied because you had experienced it under none of its known forms, and which glides into you in a guise you never expected. It is duty. . . . Heavens! Yes, duty,—the sentiment unjustified among all; that convention, that absurdity, that imperative, whose non-existence your reason has a thousand times demonstrated; which sets itself to cry out its orders, and makes itself obeyed. All these ties bind me; all these voices govern me; I feel that I no longer belong to myself.

How many times before, when I suffered without cause, or when some dolorous shock produced agonizing thoughts in me, have I consoled myself by saying, "After all, I am master of my existence; when the measure shall be full, nothing shall prevent my delivering myself; a few precautions so as not to be remarked, the least noise possible, and all these worries will be forever away from me!" Now I can no longer thus console myself: I have by an act of will bound myself, my destiny, to another destiny; and this double chain which I imprudently linked, I have not the right to break. . . . The right!—oh, the absurd word which comes and imposes itself upon my mind! Whence comes that unknown force which can weigh upon my decision? whence the mysterious fluid which paralyzes my egoism? I know that the moment I close my eyes, the world will cease to exist, with her of whom I think, with the affection which grows in my heart, with the ideas I forge around myself, and with my wranglings about the right, duty, liberty, and all the rest. I know that I shall know nothing of the tears, sorrows, struggles,

which will exist after me; that in my repose I shall feel nothing, absolutely nothing, of the ill caused by my act, which may even possibly result in good. I know all this; an effort of my imagination lets me touch nothingness: and yet I feel myself a slave. Destiny may strike with redoubled blows upon me; I may be harassed by the troop of enemies from without, or by a worse one which we carry within ourselves; I may find myself in the clutches of those two adversaries which in other times I would not have hesitated to rid myself of at the price of life,—misery and suffering. . . . I shall probably have to struggle with them for a long time; to bear their frightful wiles: my relations with men may become a source of continual goadings, on which my imagination will pour the boiling oil of its dreams. I must support all this,—patient beast of burden bending under the lash, . . . without a way of issue, without being able to look once more toward the Great Liberator; without ever dreaming again in sweet hours of the means of putting an end to all the evils. . . .

Sometimes at nightfall we go and sit beside that Auteuil pond, which we have taken to loving for its silence, and its old trees that bathe their branches in its sleeping waters. Generally it is deserted; and, separated from the road by a thick curtain of leaves, we are very far from the Bois, very far from Paris, very far from life. To-day, by chance, a young woman was there with her children: one still in swaddling-clothes, sleeping on her lap; while the other, a little girl, was playing at her side with a shovel in the gravel. We seated ourselves opposite this pretty group; and soon the little girl observed us and came toward us, her finger in her mouth, with an adorable air of timidity and roguishness. She greatly wanted to come to us, yet dared not quite do so. Ever looking at us, she stooped to gather a few daisies in the turf; then deciding suddenly, she came running and laid them on my wife's knee, with a pretty "Here," friendly and satisfied. We embraced her, and she told us many charming things, and we played with her until her mother called her back again. She left, throwing us kisses. Then, left alone, we began to speak of children. She, like all women, a mother by instinct, desired to have them. I do not. I fear the responsibilities; fear the disturbances: our intimacy of two suffices me; it seems to me that we lack nothing. "Nevertheless," said she, "they are so beautiful, and put so much life into the house. Imagine how

much gayer our house would be with a pretty little girl,—such a one as you have just kissed."

"But the anxieties about the mother, the cares, the noise night and day, the worry with the nurse, the sacrifice of our independence! Would it not be necessary to renounce our walks, our project of traveling, change all our plans for the future, which we have made as though we were always to be tête-à-tête?"

"But when we are old?"

"Well, when we are old,—and after all it is not certain that we ever shall be old,—our affection will be all the more solid because we are alone. God knows the storms which await our common life; escaping together, wearied it may be, we shall press one to the other to brave the common sadness of our fate. Our days being fewer, will be dearer to us; we shall not have one too many in which to love on; and how well off we shall be amid the revolutions of human affairs, which will scarcely touch us any longer! Detached from all save one another, having inclosed our entire horizon with our affection, life—whose possible caprices we now dread—will have glided away behind our footsteps; we shall look upon it as from the summit of a traveled road, of which we no longer see the rough places or pebbles; recalling together good and bad recollections, which in the mirage of memory will appear equally good to us. We shall love each the other all the more, for we shall have proved each other for a long time: for the heart grows old only to the world; it remains a temple wherein are piously preserved sacred affections: and if we too come to be cold, that indifference towards everything, which obscures the eyes of the aged, shall not prevent our cultivating the feeling which shall still unite us, but rather the contrary. Who knows but that some night, bent and leaning one upon the other, going out once more to breathe the spring air,—our last, perhaps,—our talk of to-day will come back to us like a gust of air from the past? And I am sure that, taught by our experience, we shall say then, 'Decidedly it is best it should have been so.'"

She looked at the murmuring water with an unconvinced air, hesitating to answer. "But," she said at last, after a silence in which we both heard the other think, "one of us two will go first. If we have no child, the other will remain alone." This was precisely the idea that had come to me, and had silenced me. Both of us shivered and said no more.

Translation of Grace King.

PATERNITY

From 'The Sense of Life'

MY WIFE has gravely propounded the question of baptism. Before, when I was an aggressive unbeliever, I loved to say in a peremptory tone that my children should never be baptized. She would never reply, and her silence irritated me: I divined a menace; I understood that it announced a resistance, and that I should never be able to impose my opinion except by an act of tyranny. This perspective troubled me a little, although I was determined to remain firm. But time has progressed since that epoch, which already seems far away; I have just made an examination of conscience in order that I may answer in perfect sincerity my wife's question. I find I have no longer any temper against religion,—quite the contrary. When I had broken the chains that it had so firmly bound about me, I had a period of hatred and revolt, in which I dreamed of exciting the world to the great combat for Truth against Faith. . . .

Then this hatred changed into a profound indifference; the meaning of the word "truth" wavered in my mind; I no longer found either criterion or proof: I said to myself that my negation was a religion also, just as much so as affirmation; just as gross, no more certain, no better, worse probably. . . .

Then why trouble simple souls? Why prevent them from deceiving themselves holily? Why teach them that the source at which they quench their thirst is imaginary? Is their error greater than mine? In the ocean of uncertainty on which we float, is my plank any safer than theirs? I have therefore promised myself to remain neutral in the contest.

I had reached thus far, when I recognized that it was the free-thinkers who had disgusted me with free thought. . . .

It was at the time of the "disaffection" of the Pantheon. God was being chased out to give place to Victor Hugo: the adored of yesterday ceded place to the idol of to-day; the sweet Christ of the 'Imitation' fled before the man of the 'Chastisements'; the good Holy Virgin of so many tender miracles went down before Lucretia Borgia and Marion Delorme. And this was, they said, the progress of light, and the cause of truth gained in the exchange. Chance led me into the temple. They were all there: municipal counselors, deputies, politicians of all kinds, as if they were at home; hats on heads, canes in hands;

some had not even extinguished their cigars: and all were proud of driving out by their smoke the last vanishing trace of incense. Beneath the majesty of the dome they talked, laughed, gesticulated, and disputed, insolent and disrespectful. . . .

In a corner, however, before an altar left standing for a moment, a poor old woman in black cap and blue apron, unmindful of their noise, faithful to the God they had chased out, fervently knelt and prayed. She had brought two candles, whose flames flickered in the draught, and which a brutal breath would blow out before they were half consumed. Of what sorrow had she laid there the burthen? of what remorse, perhaps? What confidences was she addressing silently to the One who understands, compassionates, pardons? And when the last altar shall have fallen, which of these political mountebanks will give her the means of appeasing her sufferings? Then I understood that she was in the right against them all: for a moment the light of her flickering candle seemed to me a sun of truth; and passing before the altar, I bent my knee, and made the sign of the Cross. Ah! poor old unknown woman! Thou hast enlightened me more than much reading. If thy prayer was lost in its flight through space, it at least resounded in my heart, and thou madest me feel the void in my own depths. Why should I prevent the baptism of my child? . . .

To-day is Marie's birthday, and she probably has but a few hours to live. Her condition is unaltered. The fever does not increase; if it had increased, all would now be ended; but it has not decreased. Her respiration is just as labored, her breathing uneven, the noise in her chest is like broken machinery, and the same hacking cough shakes and rends her. She is as languid as ever, as indifferent, as detached from all. . . .

What beginnings of ideas may not this unexplained and brutal illness start in her little brain through which fever gallops? Oh, that constant moan! And there is one thing more heart-rending: it is when the wailing is suddenly interrupted for a moment, and the hoarse voice begins to coo as it used to do in her well days. No, I cannot imagine the little body stiffened in death! It would be too hideous to see it immovable and to know that it is so forever; that no voice can call her back; that she will never smile again; that she must be put into the earth, where soon she will be nothing: while the inanimate objects she has touched—her doll, her sheep—will remain here, surviving

her in all their longevity as things. And then I think of the mother's grief. And then I imagine the material details which come after: the little coffin which they will nail; the mourning notes to be addressed, all the formalities that have been invented to make mourning more painful. And again the slow procession winding its way, so far, to the cemetery of Passy; and on our return, the desolation, the immense desolation, of the apartment where she is no more! . . .

The danger is over; yesterday the fever fell almost at once, as if by enchantment. It already seems as if the illness were only a part of a bad dream. I am happy. Up to this time I have asked myself unceasingly whether I loved my child. Now I am enlightened: and my affection is so deep in this hour of deliverance that I forget to grieve that she will have to live a whole life; that she will have to become acquainted with the agonies we have passed through, and more still,—who knows what?—all the future sufferings from which death would have delivered her. And for the first time I saw that in all I had said and thought of life, there was a good part of it only words, phrases. And when one has felt death pass very near; when one has just missed seeing one of those existences which is one's very own disappear, then one understands probably that life—frightful, iniquitous, ferocious life—is perhaps better than nothingness.

Live then, little Marie, as thou hast not wished to die! Live,—that is, suffer, weep, despair; live to the end, as long as Destiny will drag thee on its hurdle. And knowest thou, since he can no longer wish thee unborn, since he has not the strength to wish thee to die young as those whom the gods love,—knowest thou what thy father wishes for thee? It is to see all, feel all, know all, understand all. I say "all," and I know the bitternesses the word contains; yet I do not wish to spare thee one: since if all be sorrow, chimera, falsehood, the summing-up of all these sorrows, chimeras, falsehoods, is nevertheless fine, like a landscape made up of abysms; and since there is a supreme satisfaction in feeling that we change with the years, that we ever reflect more images, even as a river grows larger in rolling towards the sea, and that we are, and we shall have been; and that nothing, neither human revolutions nor universal catastrophe, can ever cause to be taken away from us that part of eternity which we have had, which is human life.

Translation of Grace King.

SAMUEL ROGERS

(1763–1855)

LATE in the eighteenth century a young man started out one day to call upon the great Dr. Johnson. He himself was nursing literary ambition, and he felt a vast veneration for successful authorship. He rang the bell; then fancying he heard the Doctor's own steps approaching, he lost courage and ran away. Young Samuel Rogers hardly foresaw that he too was to be a literary lion of London, his favor eagerly sought by tyros in writing.

For over half a century his home in St. James's Place was a rendezvous for poets and artists, statesmen and musicians; for English men and women of note, and for distinguished people from abroad. Here almost daily he entertained five or six at breakfast, and talked with them through the morning hours. Here art and politics were discussed, *bons-mots* originated, and entertaining anecdotes retailed. This English "autocrat of the breakfast table," whose keen ugly face, high brow, and striking pallor, had a cadaverous effect provoking much witticism, was himself an able story-teller. Sometimes his wit grew caustic, and his almost ferocious frankness inspired terror. But in spite of surface crabbedness he was philanthropic and personally generous. He was a faithful friend not alone to Sheridan through his wretched last years of poverty, but to many another unfortunate, author or not. Keenly appreciative rather than creative, the practical adviser of Wordsworth and the other "Lake poets," as well as their admiring auditor, he was the friend of poets to a greater extent than a considerable poet himself. Perhaps his greatest hindrance was his continuous prosperity. From the beginning to the end of his life he was quite too comfortable for poetic thrills. His poems have no intensity; they are gentle moralizings and appreciations of moral and physical beauty,—the fruit more of refinement and cultivation than of irresistible poetic impulse,—and bear no very strong individual stamp.

SAMUEL ROGERS

There is idyllic charm about Rogers's early life. Fortunate son of a loving if austere father and a beautiful sprightly mother, he was

born at Stoke Newington, a suburb of London, on July 30th, 1763. His parents were people of refined and liberal tastes, who constantly received in their hospitable mansion a circle of delightful friends, among them Dr. Priestley. There with his brothers and sisters, ten in all, Samuel was carefully trained by private tutors. Good Dr. Price, the clergyman, dropping in of an evening in dressing-gown and slippers to chat with the children before their bedtime, was an important factor in their daily life. At this home Rogers learned to appreciate social intercourse; and there in leisure hours he pored over Pope and Goldsmith, and took their poems as models. When he was sixteen or seventeen his father placed him in the London bank of which he himself was head; and he remained in connection with it all his life, as clerk, partner, or director. In London he found a helpful friend in Miss Helen Williams, an intellectual woman, at whose literary parties he heard brilliant conversation and formed congenial friendships. In 1793, when he was about thirty, his father's death left him with an income of £5,000. Ten years later he fitted up comfortable bachelor quarters in St. James's Place; where, following his own recipe for long life, "temperance, the bath and flesh-brush, and don't fret," he lived to the age of ninety-two, dying in 1855.

Rogers's first literary efforts were short sketches, signed "The Scribbler," which appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, and were the tentative work every young poet must practice his hand on.

In 1786 the 'Ode to Superstition,' appearing in a time of comparative poetic dearth and of metrical trivialties, was greatly admired. Rogers loved music; and his ear for harmonious sound guided him to a pleasing choice of word and measure. At its best, his verse is as trim and gently smooth as a Kentish landscape. He was reared in the traditions of an era of common-sense and well-regulated emotions. Grace of workmanship is the predominating characteristic of the banker-poet; he had nothing in common with the passion of his younger friend Byron. The 'Pleasures of Memory,' published in 1792 (doubtless suggested by Akenside's 'Pleasures of Imagination'), and 'Human Life,' have the same leisurely, meditative quality. At the same time, the usual fling that Rogers owed all his contemporary repute to his social and business position is unjust and untrue. He was a welcome member of the literary group, as a distinguished component of it, before he had any such position.

Travelers in Italy soon grow familiar with often quoted lines from his long poem upon Italy. In 1814 he spent eight months in Italy; and he worked over material gathered there until 1822, when the first part of the poem appeared. It was a failure; and the author burned the unsold copies, and set about a careful revision. A second edition, beautifully bound, and so profusely illustrated that an ill-natured critic called it "Turner illustrated," had more success, though

public taste was already demanding something different. The very fact, however, that a century after it was written it is still quoted from, shows that it has some enduring quality; for poems on Italy have been written and forgotten by the thousand, and there is nothing to keep Rogers's alive but its own merit. What that is, our extract will indicate.

Rogers was a link between the forms of thought and expression before and after the French Revolution. A disciple of Pope, intimate with the Barbaulds and the Burneys, with Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Siddons, Fox, and Sheridan, he saw the revival of the poetry of the soul, knew Wordsworth and Coleridge, Byron and Scott, and lived on to know Dickens and Thackeray.

GINEVRA

IF THOU shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; through their archèd walks,
Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames such as in old romance,
And lovers such as in heroic song,—
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight
That in the springtime, as alone they sate,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day.—A summer sun
Sets ere one-half is seen; but ere thou go,
Enter the house—prithee, forget it not—
And look a while upon a picture there.
'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of an illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.
She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,

As though she said «Beware!» her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart,—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!
Alone it hangs
Over a moldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way,—it may be true or false,—
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.
She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride, of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,—
That precious gift,—what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life;
Still as she grew, forever in his sight:
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,—
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.
Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was—all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.
Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
When all sate down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
«'Tis but to make a trial of our love!»
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,

Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger:
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But that she was not!—Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long was to be seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained a while
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.
Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day—a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,—
That moldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
'Twas done as soon as said: but on the way
It burst, it fell; and, lo! a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"Ginevra."—There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there
Fastened her down forever!

FROM THE 'PLEASURES OF MEMORY'

Opening Lines

TWILIGHT'S soft dews steal o'er the village green,
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke,
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day.
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
With treasured tales and legendary lore.
All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.

All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
What secret charms this silent spot endear?
Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
Whose hollow turret wooes the whistling breeze.
That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.
The moldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew. . . .
Childhood's loved group revisits every scene,
The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green!
Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live!
Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below,
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades and life forgets to charm,—
Thee would the Muse invoke! to thee belong
The sage's precept and the poet's song.
What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek landscape steals!
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play,—
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned,
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.
The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn.
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherished here;
And not the lightest leaf but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams.

Closing Lines

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
And heaven and nature opened to their view!

Oft when he trims his cheerful hearth and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please,—
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in life so well.
O thou! with whom my heart was wont to share
From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care;
With whom, alas, I fondly hoped to know
The humble walks of happiness below;—
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
Correct my views and elevate my soul;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,
To meet the changes Time and Chance present
With modest dignity and calm content.
When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God expressed,—
When thy last look ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed,—
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
The sweet remembrance of unblemished Youth,
The still inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!
Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures must we feel, when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frostwork melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs and her sons are blest!

FROM 'RECOLLECTIONS OF THE TABLE-TALK OF SAMUEL ROGERS'

I WAS present when Sir Joshua Reynolds delivered his last lecture at the Royal Academy. On entering the room, I found that a semicircle of chairs immediately in front of the pulpit was reserved for persons of distinction, being labeled "Mr. Burke," "Mr. Boswell," etc., etc.; and I, with other young men, was forced to station myself a good way off. During the lecture, a great crash was heard; and the company, fearing that the building was about to come down, rushed towards the door. Presently however it appeared that there was no cause for alarm, and they endeavored to resume their places: but in consequence of the confusion, the reserved seats were now occupied by those who could first get into them; and I, pressing forwards, secured one of them. Sir Joshua concluded the lecture by saying with great emotion, "And I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of Michael Angelo." As he descended from the rostrum, Burke went up to him, took his hand, and said,—

> "The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
> So charming left his voice, that he awhile
> Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear."

What a quantity of snuff Sir Joshua took! I once saw him at an Academy dinner when his waistcoat was absolutely powdered with it.

THE head-dresses of the ladies during my youth were of a truly preposterous size. I have gone to Ranelagh in a coach with a lady who was obliged to sit upon a stool placed in the bottom of the coach, the height of her head-dress not allowing her to occupy the regular seat.

Their tight lacing was equally absurd. Lady Crewe told me that on returning home from Ranelagh, she has rushed up to her bedroom, and desired her maid to cut her laces without a moment's delay, for fear she should faint.

DR. FORDYCE sometimes drank a good deal at dinner. He was summoned one evening to see a lady patient when he was more than half-seas-over, and conscious that he was so. Feeling her pulse, and finding himself unable to count its beats, he

muttered, "Drunk, by God!" Next morning, recollecting the circumstance, he was greatly vexed; and just as he was thinking what explanation of his behavior he should offer to the lady, a letter from her was put into his hand. "She too well knew," said the letter, "that he had discovered the unfortunate condition in which she was when he last visited her; and she entreated him to keep the matter secret in consideration of the inclosed" (a hundred-pound bank-note)!

Sir George Beaumont once met Quin at a very small dinner party. There was a delicious pudding, which the master of the house, pushing the dish towards Quin, begged him to taste. A gentleman had just before helped himself to an immense piece of it. "Pray," said Quin, looking first at the gentleman's plate and then at the dish, "which *is* the pudding?"

Sir George Beaumont, when a young man, was one day in the Mount (a famous coffee-house in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square) with Harvey Aston. Various persons were seated at different tables. Among others present, there was an Irishman who was very celebrated as a duelist, having killed at least half a dozen antagonists. Aston, talking to some of his acquaintance, swore that he would make the duelist stand barefooted before them. "You had better take care what you say," they replied; "he has his eye upon you." "No matter," rejoined Aston; "I declare again that he shall stand barefooted before you, if you will make up among you a purse of fifty guineas." They did so. Aston then said in a loud voice, "I have been in Ireland, and am well acquainted with the natives." The Irishman was all ear. Aston went on, "The Irish, being born in bogs, are every one of them web-footed: I know it for a fact." "Sir," roared the duelist, starting up from his table, "it is false!" Aston persisted in his assertion. "Sir," cried the other, "*I* was born in Ireland; and I will prove to you that it is a falsehood." So saying, in great haste he pulled off his shoes and stockings and displayed his bare feet. The joke ended in Aston's sharing the purse between the Irishman and himself, giving the former thirty guineas and keeping twenty. Sir George assured me that this was a true story.

Aston was always kicking up disturbances. I remember being at Ranelagh with my father and mother, when we heard a great row and were told that it was occasioned by Aston.

If I mistake not, Aston fought two duels in India on two successive days, and fell in the second one.

WORDS are so twisted and tortured by some writers of the present day that I am really sorry for them,—I mean for the words. It is a favorite fancy of mine that perhaps in the next world the use of words may be dispensed with,—that our thoughts may stream into each other's minds without any verbal communication.

THOMAS GRENVILLE told me this curious fact. When he was a young man, he one day dined with Lord Spencer at Wimbledon. Among the company was George Pitt (afterwards Lord Rivers), who declared that he could tame the most furious animal by looking at it steadily. Lord Spencer said, "Well, there is a mastiff in the court-yard here which is the terror of the neighborhood: will you try your powers on him?" Pitt agreed to do so; and the company descended into the court-yard. A servant held the mastiff by a chain. Pitt knelt down at a short distance from the animal, and stared him sternly in the face. They all shuddered. At a signal given, the mastiff was let loose, and rushed furiously towards Pitt,—then suddenly checked his pace, seemed confounded, and leaping over Pitt's head, ran away, and was not seen for many hours after.

During one of my visits to Italy, while I was walking a little before my carriage on the road not far from Vicenza, I perceived two huge dogs, nearly as tall as myself, bounding towards me (from out a gateway, though there was no house in sight). I recollected what Pitt had done; and trembling from head to foot, I yet had resolution enough to stand quite still and eye them with a fixed look. They gradually relaxed their speed from a gallop to a trot, came up to me, stopped for a moment, and then went back again.

DUNNING (afterwards Lord Ashburton) was "stating the law" to a jury at Guildhall, when Lord Mansfield interrupted him by saying, "If *that* be law, I'll go home and burn my books." "My lord," replied Dunning, "you had better go home and *read* them."

Dunning was remarkably ugly. One night while he was playing whist at Nando's with Horne Tooke and two others, Lord

Thurlow called at the door and desired the waiter to give a note to Dunning (with whom, though their politics were so different, he was very intimate). The waiter did not know Dunning by sight. "Take the note up-stairs," said Thurlow, "and deliver it to the ugliest man at the card-table — to him who most resembles the knave of spades." The note immediately reached its destination. Horne Tooke used often to tell this anecdote.

When titled ladies become authoresses or composers, their friends suffer for it. Lady —— asked me to buy her book, and I replied that I would do so when I was rich enough. I went to a concert at Lady ——'s, during which several pieces composed by her daughter were performed; and early next morning a music-seller arrived at my house, bringing with him the daughter's compositions (and a bill receipted), price sixteen shillings.

Thomas Grenville told me that he was present in the House when Lord North, suddenly rising from his seat and going out, carried off on the hilt of his sword the wig of Welbore Ellis, who was stooping to take up some papers. I have myself often seen Lord North in the House. While sitting there he would frequently hold a handkerchief to his face; and once after a long debate, when somebody said to him, "My lord, I fear you have been asleep," he replied, "I wish I had."

One morning at his own house, while speaking to me of his travels, Fox could not recollect the name of a particular town in Holland, and was much vexed at the treacherousness of his memory. He had a dinner party that day; and just as he had applied the carving-knife to the sirloin, the name of the town having suddenly occurred to him, he roared out exultingly, to the astonishment of the company, "Gorcum, Gorcum!"

Lord St. Helens (who had been ambassador to Russia) told me as a fact this anecdote of the Empress Catherine. She frequently had little whist parties, at which she sometimes played, and sometimes not. One night when she was not playing, but walking about from table to table and watching the different hands, she rang the bell to summon the page-in-waiting from an antechamber. No page appeared. She rang the bell again; and again without effect. Upon this she left the room, looking

daggers, and did not return for a very considerable time; the company supposing that the unfortunate page was destined for the knout or Siberia. On entering the antechamber, the Empress found that the page, like his betters, was busy at whist; and that when she had rung the bell, he happened to have so very interesting a hand that he could not make up his mind to quit it. Now what did the Empress do? She dispatched the page on her errand, and then quietly sat down to hold his cards till he should return.

Lord St. Helens also told me that he and Ségur were with the Empress in her carriage, when the horses took fright, and ran furiously down-hill. The danger was excessive. When it was over the Empress said, "Mon étoile vous a sauvée."

ROMAIN ROLLAND

(1866–)

BY LELAND HALL

ROMAIN ROLLAND was born on January 29th, 1866, at Clamecy, a little town in the Morvan, of which in later years he put many a peaceful recollection in ‹Jean-Christophe.› Here his boyhood was passed, in happy circumstances and under the guidance of wise and affectionate parents. At an early age he showed marked sensitiveness to and fondness for music, and his mother was able to initiate him into the secrets of the art which all through his life he has faithfully served. His father sacrificed an excellent and prominent position in Clamecy to bring the family to Paris that Romain might have all the advantages of a thorough education. At the age of twenty the son matriculated at the École Normale Supérieure. He chose to enter the department of history and geography, not only as a concession to his father's wishes, but also because he was aware of his own need of a strict and somewhat abstract training. Later he spent some years at the French School of Archæology in Rome. During all his young manhood he was deeply interested in literature, especially in the drama, and in painting and architecture, as well as in music. Those who knew him in these years remember his enthusiasm for play-writing rather than the fervor of his piano playing. Yet the doctor's thesis which he submitted to the Sorbonne in June, 1895, was on the origin of the lyrical drama, the opera in Europe before Lully and Scarlatti; and his was the first case in which the Sorbonne awarded its degree for work done on a subject in music. In 1898 he organized a course in the history of music at the École des Hautes Études Sociales, and a course on the history of art which he was engaged to give at the École Normale he converted eventually into a course on the history of music.

As a teacher he has striven to win a high place for music in social education; but his works which deal exclusively with music are relatively few. Apart from his doctor's thesis, the most noteworthy are two volumes of rather brilliant critical study; ‹Musiciens d'Autrefois› (Musicians of an Earlier Day), and ‹Musiciens d'Aujourdhui› (Musicians of To-day). In the former he has succeeded in depicting vividly musical life in Paris during the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the first of the nineteenth, with the emphasis thrown on the lives and the personal characteristics of the men who swayed music at that time: Gluck, Mozart, and Grétry, for instance. ‹Musiciens d'Aujourd-

hui) has more critical analysis of music, and shows a remarkably clear understanding of the tendencies in its modern development. What one welcomes most in both books is the combination of a thorough knowledge of music with genuine literary charm and skill. It is by virtue of this combination, manifest not only here in these partly technical books, but all through the romance of (Jean-Christophe) as well, that Romain Rolland has been able to render great service to the cause, if one may so speak, of music. His writings have done much and will do more to reveal to a general public, which has perhaps both a desire for and a need of such revelation, what lies behind the creation of the great masterpieces of music.

Though Romain Rolland has as an historian, a critic, and a novelist a triple claim to attention, it is plain that one impulse lies behind all his work. He has been inspired by a tremendous spirit of revolt against insincerity and pettiness. He has arraigned modern society and modern art, and has found them wanting in simplicity and directness, in sincerity and in vigor. When hardly more than a schoolboy, influenced partly by Wagner, but vastly more by Tolstoy, he dreamed of an art restored to life and power by the enthusiasm of the common people. Later he went so far as to plan a theatre for the people, writing a book for his project ((Le Théâtre du Peuple)), and a cycle of four plays, based on subjects taken from the French Revolution, (The Iliad of the French Nation.) This was heroic material. Romain Rolland is, like Carlyle, a worshipper of heroes, as of those who reveal to the human race the full possibilities of life and living. The force of their great natures not only triumphs over sorrow and outward circumstance but bursts through all cant and narrow prejudice. They stand before the race, free spirits. Romain Rolland gave himself almost passionately to the study of heroes. He has written the biographies of five men who have left an indelible mark upon the civilization of the world: Beethoven, Michel Angelo, Tolstoy, Handel, and Millet.

The study of Beethoven is a magnificent piece of work, perhaps on the whole the greatest thing Romain Rolland has done. It is restrained and yet impassioned, and more than any other biography of that singularly heroic man gives a vivid impression of the titanic quality of his nature and of his struggles. The studies of Michel Angelo and of Tolstoy are hardly inferior. The writing of the three books concurs strikingly with the composition of (Jean Christophe.) (Beethoven) was published in 1903; the first three volumes of (Jean-Christophe) in 1904 and 1905. (Michel Angelo) was published in 1906; the volumes which deal with Jean-Christophe's development in Paris, between 1907 and 1909. The (Tolstoy) was published in 1911; the last three volumes of (Jean-Christophe) between 1910 and 1912. The similarity between the young Jean-Christophe and Beethoven is unmistakable, and the minute analysis of his further development

owes much to his creator's intense study of the development of Michel Angelo and Tolstoy.

‹Jean-Christophe› remains the study of an ideal hero, a man born to suffer, to endure, and to triumph by virtue of the indomitable spirit within him. It represents an attempt to educate the people to «live,» to correct their errors, to conquer their prejudices, and to enlarge from day to day their thoughts and their hearts. So the author himself has spoken of it. Perhaps no important novel of recent years has been so widely read. It has been translated into at least half a dozen languages, proof that in some measure at least Romain Rolland has revealed in it qualities which are common to all mankind. As a work of art it is often long and rambling; but as an analysis of character and as a critique of life it is a masterpiece.

Shortly after the beginning of the Great War, Romain Rolland began to plead through the press that reason and the recollection of what mankind had done in common and what it shared be not utterly swept away by a sea of hate. His articles were much garbled, and he was violently assailed and denounced on every hand. He has assembled what he has written on the subject and published it under the title of the longest article in the collection, ‹Au dessus de la Mêlée› (Above the Battle). Probably in a calmer period of the world's history the more detached reader will be surprised that these utterances aroused so much resentment; but there was no doubt about the reprobation of his countrymen at the time, and Rolland retired to Geneva, where he gave himself to philanthropic work of an international character.

AN INFANT PRODIGY

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SUDDENLY, for no apparent reason, Melchior changed his opinion. Not only did he approve of his father having put together Jean-Christophe's aspirations, but, to the boy's great surprise, he spent several evenings in making two or three copies of his manuscript. To every question put to him on the subject, he replied impressively, «We shall see; . . .» or he would rub his hands and laugh, smack the boy's head by way of a joke, or turn him up and blithely spank him. Jean-Christophe loathed these familiarities, but he saw that his father was pleased, and did not know why.

Then there were mysterious confabulations between Melchior and his father. And one evening Jean-Christophe, to his astonishment, learned that he, Jean-Christophe, had dedicated to H. S. H. the Grand Duke Leopold (The Pleasures of Childhood.) Melchior had sounded the disposition of the Prince, who had shown himself graciously inclined to accept the homage. Thereupon Melchior declared that without losing a moment they must, *primo*, draw up the official request to the Prince; *secundo*, publish the work; *tertio*, organize a concert to give it a hearing.

There were further long conferences between Melchior and Jean Michel. They argued heatedly for two or three evenings. It was forbidden to interrupt them. Melchior wrote, erased; erased, wrote. The old man talked loudly, as though he were reciting verses. Sometimes they squabbled or thumped on the table because they could not find a word.

Then Jean-Christophe was called, made to sit at the table with a pen in his hand, his father on his right, his grandfather on his left, and the old man began to dictate words which he did not understand, because he found it difficult to write every word in his enormous letters, because Melchior was shouting in his ear, and because the old man declaimed with such emphasis that Jean-Christophe, put out by the sound of the words, could not bother listening to their meaning. The old man was no less in a state of emotion. He could not stand still, and he walked up and down the room, involuntarily illustrating the text of what he read by gestures, but he came every minute to look over what the boy had written, and Jean-Christophe, frightened by the two large faces looking over his shoulder, put out his tongue, and held his pen clumsily. A mist floated before his

eyes; he made too many strokes, or smudged what he had written; and Melchior roared, and Jean Michel stormed; and he had to begin again, and then again, and when he thought that they had at last come to an end, a great blot fell on the immaculate page. Then they pulled his ears, and he burst into tears; but they forbade him to weep because he was spoiling the paper, and they began to dictate, beginning all over again, and he thought it would go on like that to the end of his life.

At last it was finished, and Jean Michel leaned against the mantelpiece, and read over their handiwork in a voice trembling with pleasure, while Melchior sat straddled across a chair, and looked at the ceiling and wagged his chair and, as a connoisseur, rolled round his tongue the style of the following epistle:

«*Most Noble and Sublime Highness! Most Gracious Lord!*

«From my fourth year Music has been the first occupation of my childish days. So soon as I allied myself to the noble Muse, who roused my soul to pure harmony, I loved her, and, as it seemed to me, she returned my love. Now I am in my sixth year, and for some time my Muse in hours of inspiration has whispered in my ears: ‹Be bold! Be bold! Write down the harmonies of thy soul!› ‹Six years old,› thought I, ‹and how should I be bold? What would the learned in the art say of me?› I hesitated, I trembled. But my Muse insisted. I obeyed. I wrote.

«And now shall I,

O Most Sublime Highness!

— shall I have the temerity and audacity to place upon the steps of Thy Throne the first-fruits of my youthful labors? . . . Shall I make so bold as to hope that Thou wilt let fall upon them the august approbation of Thy paternal regard? . . .

«Oh, yes! For Science and the Arts have ever found in Thee their sage Mæcenas, their generous champion, and talent puts forth its flowers under the ægis of Thy holy protection.

«In this profound and certain faith I dare, then, approach Thee with these youthful efforts. Receive them as pure offering of my childish veneration, and of Thy goodness deign,

O Most Sublime Highness!

to glance at them, and at their young author, who bows at Thy feet deeply and in humility!

«*From the most submissive, faithful, and obedient servant of His Most Noble and Most Sublime Highness,*

«JEAN-CHRISTOPHE KRAFFT.»

Jean-Christophe heard nothing. He was very happy to have it finished, and, fearing that he would be made to begin again, he ran away to the fields. He had no idea of what he had written, and he cared not at all. But when the old man had finished his reading he began again to taste the full flavor of it, and when the second reading came to an end Melchior and he declared that it was a little masterpiece. That was also the opinion of the Grand Duke, to whom the letter was presented, with a copy of the musical work. He was kind enough to send word that he found both quite charming. He granted permission for the concert, and ordered that the hall of his Academy of Music should be put at Melchior's disposal, and deigned to promise that he would have the young artist presented to himself on the day of the performance.

Melchior set about organizing the concert as quickly as possible. He engaged the support of the Hof Musik Verein, and as the success of his first ventures had blown out his sense of proportion, he undertook at the same time to publish a magnificent edition of (The Pleasures of Childhood.) He wanted to have printed on the cover of it a portrait of Jean-Christophe at the piano, with himself, Melchior, standing by his side, violin in hand. He had to abandon that, not on account of the cost — Melchior did not stop at any expense — but because there was not time enough. He fell back on an allegorical design representing a cradle, a trumpet, a drum, a wooden horse, grouped round a lyre which put forth rays like the sun. The title-page bore, together with a long dedication, in which the name of the Prince stood out in enormous letters, a notice to the effect that «Herr Jean-Christophe Krafft was six years old.» He was, in fact, seven and a half. The printing of the design was very expensive. To meet the bill for it, Jean Michel had to sell an old eighteenth-century chest, carved with faces, which he had never consented to sell, in spite of the repeated offers of Wormser, the furniture-dealer. But Melchior had no doubt but the subscriptions would cover the cost, and beyond that the expenses of printing the composition.

One other question occupied his mind: how to dress Jean-Christophe on the day of the concert. There was a family council to decide the matter. Melchior would have liked the boy to appear in a short frock and bare legs, like a child of four. But Jean-Christophe was very large for his age, and everyone knew him. They could not hope to deceive anyone. Melchior had a great idea. He decided that the boy should wear a dress-coat and white tie. In vain did Louisa protest that they would make her poor boy ridiculous. Mel-

chior anticipated exactly the success and the merriment that would be produced by such an unexpected appearance. It was decided on, and the tailor came and measured Jean-Christophe for his little coat. He had also to have fine linen and patent-leather pumps, and all that swallowed up their last penny. Jean-Christophe was very uncomfortable in his new clothes. To make him used to them they made him try on his various garments. For a whole month he hardly left the piano-stool. They taught him to bow. He had never a moment of liberty. He raged against it, but dared not rebel, for he thought that he was going to accomplish something startling. He was both proud and afraid of it. They pampered him; they were afraid he would catch cold; they swathed his neck in scarves; they warmed his boots in case they were wet; and at table he had the best of everything.

At last the great day arrived. The barber came to preside over his toilet and curl Jean-Christophe's rebellious hair. He did not leave it until he had made it look like a sheep-skin. All the family walked round Jean-Christophe and declared that he was superb. Melchior, after looking him up and down, and turning him about and about, was seized with an idea, and went off to fetch a large flower, which he put in his buttonhole. But when Louisa saw him she raised her hands, and cried out distressfully that he looked like a monkey. That hurt him cruelly. He did not know whether to be ashamed or proud of his garb. Instinctively he felt humiliated, and he was more so at the concert. Humiliation was to be for him the outstanding emotion of that memorable day.

The concert was about to begin. The hall was half empty; the Grand Duke had not arrived. One of those kindly and well-informed friends who always appear on these occasions came and told them that there was a Council being held at the Palace, and that the Grand Duke would not come. He had it on good authority. Melchior was in despair. He fidgeted, paced up and down, and looked repeatedly out of the window. Old Jean Michel was also in torment, but he was concerned for his grandson. He bombarded him with instructions. Jean-Christophe was infected by the nervousness of his family. He was not in the least anxious about his compositions, but he was troubled by the thought of the bows that he had to make to the audience, and thinking of them brought him to agony.

However, he had to begin; the audience was growing impatient. The orchestra of the Hof Musik Verein began the ‹Coriolan Overture.› The boy knew neither Coriolan nor Beethoven, for though he had

often heard Beethoven's music, he had not known it. He never bothered about the names of the works he heard. He gave them names of his own invention, while he created little stories or pictures for them. He classified them usually in three categories: fire, water, and earth, with a thousand degrees between each. Mozart belonged almost always to water. He was a meadow by the side of a river, a transparent mist floating over the water, a spring shower, or a rainbow. Beethoven was fire — now a furnace with gigantic flames and vast columns of smoke; now a burning forest, a heavy and terrible cloud, flashing lightning; now a wide sky full of quivering stars, one of which breaks free, swoops, and dies on a fine September night setting the heart beating. Now the imperious ardor of that heroic soul burned him like fire. Everything else disappeared. What was it all to him? — Melchior in despair, Jean Michel agitated, all the busy world, the audience, the Grand Duke, little Jean-Christophe. What had he to do with all these? What lay between them and him? Was that he — he, himself? . . . He was given up to the furious will that carried him headlong. He followed it breathlessly, with tears in his eyes, and his legs numb, thrilling from the palms of his hands to the soles of his feet. His blood drummed "Charge!" and he trembled in every limb. And as he listened so intensely, hiding behind a curtain, his heart suddenly leaped violently. The orchestra had stopped short in the middle of a bar, and after a moment's silence it broke into a crashing of brass and cymbals with a military march, officially strident. The transition from one sort of music to another was so brutal, so unexpected, that Jean-Christophe ground his teeth and stamped his foot with rage and shook his fist at the wall. But Melchior rejoiced. The Grand Duke had come in, and the orchestra was saluting him with the National Anthem. And in a trembling voice Jean Michel gave his last instructions to his grandson.

The overture began again, and this time was finished. It was now Jean-Christophe's turn. Melchior had arranged the programme to show off at the same time the skill of both father and son. They were to play together a sonata of Mozart for violin and piano. For the sake of effect he had decided that Jean-Christophe should enter alone. He was led to the entrance of the stage and showed the piano at the front, and for the last time it was explained what he had to do, and then he was pushed on from the wings.

He was not much afraid, for he was used to the theatre; but when he found himself alone on the platform, with hundreds of eyes

staring at him, he became suddenly so frightened that instinctively he moved backwards and turned towards the wings to go back again. He saw his father there gesticulating and with his eyes blazing. He had to go on. Besides, the audience had seen him. As he advanced there arose a twittering of curiosity, followed soon by laughter, which grew louder and louder. Melchior had not been wrong, and the boy's garb had all the effect anticipated. The audience rocked with laughter at the sight of the child with his long hair and gypsy complexion timidly trotting across the platform in the evening dress of a man of the world. They got up to see him better. Soon the hilarity was general. There was nothing unkindly in it, but it would have made the most hardened musician lose his head. Jean-Christophe, terrified by the noise, and the eyes watching, and the glasses turned upon him, had only one idea: to reach the piano as quickly as possible, for it seemed to him a refuge, an island in the midst of the sea. With head down, looking neither to right nor left, he ran quickly across the platform, and when he reached the middle of it, instead of bowing to the audience, as had been arranged, he turned his back on it, and plunged straight for the piano. The chair was too high for him to sit down without his father's help, and in his distress, instead of waiting, he climbed up on to it on his knees. That increased the merriment of the audience, but now Jean-Christophe was safe. Sitting at his instrument, he was afraid of no one.

Melchior came at last. He gained by the good-humor of the audience, who welcomed him with warm applause. The sonata began. The boy played it with imperturbable certainty, with his lips pressed tight in concentration, his eyes fixed on the keys, his little legs hanging down from the chair. He became more and more at ease as the notes rolled out; he was among friends that he knew. A murmur of approbation reached him, and waves of pride and satisfaction surged through him as he thought that all these people were silent to listen to him and to admire him. But hardly had he finished when fear overcame him again, and the applause which greeted him gave him more shame than pleasure. His shame increased when Melchior took him by the hand, and advanced with him to the edge of the platform, and made him bow to the public. He obeyed, and bowed very low, with a funny awkwardness; but he was humiliated, and blushed for what he had done, as though it were a thing ridiculous and ugly.

He had to sit at the piano again, and he played (The Pleasures of Childhood.) Then the audience was enraptured. After each

piece they shouted enthusiastically. They wanted him to begin again, and he was proud of his success and at the same time almost hurt by such applause, which was also a command. At the end the whole audience rose to acclaim him; the Grand Duke led the applause. But as Jean-Christophe was now alone on the platform he dared not budge from his seat. The applause redoubled. He bent his head lower and lower, blushing and hang-dog in expression, and he looked steadily away from the audience. Melchior came. He took him in his arms, and told him to blow kisses. He pointed out to him the Grand Duke's box. Jean-Christophe turned a deaf ear. Melchior took his arm, and threatened him in a low voice. Then he did as he was told passively, but he did not look at anybody, he did not raise his eyes, but went on turning his head away, and he was unhappy. He was suffering; how he did not know. His vanity was suffering. He did not like the people who were there at all. It was no use their applauding; he could not forgive them for having laughed and for being amused by his humiliation; he could not forgive them for having seen him in such a ridiculous position — held in mid-air to blow kisses. He disliked them even for applauding, and when Melchior did at last put him down, he ran away to the wings. A lady threw a bunch of violets up at him as he went. It brushed his face. He was panic-stricken and ran as fast as he could, turning over a chair that was in his way. The faster he ran the more they laughed, and the more they laughed the faster he ran.

At last he reached the exit, which was filled with people looking at him. He forced his way through, butting, and ran and hid himself at the back of the anteroom. His grandfather was in high feather, and covered him with blessings. The musicians of the orchestra shouted with laughter, and congratulated the boy, who refused to look at them or to shake hands with them. Melchior listened intently, gaging the applause, which had not yet ceased, and wanted to take Jean-Christophe on to the stage again. But the boy refused angrily, clung to his grandfather's coat-tails, and kicked at everybody who came near him. At last he burst into tears, and they had to let him be.

Just at this moment an officer came to say that the Grand Duke wished the artists to go to his box. How could the child be presented in such a state? Melchior swore angrily, and his wrath only had the effect of making Jean-Christophe's tears flow faster. To stop them his grandfather promised him a pound of chocolates if he would not cry any more, and Jean-Christophe, who was greedy, stopped dead, swallowed down his tears, and let them carry him off; but they

had to swear at first most solemnly that they would not take him on to the platform again.

In the anteroom of the Grand Ducal box he was presented to a gentleman in a dress-coat, with a face like a pug-dog, bristling mustaches, and a short, pointed beard — a little red-faced man, inclined to stoutness, who addressed him with bantering familiarity, and called him «Mozart *redivivus!*» This was the Grand Duke. Then he was presented in turn to the Grand Duchess and her daughter, and their suite. But as he did not dare raise his eyes, the only thing he could remember of this brilliant company was a series of gowns and uniforms from the waist down to the feet. He sat on the lap of the young Princess, and dared not move or breathe. She asked him questions, which Melchior answered in an obsequious voice with formal replies, respectful and servile; but she did not listen to Melchior, and went on teasing the child. He grew redder and redder, and thinking that everybody must have noticed it, he thought he must explain it away and said with a long sigh:

«My face is red. I am hot.»

That made the girl shout with laughter. But Jean-Christophe did not mind it in her, as he had in his audience just before, for her laughter was pleasant, and she kissed him, and he did not dislike that.

Then he saw his grandfather in the passage at the door of the box, beaming and bashful. The old man was fain to show himself, and also to say a few words, but he dared not, because no one had spoken to him. He was enjoying his grandson's glory at a distance. Jean-Christophe became tender, and felt an irresistible impulse to procure justice also for the old man, so that they should know his worth. His tongue was loosed, and he reached up to the ear of his new friend and whispered to her:

«I will tell you a secret.»

She laughed and said:

«What?»

«You know,» he went on — «you know the pretty *rito* in my *minuetto*, the *minuetto* I played? . . . You know it? . . .» (He hummed it gently.) «. . . Well, grandfather wrote it, not I. All the other airs are mine. But that is the best. Grandfather wrote it. Grandfather did not want me to say anything. You won't tell anybody? . . .» (He pointed out the old man.) «That is my grandfather. I love him; he is very kind to me.»

At that the young Princess laughed again, said that he was a darling, covered him with kisses, and, to the consternation of Jean-

Christophe and his grandfather, told everybody. Everybody laughed then, and the Grand Duke congratulated the old man, who was covered with confusion, tried in vain to excuse himself, and stammered like a guilty criminal. But Jean-Christophe said not another word to the girl, and in spite of her wheedling he remained dumb and stiff. He despised her for having broken her promise. His idea of princes suffered considerably from this disloyalty. He was so angry about it that he did not hear anything that was said, or that the Prince had appointed him laughingly his pianist in ordinary, his «Hof Musicus.»

He went out with his relatives, and found himself surrounded in the corridors of the theatre, and even in the street, with people congratulating him or kissing him. That displeased him greatly, for he did not like being kissed, and did not like people meddling with him without asking his permission.

At last they reached home, and then hardly was the door closed than Melchior began to call him a «little idiot» because he had said that the *trio* was not his own. As the boy was under the impression that he had done a fine thing, which deserved praise, and not blame, he rebelled, and was impertinent. Melchior lost his temper, and said that he would box his ears, although he had played his music well enough, because with his idiocy he had spoiled the whole effect of the concert. Jean-Christophe had a profound sense of justice. He went and sulked in a corner; he visited his contempt upon his father, the Princess, and the whole world. He was hurt also because the neighbors came and congratulated his parents and laughed with them, as if it were they who had played, and as if it were their affair.

At this moment a servant of the Court came with a beautiful gold watch from the Grand Duke and a box of lovely sweets from the young Princess. Both presents gave great pleasure to Jean-Christophe, and he did not know which gave him the more; but he was in such a bad temper that he would not admit it to himself, and he went on sulking, scowling at the sweets, and wondering whether he could properly accept a gift from a person who had betrayed his confidence. As he was on the point of giving in his father wanted to set him down at once at the table, and make him write at his dictation a letter of thanks. This was too much. Either from the nervous strain of the day, or from instinctive shame at beginning the letter, as Melchior wanted him to, with the words, «The little servant and musician — *Knecht und Musicus* — of your Highness . . .» he burst into tears and was inconsolable. The servant waited and scoffed.

Melchior had to write the letter. That did not make him exactly kindly disposed towards Jean-Christophe. As a crowning misfortune, the boy let his watch fall and broke it. A storm of reproaches broke upon him. Melchior shouted that he would have to go without dessert. Jean-Christophe said angrily that that was what he wanted. To punish him, Louisa said that she would begin by confiscating his sweets. Jean-Christophe was up in arms at that, and said that the box was his, and no one else's, and that no one should take it away from him! He was smacked, and in a fit of anger snatched the box from his mother's hands, hurled it on the floor and stamped on it. He was whipped, taken to his room, undressed, and put to bed.

In the evening he heard his parents dining with friends — a magnificent repast, prepared a week before in honor of the concert. He was like to die with wrath at such injustice. They laughed loudly and touched glasses. They had told the guests that the boy was tired, and no one bothered about him. Only after dinner, when the party was breaking up, he heard a slow, shuffling step come into his room, and old Jean Michel bent over his bed and kissed him, and said: «Dear little Jean-Christophe! . . .» Then, as if he were ashamed, he went away without another word. He had slipped into his hand some sweetmeats which he had hidden in his pocket.

That softened Jean-Christophe; but he was so tired with all the day's emotions that he had not the strength to think about what his grandfather had done. He had not even the strength to reach out to the good things the old man had given him. He was worn out and went to sleep almost at once.

His sleep was light. He had acute nervous attacks, like electric shocks, which shook his whole body. In his dreams he was haunted by wild music. He awoke in the night. The Beethoven overture that he had heard at the concert was roaring in his ears. It filled the room with its mighty beat. He sat up in his bed, rubbed his eyes and ears, and asked himself if he were asleep. No; he was not asleep. He recognized the sound, he recognized those roars of anger, those savage cries; he heard the throbbing of that passionate heart leaping in his bosom, that tumult of the blood; he felt on his face the frantic beating of the wind, lashing and destroying, then stopping suddenly, cut off by an Herculean will. That Titanic soul entered his body, blew out his limbs, and his soul, and seemed to give them colossal proportions. He strode over all the world. He was like a mountain, and storms raged within him — storms of wrath, storms of sorrow! . . . Ah, what sorrow! . . . But they were nothing! He felt so

strong! . . . To suffer — still to suffer! . . . Ah, how good it is to be strong! How good it is to suffer when a man is strong! . . .

He laughed. His laughter rang out in the silence of the night. His father woke up and cried:

«Who is there?»

His mother whispered:

« Ssh! the boy is dreaming!»

All then were silent; round them all was silence. The music died away, and nothing sounded but the regular breathing of the human creatures asleep in the room, comrades in misery, thrown together by Fate in the same frail barque, bound onwards by a wild whirling force through the night.

[Jean-Christophe's letter to the Grand Duke Leopold is inspired by Beethoven's letter to the Prince Elector of Bonn, written when he was eleven.]

ROMAN POETS OF THE LATER EMPIRE

BY HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

EARLY in the second century A. D. the sweet but slender aftermath of Latin pagan poetry began to ripen upon the sunny hillside where it had pleased the Emperor Hadrian to fix his most magnificent abode. That many-sided and enigmatical being, whom the ancient writers can only attempt to describe by accumulating pairs of contradictory adjectives — "grave and gay, cordial and reserved, impulsive and cautious, niggardly and lavish, crafty and ingenuous," — had certainly both a refined taste in poetry and a delicate poetical talent of his own. The ghosts of the light and languid men of letters whom he rather disdainfully patronized — "with an air," goes on Spartianus, the author quoted above, "of knowing much more than they" — seem always to haunt the beautiful oval gymnasium of Hadrian's villa at Tivoli, upon whose original marble seats one may still dream away an idle hour. Here Annius Florus chanted the brief glories of the rose, or engaged in merry metrical duels with his imperial master; and the Etruscan Annianus sang in tripping measure the song of the Falernian vine ("I am the one grape — I am the grape of Falernum"), or sought to bring again into vogue, by slightly adapting to the superficial squeamishness of a sophisticated time, the naïve indecencies of the Fescennine harvest-home and marriage hymns. The taste of the clique, as often happens in a period of decadence, was for the far-sought and archaic, the curious and the daintily sensuous, for tender sentimentalism and aromatic pains. These artificial folk doted upon nature; and the fragments of their verse which we possess reveal an altogether new sensitiveness to her beauties, and sympathy with her moods. Whatever they knew of aspiration or regret seems to have been gathered into one wistful sigh, and to exhale in the forever inimitable farewell of the Emperor himself to his own departing soul, — "Animula, blandula, vagula."

It is difficult also, upon internal evidence, not to refer to the same period, and to some member or members of the same circle, the one fragment of highly impassioned and melodious Latin verse which has survived the wreckage of a couple of centuries, — the 'Pervigilium Veneris.' We know that Hadrian restored with great pomp the worship of Alma Venus; and it seemed as if this dulcet song for the vigil of her festa must have been inspired by that circumstance. The

connection of ideas is loose, the imagery as vaporous, fluctuating, and *insaisissable* as in a Troubadour love-song; but here too the atmosphere is voluptuous and the emotion strong. The German critic who "proves all things," without always holding fast to that which is good, has both shown conclusively that the 'Pervigilium' does belong to the time of Hadrian, and that it does not. The fact that the strongly accented septennarian verse in which it is written, constantly recalls the long surge of certain Augustinian hymns, may only mean that the tonic accent really went for more in the delivery of native Latin verse than is commonly supposed.

A similar uncertainty with regard to its date involves the work of the best Latin bucolic poet after Virgil; the only one, in fact, whose compositions will stand any kind of comparison with those of the master. Calpurnius Siculus wrote eclogues of indisputable though unequal beauty. He offered the incense of extravagant praise to a youthful emperor who had lately acceded, whose advent had been heralded by the appearance of a wonderful comet; whose personal and mental gifts excited ardent hopes; who built a huge amphitheatre *of wood* on or near the Campus Martius, and ransacked the earth for curious beasts to exhibit therein. All these things have commonly been thought to refer to Nero, and to the first five years of his reign (54–59 A. D.), during which he gave no sign of the vicious and insane propensities which afterwards made his name a synonym of horror. It appears, however, by the precise testimony of astronomy, that the comet of 54 cannot be identified with the one which is described so very vividly by Calpurnius; while a comet meeting the requirements fairly well did appear early in the third century A. D. Of the eleven eclogues long attributed to the Sicilian, four are now almost universally assigned to the African, Olympius Aurelius Nemesianus, who also wrote a poem upon hunting, and who certainly flourished during the brief reign of the Emperor Carus and his sons — 282–284 A. D. On the other hand, the recurring refrain of the last of these Nemesianian eclogues bears a strong resemblance to that of the 'Pervigilium Veneris,' and may perhaps be considered an argument for the advanced date of the latter.

Nearly a century more was to pass before the last ardent revival of Roman patriotism found expression in a poetic revival, during which the venerable forms of classic Latin verse were once again handled for a moment with something like the old mastery and grace. It was the flare of a forlorn hope. The cloud of barbarian invasion already hung low upon the horizon; and the end of the Golden City of the past was as plainly announced as is that of the "golden autumn woodland" on the last still day of October. Meanwhile Roma Aurea had lost but little as yet of her unparalleled

outward magnificence; and it seems to have been more that visionary and bewildering beauty of aspect which fired the imaginations of her latest pagan devotees, than any deep reverence for her hoary traditions, or reasoned attachment to her political code and forms. The three poets of the fourth and early fifth centuries whose names we instinctively associate — Ausonius, Claudian, and Rutilius — were all of them, like nearly every other late writer whose name has survived, of provincial extraction. Two were professed pagan believers, and eager pagan apologists. The third, who as the tutor of a nominally Christian prince was himself of necessity a nominal Christian, was the most deeply imbued with pagan feeling, and debauched by pagan sensualism, of them all.

Decimus Magnus Ausonius — "proud," as he used to say, "of preserving even in his name a reminiscence of Italy" — was born in Burdigala, now Bordeaux, in 309. He saw the conversion of Constantine, the apostasy and death of Julian, the restoration of so-called Christian rule in the person of the blunt soldier Jovian. In 369, being already well advanced in years, he was appointed tutor to Gratian, then a boy of eight, son of the Pannonian general Valentinian I., who had been proclaimed Roman Emperor three years before. Valentinian had divided the empire with his brother Valens; sending the latter to the city of Constantine in the East, while he himself assumed the sovereignty of the West and fixed his court at Augusta Trevirorum (Trier or Trèves). Ausonius was educated at Toulouse, and returned at about the age of twenty-eight to Bordeaux, where he had been known as a teacher of rhetoric and literature for nearly thirty years before he received his court appointment. In 375 Valentinian I. went back to his own native province, to subdue a revolt which had broken out among the Quadi; and died there suddenly in the month of November of the same year.

After the accession of his royal pupil at the age of sixteen, Ausonius was made prefect of Italy and Africa. Three years later, in 378, he and his son Hesperius were joint prefects of Gaul; and we find him consul-designate for 379. Four years later Gratian was murdered by the revolting Briton Maximus, but not before he had associated with himself in the empire a Spanish general who was none other than Theodosius the Great. Maximus managed to hold his own for four years; and while he reigned at Trèves, Ausonius was in disgrace. Theodosius restored him to favor; but he was now past seventy, and soon retired to a fine estate near his native town of Bordeaux, where he seems to have lived to extreme old age, corresponding with friends all over the Roman world, and polishing for publication his early poetical writings.

The most noteworthy of these, the 'Idyll of the Moselle,' is a description of the poet's journey upon that river from the port of Tabernæ (now Bern-Castel) to the Augustan capital. It is full of keen observation and picturesque description, affording by far the clearest picture we possess of Roman civilization in the north of Europe, and enabling us — along with the highly impressive Roman remains yet existing in and about Trèves — to reconstruct with very tolerable success the outward features of that civilization.

Ausonius also sketched a certain number of human figures typical of his time, in the series of epigrams and epitaphs upon his own kindred which he entitled 'Parentalia'; and in his 'Ordo Nobilium Orbium' he described, seemingly from personal observation, the sixteen greatest cities of Europe in his day, beginning with Rome and ending with Bordeaux. "Her I love," he says of his native place; "but Rome I worship."

Officially — as a laureate produces a birthday ode — Ausonius composed, soon after his arrival at Valentinian's court, an Easter hymn. But in his graceful 'Dream of Cupid Crucified' he travesties, apparently with no thought of blasphemy, and in singularly light and charming verse, the awful central scene of Christian history; and in his 'Griphus,' or riddling disquisition on the properties of the number three, he points out that there are "three Graces, three Harpies, three Furies, three prophesying Sibyls, three drinks to a toast, and three persons in the Trinity." Ausonius also perpetrated many epigrams, most of them insufferably coarse, and a few tame and tasteless eclogues; and he wrote other idyls besides that of the 'Moselle.' In the best of these he essays, as Omar Khayyám and Ronsard, Waller and Herrick, and a hundred more have done since his day, the everlasting theme of the evanescent rose; adorning it lavishly with "pathetic fallacies," and giving it a wealth of sentimental development which contrasts curiously with the perfectly simple transcription of the elementary melody by Florus, two hundred years before.

A far more virile minstrel, many of whose compact and ringing hexameters need have been disdained neither by Lucretius nor Virgil, was Claudius Claudianus. He was born and brought up at Alexandria; and his father, who seems to have lectured on philosophy in the city of Hypatia something like a generation before her day, was a native of Asia Minor. But though born to speak Greek, Claudian wrote, by preference if not always, in Latin. His mature years were passed in Rome, and he was passionately identified with the last struggle of the Roman patriciate against the official establishment of Christianity by Theodosius.

When the great Spaniard died, in 395, each of his two sons, between whom the kingdom of the world was divided, fell under the

dominion of a powerful prime minister. Arcadius, in the East, became the tool of the infamous Rufinus; Honorius, in the West, was more happily controlled by his father-in-law, the brilliant Vandal warrior Stilicho, who was able so long as he lived to hold the other barbarians at bay. It was the signal deliverance, under his generalship, of the Golden City from its first threatened sack by Alaric the Visigoth, which rendered Stilicho the hero *par excellence* of the poet Claudian. He wrote among other things an epithalamium and four short Fescennine lays on the marriage of Honorius to Stilicho's daughter Maria; the praises of the great Vandal leader in two books; of his consulate in another; of his wife Serena in a fourth; a brilliant poem on the Getic war and the defeat of Alaric; invectives against Rufinus and Eutropius; and three books of a mythological poem on the rape of Proserpine, parts of which are exceedingly fine. The literary merits of Claudian were acknowledged by those who had least sympathy with him in opinion: by Sidonius Apollinaris in an ode; in the 'Civitas Dei' by St. Augustine, who mourns that so noble a writer should have been "hostile to the name of Christ"; and by Orosius, who says that though a superlatively good poet, he was a most stubborn (*pervicacissimus*) pagan. After the fall of Stilicho in 403, there is no further mention of Claudian in history; and it seems natural to conclude that his fate was involved in that of the man whom he so admired and exalted. The emperors Honorius and Arcadius, on petition of the Roman Senate, erected in the Forum of Trajan a statue, of which the inscription, discovered in the fifteenth century, describes "Claudian the Tribune" as uniting in one person "the mind of Virgil and the muse of Homer."

It is a singular fact that the one other militant pagan of this tragic period whose poetical work has endured should have been as vehemently hostile to Stilicho as Claudian was eloquent in his praise. Rutilius Claudius Numatianus was born in Toulouse, but like Claudian, he lived long in Rome, was at one time prefect of the city, and was undoubtedly residing there at the time of Stilicho's disgrace and Claudian's disappearance. He bitterly charges the great Vandal himself with contempt of the elder gods, in ordering the destruction of the Sibylline Books; and though this particular accusation has never been substantiated, it is apparently true that Stilicho did strip the doors of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus of their golden plating, and steal from the neck of a venerable statue of Cybele — a horrified Vestal protesting the while — a most ancient and precious necklace, which he bestowed upon his wife Serena. When in 410 Rome had finally succumbed to the second assault of Alaric, and the barbarian hordes had overflowed into Gaul, breaking up the Aurelian Way as they went, — destroying bridges and plundering and laying waste the

country,—Rutilius followed them by sea, to save what he might of his patrimony. It was with heartsick reluctance that he forsook the city of his impassioned predilection; endeavoring to silence, by yearning promises of a speedy return, the ominous voice within which told him that his farewell was a final one.

Seven years later, in 417, we find him beguiling his lingering exile in Gaul by the composition in sweetly flowing elegiacs of an 'Itinerarium,' or narrative of his homeward journey. The poem was to have been a long one, to judge by the first and fragment of a second book, which are all that we possess; and its easy graphic style enables one to follow the poet, mile by mile and day by day, from the port of Ostia, where he embarked, to a point on the eastern Riviera of the Mediterranean somewhere between Pisa and Genoa. All the incidents of the voyage are recalled and revivified. All the objects descried in passing, upon mainland or island,—cities, villas, fortifications, fishing and salt-making stations; immemorial ruins, like those of the Etruscan Populonia, whose aspect is almost the same to-day as when Rutilius beheld it; incipient convents which excite him to explosions of scorn and wrath at the senseless fanaticism of the monks; mines of Elba divined rather than seen,—pass before him in review; and when the white city of Luna, on a spur of the Carrara Mountains, fades from view, and this fascinating guide-book of the fifth century comes to an untimely end, we regret its fragmentary nature, for the moment, almost more than the mutilation of some of the greater works of antiquity.

One more name remains to be added to the list of Roman poets whose hearts were irrevocably set upon the past, and who caught such inspiration as they had from the expiring glories of the pre-Christian order. Claudian had once said, in his carelessly hyperbolical way, that every individual of the renowned Anician stock would be found to have sprung from a consul; and Anicius Manlius Severinus Boëthius, born in 480, or about seventy-five years after Claudian ceased to be, was certainly himself a consul, the son of a consul, and the father of two boys who were named honorary consuls in their mere infancy by Theodoric, on his visit to Rome in 522. The Anicii, like the remnant in general of the old Roman patriciate, were now Christian in name, as their sovereigns had long been; but their feeling of race, their habits of mind, their code of conduct,—all their civic and social traditions, in a word,—were still intensely and impenitently pagan. With great wealth, commanding position, and the broadest culture of his day, Boëthius passed the years of his early manhood chiefly in his own beautiful library, "ceiled with ivory and decorated with crystal," now writing a philosophical essay on the Trinity or a tract against Nestorius, now translating Plato, Aristotle,

or Euclid. But when the hour came suddenly upon him, of cruel calamity and uttermost reverse, it was in the innate pride and power of a long-descended and indomitable Roman that he rose to meet his fate. It was philosophy, not religion, that he summoned to his aid; and in her mystic sign, rather than that of the Labarum of Constantine, he conquered. A monotheist Boëthius undoubtedly was, and a devout one; but not, if we are to judge him by his own clear and candid testimony, a practical follower of the sect of the Nazarenes. He was a Roman citizen first; a deist afterward; an orthodox Christian last and least of all: and the book by which he still holds the memory and affections of men, and still, out of the solitude and squalor of his dim prison chamber, affords help in trouble to a certain order of minds among them, is a dialogue, partly in prose, but interrupted by pieces of noble verse, with a visible embodiment of the philosophic spirit.

Jealousy of the splendid fortune and exclusive national prejudices of Boëthius would seem to have been the sole source of the baseless and malign accusation of treason which poisoned against him the mind of Theodoric. He was arrested in the sacristy of a church near Ticinum,—the modern Pavia,—imprisoned for a year in a strong tower, never examined or allowed a hearing, finally tortured and slain in prison. The 'Consolation of Philosophy,' beloved of Dante and many another undaunted sufferer, was written there; and the simplicity and sincerity of expression born of the writer's own desperate condition invest its thrilling pages with unique and enduring power.

Harriet Waters Preston

ANNIUS FLORUS

Roses

ONCE more the genius of the laughing spring
Doth roses bring.
A spear-like point amid the under green
Is one day seen,
The next a swelling bud, the next we greet
The rose complete;
Whose race, before another set of sun,
Will all be run.
Gather then, quickly, ere this glory's o'er,
Or nevermore!

Translation of H. W. P.

THE EMPEROR HADRIAN

To his Soul

Lifeling, changeling, darling,
My body's comrade and guest,—
To what place now wilt betake thee,
Weakling, shivering, starveling,
Nor utter thy wonted jest?

Translation of William Everett.

Little soul from far away,
Sweet and gay,
While the body's friend and guest,—
Whither now again wilt stray?
Shivering, paling,
Rent thy veiling,
And forgot thy wonted jest?

Translation of L. P. D.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

From the 'Pervigilium Veneris'

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit cras amet!

Spring again! The time of singing! All the earth regenerate!
Everywhere the rapt embrace! Each winged creature seeks his mate.
From thy leafy locks, O forest, shake the drops of bridal dew,
For to-morrow shall the Linker pass thy shadowy by-ways through,
Binding every bower with myrtle. Yea, to-morrow, on her throne,
Set in queenly state, Dione gives the law to all her own.

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit cras amet!

Hark! the goddess calls her nymphs to enter by the myrtle gate.
"Come, my maidens, for the day to Love disarmed is consecrate.
Bidden to fling his burning gear, his quiver bidden to fling away,
So nor brand nor barbèd shaft may wound upon my holiday:
Lo, the Boy among the maidens! Foolish maidens, dull to see
In the helpless, bowless Cupid, still the dread divinity.
Have a care! his limbs are fair, and nakedness his panoply!"

. . . . . .

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit cras amet!

"Be my bar," the queen ordains, "with blushing garlands decorate.
When I sit for judgment, let the Graces three upon me wait;
Send me every blossom, Hybla, that thy opulent year doth yield;
Shed thy painted vesture, fair as that of Enna's holy field.
Rally, all ye rural creatures! nymphs of grove and fountain bright,
Dwellers in the darksome woodland, haunters of the lonely height!"

. . . . . .

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit cras amet!

This is she, the procreatrix, hers the power, occult, innate,
Whereby soul and sense of man with breath divine are permeate.
Sower of the seed, and breather of the brooding warmth of life,
Hers the universal realm, with universal being rife.
None in air or hidden ocean, or the utmost parts of earth,
But have trodden, at her bidding, the mysterious ways of birth.

. . . . . .

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit cras amet!

Hark the lowing herd, their joys in leafy shades who celebrate!
Hark the hoarser calling of the noisy marsh-bird to his mate!
Aye the goddess will have song of all whom she has dowered with wings;
Wherefore still the soul of Philomela in the poplar sings,
Till the very pulse of love seems beating in the rapturous strain,
And the sister soul of Procne hath forgot her wedded pain.
Who am I, to listen dumbly? Come, my spring, desired so long!
I have angered great Apollo, I have done the Muses wrong.
Come and waken on these voiceless lips of mine the swallow-song!

Translation of H. W. P.

CALPURNIUS SICULUS

The Rustic in the Amphitheatre

CORYDON—I saw the heaven-high structure of woven timbers wrought,
Looking down on the very Tarpeian rock, methought;
I saw the gradients vast, and I gained by easy stairs
The place assigned to the common folk, and the women's chairs
Where these and the men in homely raiment view the show;
For the statelier places under the open sky below

Are all for the knights and the tribunes in their snowy dress.
Even as our sunny valley in the wilderness
Ringed by these forest ranks that aye reclining seem,
Flares to the unbroken chain of hills about its brim,
So there, the arena circuit girds the level ground,
And the massive hemispheres in an oval vast are bound.
But how to tell thee all, which I scarce had eyes to see
In part? For the universal splendor dazzled me.
And there I stood agape, and as rooted to the spot,—
Though little of all the coming wonders then I wot,—
Till an ancient gaffer on my left hand spake and said:—
"No marvel if all this glory hath turned thy clownish head,
Who knowest, mayhap, not gold by sight, nor ever saw
Statelier home than a starveling peasant's hut of straw!
Why, hoary-headed and shaky as I stand here to-day,
Having grown old in the city—I know not what to say!
All they have shown us in years before is poor and mean,
Sordid, I tell thee, man, to this bewildering scene!
Look how the gem-set barriers and gilded loggia shine!
And down on the marble wall,—the arena's boundary-line,—
Where are the foremost seats of all, dost thou discern
The cylinders made of beauteous ivory slabs, that turn
Smoothly on polished axles, and suddenly let slip
Claws of the dizzied climber, who tumbles in a heap?
For him too glitter the nets of golden wire hung out,
Each from an ivory tusk,—the arena round about
Whole tusks, and all of a size!" And I, Lycotas, deem
Each one of those tusks was longer than our plowshare beam!
And what shall I tell thee next? All manner of beasts were there,
The elk, even in his own native forest rare;
With snow-white hares, and horrid boars, and bulls galore!
Some without necks, a hideous hump on the shoulders bore;
There were shaggy manes and bearded chins. And others yet
Had rigid dewlaps all with quivering bristles set.
But the strange, wild forest creatures made not all the show:—
Seals were there, along with the bear, their constant foe;
And the shapeless being called a river-horse, and born
Of the stream whose overflowings quicken the vernal corn.
Awesome it was indeed, to see in the sandy deep
The wild things out of their subterranean caverns leap,
Or up from the selfsame hollow places grow amain
Living arbutus bowers, in a nimbus of golden rain!

Lycotas—Ay, ay! And thou art a happy fellow, Corydon,
To have seen by grace divine, e'er tremulous eld come on,
This age of ours! And tell, oh, tell me if by chance
Thou hadst a right near view of the godlike countenance;
And how did the dread one look? What manner of garb wore he?
I fain would know the aspect on earth of deity!
Corydon—Would I had gone less meanly clad! For then, mayhap,
I had not been balked of a noble sight by a sordid wrap
And a clumsy brooch! But to me, as I stood afar,
He carried, unless these eyes of mine deceivers are,
The part at once of the god of song and the god of war!

Translation of H. W. P.

DECIMUS MAGNUS AUSONIUS

Idyl of the Roses

Spring morning! and in all the saffron air,
The tingling freshness of a day to be!
The breeze that runs before the sun-steeds, ere
They kindle fire, appeared to summon me;
And I went forth by the prim garden beds
To taste that early freshness, and behold
The bending blades dew-frosted, and the heads
Of the tall plants impearled, and heavy-rolled
O'er spreading leaves, the sky-drops crystalline.
Here too were roses, as in Pæstum gay;
Dim through the morning mist I saw them shine,
Save where at intervals a blinding ray
Flashed from a gem that Sol would soon devour!
Verily, one knew not if the rosy Dawn
Borrowed her blushes from the rosy flower,
Or this from her; for that the two had on
The same warm color, the same dewy veil.
Yea, and why not? For flower alike and star
Live under Lady Venus, and exhale,
Mayhap, the self-same fragrance. But afar
The planet's breath is wafted and is spent,
The blossom sheds its fragrance at our side;
Yet still they wear the one habiliment
The Paphian goddess lent them, murex-dyed!

A moment more and the young buds were seen
Bursting their star-like sheathings. One was ther

Who sported yet a fairy helm of green:
And one a crimson coronal did wear;
And one was like a stately pyramid
Tipped at the apex with a purple spire;
And one the foldings of her veil undid
From her fair head, as moved by the desire
To number her own petals. Quick, 'tis done!
The smiling casket opens, and we see
The crocus therein hidden from the sun
Dense-seeded. But another flower, ah me!
With flame-like hair afloat upon the breeze
Paled suddenly, of all her glory shorn.
"Alas for the untimely fate of these,
Who age the very hour wherein they're born,"
I cried. And even so, the chevelure
Of yon poor blossom dropped upon the mold,
Clothing it far and wide with color pure!
How can the same sunrising see unfold
And fade so many shapes of loveliness?
Ah cruel Nature, with thy boon of flowers
Too quick withdrawn! Ah youth, grim age doth press!
Ah life of roses, told in one day's hours!
The morning star beholds a birth divine
Whereof the evening star shall find no trace.
Think then upon the rose's endless line,
Since the one rose revisiteth her place
Never again! And gather, sweetest maid,
Gather young roses in the early dew
Of thine own years, remembering how they fade,
And how for thee the end is hastening too!

Translation of H. W. P.

A Mother's Epitaph

ÆONIA, mother, with thy mingled strain
Of blood from Normandy and Aquitaine,
Thine were the graces of the perfect wife!
The busy fingers the inviolate life,
Thine husband's trust, the empire of thy boys,
A gracious mien, a fund of quiet joys!
Thy long embrace among the peaceful dead
Make warm my father's tomb, as once his bed!

Translation of H. W. P.

CLAUDIUS CLAUDIANUS

The Bereavement of Ceres

From the 'Rape of Proserpine'

All in terror, in hope no more, as the mother of nestlings
Fears for her tender young, in the rowan sapling deserted,
Fears while she seeks their food, and wearies again to be with them;
Trembling lest the wind may have smitten the nest from the bough, or
Cruel man have slain, or the fang of the ravening serpent,—
So she came again to her lonesome dwelling unguarded.
Wide on their idle hinges yawned the doors, and, beholding
All the silent space of the empty hall, in her anguish,
Rent she her robes, and tore the bearded wheat from her tresses.
Never a tear nor a word had she, for the breath of her nostrils
Barely went and came, and she shivered in every member.
Then upon quaking feet, and closing the portal behind her,
Passed within, and on through the lorn and sorrowful chambers,
Found the loom with its trailing web and intricate skein, and
Read with a failing heart the woven story unfinished.
Vain that gracious labor now! and the insolent spider
Busily spinning among the threads his texture unholy!
Never a tear nor a moan; but she fell with kisses unnumbered
Upon the woven stuff, and the sob of her gathering passion
Choked with the useless thread: then pressed to her bosom maternal,
As it had been the maid herself, the delicate shuttle
Smooth from her hand, and the fallen wool, and the virginal trifles
Of her delight; surveyed the seats where she loved to linger,
Leaned o'er the spotless couch, and touched the pillow forsaken.

Translation of H. W. P.

Invocation to Victory

From the 'Consulate of Stilicho'

What shouts of our nobles, in jubilant chorus
Went up to the hero, while over his head,
Inviolate Victory, bodied before us
Wide, wide in the ether, her pinions outspread!
O guardian Goddess of Rome in her splendor!
O radiant Palm-bearer in trophies arrayed,
Who only the spirit undaunted canst render,
Who healest the wounds that our foemen had made!

I know not thy rank in the heavenly legion,—
If thou shinest a star in the Dictæan crown,
Or art girt by the fires of the Leonine region,
Or bearest Ione's sceptre, or winnest renown
From the shield of Minerva, or soothest in slumber
The War-god, aweary when battles are o'er;
But come, all the prayers of thy chosen to number,
Oh, welcome to Latium! Leave us no more!

Translation of H. W. P.

CLAUDIUS RUTILIUS NUMATIANUS

Prologue to the 'Itinerarium'

Reader, marvelest thou at one who early departing,
Missed the unspeakable boon granted the children of Rome?
Know there is time no more to the dwellers in Rome the beloved,
Early and late no more, under her infinite charm!
Happy beyond compute the sons of mortals appointed
Unto that marvelous prize, birth on the consecrate soil!
Who to the rich estate of the heirs of Roman patricians
Add thy illustrious fame—City without a peer!
Happiest these, but following close in the order of blessing,
They who have come from afar, seeking a Latian home.
Wide to their pilgrim feet the Senate opens its portal,—
"Come all ye who are fit! Come and be aliens no more!"
So they sit with the mighty and share in the honors of Empire.
Share in their worship too, kneeling where all do adore,
Thrill with the State's great life, as aye the State and its æther,
Unto the uttermost Pole, thrills with the being of Jove.

Translation of H. W. P.

ANICIUS SEVERINUS BOËTHIUS

The Government of the World

From the 'Consolation of Philosophy'

O Framer of the jeweled sphere,
Who, firm on thy eternal throne,
Dost urge the swift-revolving year
The stars compel thy laws to own;—
The stars that hide their lesser light
When Luna with her horns full-grown

Reflects her brother's glories bright,
Paling — she too — when he draws nigh,
In his great fires extinguished quite;
As Hesper up the evening sky
Leads the cold planets, but to fling
Their wonted leash aside, and fly
At Phœbus's bright awakening; —
Thou who dost veil in vapors chill
The season of the leaf-dropping
With its brief days, rekindling still
The fires of summer, making fleet
The lessening nights; — all do thy will;
The year obeys thee on thy seat;
The leaves that Boreas bore amain
Return once more with Zephyr sweet;
Arcturus tills the unsown grain,
And Sirius burns the waving gold;
The task thy ancient laws ordain
All do, — the allotted station hold.
Man's work alone dost thou despise,
Nor deign his weakness to enfold
In changeless law. Else wherefore flies
Sleek Fortune's wheel so madly round?
The good man bears the penalties
Of yon bold sinner, who is found
Enthroned, exultant, apt to grind
His blameless victim to the ground!
Virtue is fain in caverns blind
Her light to hide; and just men know
The scourgings meet for baser kind.
Mendacious Fraud reserves no blow
For men like these, nor Perjury;
But when they will their might to show,
Then conquer they, with ease and glee,
The kings unnumbered tribes obey.
O Judge unknown, we cry to thee!
To our sad planet, turn, we pray!
Are we — we men — the meanest side
Of all thy great creation? Nay!
Though but the drift of Fortune's tide
Compel her wasteful floods to pause!
And, ruling heaven, rule beside
O'er quiet lands, by steadfast laws.

Translation of L. P. D.

The Hymn of Philosophy

From the 'Consolation of Philosophy'

UNDYING Soul of this material ball,
Heaven-and-Earth-Maker! Thou who first didst call
Time into being, and by thy behest
Movest all things, thyself alone at rest,
No outward power impelled thee thus to mold
In shape the fluid atoms manifold,
Only the immortal image, born within
Of perfect beauty! Wherefore thou hast been
Thine own fair model, and the things of sense
The image bear of thy magnificence!
Parts perfect in themselves, by Thy control,
Are newly wrought into a perfect whole;
The yokèd elements obey thy hand:
Frost works with fire, water with barren sand,
So the dense continents are fast maintained,
And heaven's ethereal fire to earth restrained.
Thou dost the life of threefold nature tame,
To serve the parts of one harmonious frame,—
That soul of things constrained eternally
To trace thy image on the starry sky,
The greater and the lesser deeps to round,
And on thyself return. Thou too hast found
For us,—thy lesser creatures of a day,
Wherewith thou sowest earth,—forms of a clay
So kindly-fragile naught can stay our flight
Backward, unto the source of all our light!
Grant, Father, yet, the undethronèd mind!
A way unto the fount of truth to find,
And, sought so long, the Vision of thy Face!
Lighten our flesh! Terrestrial vapors chase,
And shine in all thy splendor! For thou art
The final Rest of every faithful heart,
The First, the Last! of the expatriate soul
Lord, Leader, Pathway, and Eternal Goal!

Translation of H. W. P.

PIERRE RONSARD

(1524–1585)

BY KATHARINE HILLARD

THERE is no more picturesque moment in the whole history of France than that at which Pierre Ronsard was born. The first quarter of the sixteenth century had just struck, and Europe was waking to the new day of the Renaissance. Luther had burned the Pope's bull at Wittenberg, and had introduced the reformed worship there. Henry VIII. and Francis I. had met on the Field of the Cloth of Gold; Michael Angelo had finished his masterpieces in the Sistine Chapel; Raphael, having painted the greatest of all Madonnas, had been dead five years; Titian was still holding the world breathless with the triumphs of his brush; Rabelais had just emerged from his monastic prison to begin life at the age of forty; Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Earl of Surrey, and their co-mates, were preparing the way in England for the full choir of the next half-century; and France, stimulated on all sides by the advance of her neighbors in literature and art, had set herself to rival them. Since the appearance of the 'Roman de la Rose' in 1310, there had been little of note in French literature. The feeble singers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, whose voices could scarcely be heard through the constant din of war, made that poem their great example; and it is hard to say whether the poverty of their invention, or the religious allegory concealed beneath its sentimental platitudes, had had the greater power in preserving it so long. Charles d'Orléans, François Villon, and Clément Marot, had already sung the first chansons worthy of note since the 'Roman de la Rose' began to reign; and the «gentil maistre Clément» was even now sharing the captivity of his royal master at Pavia.

PIERRE RONSARD

Besides the usual causes that impede the production of great poems, we must take into account the transitions and imperfect condition of the French language at this time; the patronage of zealous

but ignorant princes; and more than all, the fact that in the recent revival of learning, studious minds grasped at everything. They made no distinction between natural genius and acquired talents; and believed the development of poetry to be as much a matter of perseverance as the development of physics,—a thing to be worked at like a sum in arithmetic.

While, then, in France the learned were poring over classical dictionaries, and occasionally giving evidence of progress by a neat copy of Greek or Latin verses, the French language was suffering neglect. Noble words and phrases used by the Troubadours had dropped out altogether; the writers of each half-century had to be translated by their successors before they could be understood. For the new music there must be new strings to the lyre; and two young poets, Pierre Ronsard and Joachim du Bellay, undertook the audacious task of reconstructing their native tongue.

Pierre Ronsard, to whose influence may be ascribed the 'Illustration de la Langue Française,' published by his friend Du Bellay, was born on the 11th of September, 1524, at the Château de la Poissonière (Vendômois). He was the fifth son of Louis Ronsard, *maître d'hotel* to Francis I. His father, born of a noble Hungarian family, was himself a scholar and a poet, who composed verses in both French and Latin which received a tolerable amount of praise from his contemporaries. Till the age of nine, Pierre was brought up at home under the direction of a tutor. When sent to the College of Navarre, he was a bright and beautiful boy of ten; but the Regent there was an uncommonly harsh master, under whose rule in six months the child lost not only his color and his vivacity, but his taste for study. His alarmed father gave up all thought of educating him for the law or the church, and entered him in the service of the Duke of Orléans as a page. Three years later, in 1537, when James V. of Scotland returned to his own country with his first wife, Madeleine of France, Ronsard went in their train to Edinburgh, where he spent two years; and then, despite the King's efforts to detain him, returned to France (spending six months in England on the way), and re-entered the service of the Duke. His royal master sent his prodigy of a page on all sorts of secret missions,—to Scotland, to Flanders, to Zealand, to the Diet of Spires with Lazare de Baïf, to Piedmont with the viceroy Du Bellay. He suffered many hardships, and even shipwreck; and finally a severe illness, which left him almost totally deaf at the early age of sixteen. He lost his heart too about this time (not so irremediable a loss, however, as his hearing), to a fair *bourgeoise* of Blois, whom he chose to christen Cassandra. She was little more than a child; and he, though not seventeen, was already an accomplished courtier, skilled in all manly exercises, and already

a verse-maker. His deafness interfering with his chances at court, he wished to devote himself to study. But his father, ambitious for the future of his brilliant son, peremptorily forbade his apprenticeship to «le mestier des Muses.» During his travels, however, he had learned to speak English, Italian, and German, while one of his comrades had taught him Latin.

When the elder Ronsard died, Pierre was left free to follow his own inclinations. At eighteen, having already seen more of life than most men, he retired with his friend Antoine de Baïf, then only sixteen, to the College of Coqueret. Seven long years they passed in this retreat, studying with the greatest ardor, and helping each other along the thorny ways of learning.

At the college they were joined by Remi Belleau, afterwards an enthusiastic disciple of Ronsard, and by Antoine Muret, his future commentator. Here too came Joachim du Bellay, who eagerly embraced the literary theories of Ronsard, and published in 1549 the result of their joint studies and speculations under the title of 'L'Illustration de la Langue Française.' «Coloring their prejudices as erudite scholars with all the illusions of youth and patriotism,» says Sainte-Beuve in his admirable work on 'French Poetry in the Sixteenth Century,' «they asserted that there was no such thing as poetry in France, and promised themselves to create it all.» The ideas of these youthful enthusiasts were set forth (in part) as follows:

«Languages are not like plants, strong or weak by chance: they depend upon human volition. Consequently, if our language be more feeble than the Greek or the Latin, it is the fault of our ancestors, who neglected to strengthen and adorn it. Translations alone will never enrich a language. We need to follow the example of the Romans, who imitated rather than translated the best Greek authors, transforming them into their own likeness, devouring their substance, and after digesting it thoroughly, converting it into nourishment and blood.»

To this careful transportation of the classics, of Spanish and Italian, Ronsard added an audacious use of the words of his own tongue. Where French failed him, he dressed up a Latin, Greek, or Italian substitute. He advised what he called the *provignement* (literally the *layering* of words,—the term being taken from the gardener's method of laying a shoot under ground to take root, without detaching it from the parent stem); and from a recognized substantive, for instance, would form a verb or an adjective to suit his need. Moreover, he borrowed right and left from every French *patois* he could lay his hands upon; and in all the workshops of Paris he sought among the artisans for words and phrases to give amplitude and vigor to his verse. His genius melted down this heterogeneous mass into a wonderfully mellifluous stream; and to us, in this polyglot age,

his verse presents fewer difficulties than it did, perhaps, to his contemporaries.

In 1549, after seven years' study of «le mestier des Muses,» Ronsard was persuaded to appear in print for the first time; and to publish his Epithalamium on the marriage of Antoine de Bourbon with Jeanne de Navarre. His first book of 'Odes' came out in 1550; and two years later, 'Amours,'—a collection of sonnets addressed to the fair Cassandra. Meantime he was publishing more odes, of which a fifth book appeared in 1553, accompanied with music fitted to the songs and sonnets, and a commentary by Muret. Then came a book of 'Hymnes,' followed in two years by a second, and by the last of the 'Amours.' Finally, in 1560, he brought out the first edition of his collected works.

Never were poems received with such tempests of applause. In vain the jovial curé of Meudon made fun of his neighbor; not even the mighty laughter of Rabelais could drown the praise of princes. The Toulouse Academy of Floral Games christened Ronsard «the prince of poets»; and although he had not entered their lists as a competitor, they not only crowned him with their usual golden wreath of eglantine, but sent him also a massive silver statue of Minerva. Queen Elizabeth presented a diamond of great price; and Marie Stuart sent him from her English prison a buffet surmounted by a silver Pegasus, standing on the summit of Parnassus, bearing this inscription: «To Ronsard, the Apollo of the fountain of the Muses.»

Montaigne immortalized him in a single line; Tasso was proud to read to him the first cantos of his *Gerusalemme;* and his works were publicly read and expounded in the French schools of Flanders, Poland, England, and other countries. Saddest and sweetest tribute of all, the poet Chastelard would have no other consolation upon the scaffold than Ronsard's 'Hymn to Death.'

The people shared the admiration of princes, and women burned incense before the popular idol. Many damsels besides Cassandra are celebrated in his charming verses; either by their real names, or by the finer Callirrhoës and Astræas of the fashion of the day. The nebulous clouds of adoration that surrounded him finally encompassed that famous constellation, the «Pléiade,» wherein he was still the central star. Around him at a respectful distance revolved Dorat, his old master; Jamyn, his pupil; Du Bellay and De Baïf, his fellow-students; Jodelle and De Thiard: but it was only Ronsard whom the whole world delighted to honor.

At the command of Charles IX. he undertook an epic poem; and about a fortnight after the massacre of St. Bartholomew (August 24th, 1572) appeared all that was ever written of the 'Franciade,'—four cantos of the destined twenty-four. The delighted King loaded

him with new honors; bestowing upon him, besides two priories, the abbeys of Bellozane and Croix-Val.

To Croix-Val Ronsard retired upon the death of his royal patron in 1574. Gouty and prematurely old, he led a studious and pious life; amusing himself by editing another edition of his complete works, which appeared in 1584. So captious had grown his fastidious taste, that he altered the sonnets and lyrics of his youth with a most unsparing hand, often much to the loss of their spontaneity and vigor; "not considering," says Colletet, in his quaint old French, "that although he was the father of his works, yet doth it not appertain to sad and captious age to sit in judgment upon the strokes of gallant youth."

A singer to the last, he died at his priory of St. Cosme, Tours, on December 27th, 1585, at the age of 61; and was quietly buried in the choir of the priory church. Two months after his death, however, his dear friend Galland, who had closed the poet's eyes, celebrated his obsequies at the chapel of the College of Boncour. Henri III., then King, sent his own musicians to sing the mass; Duperron, afterwards bishop of Evreux and cardinal, pronounced the funeral oration, and drew tears from the eyes of all present. The chapel was crowded with the princes of the blood, the cardinals, the Parliament, and the University of Paris. The next day memorial orations and verses were recited in all the colleges of Paris, and volumes might be made of the commemorative elegies and epitaphs.

But only fifteen years after these panegyrics filled the air, arose the star of Malherbe, severest of his critics because so close a rival. It is related that Racan, coming in one day,—when Malherbe was ill, let us hope,—took up a volume of Ronsard with many verses erased. "Posterity will quote the others as admired by Malherbe," said Racan; whereupon the irritated censor seized a pen and scratched out all the rest.

The wheel of Fortune turned again. Malherbe was as completely forgotten as Ronsard. Corneille, Racine, and classic drama ruled the day. Again the wheel went round; and in 1828 the reign of the Romantic School began. Guizot, Ampère, Prosper Mérimée, Philarète Chasles, Théophile Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, Victor Hugo, led the acclaim for Ronsard; and once more all France rang with his praises. Sainte-Beuve wrote his 'Tableau Historique et Critique de la Poésie Française au 16e. Siècle' (Critical and Historical View of French Poetry in the Sixteenth Century), followed by a volume of selections which set the new school wild. Early editions commanded fabulous prices; and a copy of 1609 was presented to Victor Hugo as the fittest tribute to "the successor of the greatest lyric poet of France."

It is easier to account for the fame of Ronsard than for its sudden waning. His service to French speech is enormous. As a poet, he

worked much upon the same lines as did Rabelais in prose, allowing for the humorous extravagance of the latter. Both borrowed from all sources, and both developed the French vocabulary in every direction.

Nor were Ronsard's services to the art of versification less notable. To him belongs the honor of introducing the ode into French poetry; that he also revived the epic is a doubtful matter for congratulation. Sainte-Beuve claims as his invention a great variety of new rhythms, and at least eight or ten new forms of strophes. Indeed, France had to wait three hundred years for a worthy successor to him in the realm of lyric verse. Not until Victor Hugo took up the fallen lyre do we find in French poetry any songs that for exquisite melody, simplicity, and grace can rival his. He transplanted some of the finest odes and sonnets of Anacreon, Theocritus, Horace, Petrarch, and Bembo into his native tongue; but added to them such fine and delicate touches of his own fancy that they seemed to bloom anew as with engrafted flowers.

And he kept a kind and fatherly eye upon the younger poets springing up around him. He taught them the value of careful work; inspired them to write less and write better; and bade them remember that verses should be weighed, not counted, and that like diamonds, one fine gem was far more precious than a hundred mediocre specimens.

Of all English poets Herrick most resembles Ronsard. But Herrick set out with the great advantage of finding his material ready to his hand; for the noble English language was at the very acme of its splendor. His mastery of rhythm is as great as Ronsard's, but his poetic genius is of a lower order. Ronsard's imagination has a loftier flight than Herrick's fancy; there is more dignity and depth in his sweetness, a subtler pathos in his tenderness.

Both poets profess a like Epicurean philosophy: «Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, old Time is still a-flying,» sings Herrick; and Ronsard utters the same wisdom to Cassandra. This is the moral of many a verse in both poets, it is true; but Ronsard's treatment of love is more noble and dignified than that of the English singer. Although touched occasionally by the worst taste of his time, Ronsard preserves in nearly all his love poems a manliness and a delicacy that enhance their richness. Perhaps the most celebrated of his verses is the sonnet to Hélène de Surgères, maid of honor to Catherine de Medici, a sonnet which Béranger has imitated and Thackeray paraphrased:—

«When by the fire, grown old, with silvery hair,
You spin by candle-light with weary eyes,
Humming my songs you'll say, with still surprise,
'Ronsard once sang of me, when I was young and fair.'

Then as your maidens hear the well-known sound,—
Though half asleep after the toils of day,—
Not one but wakes, and as she goes her way
Blesses your name, with praise immortal crowned.
I shall be dead and gone, a fleshless shade
Under Elysian bowers my head be laid;
While you, crouched o'er your fire, grown old and gray,
Sigh for my love, regret your past disdain.
Live now, nor wait for love to come again;
Gather the roses of your life to-day!»

Ronsard, like Chaucer, in spite of a courtier's training, had an intense love of nature. The poet laureate of his age and country, he was none the less an excellent gardener, well versed in all the secrets of horticulture; and side by side with marriage odes to princes and epistles to kings and queens, we find charming songs addressed to the birds and insects and fountains of the country that he loved even better than the court. And like Chaucer, again, he was capable of higher flights; and could comfort a dying poet with his 'Hymn to Death,' or write verses full of a lofty stoicism,—like the stanzas taken from one of the odes, which irresistibly suggest the «good counsel» of Geoffrey Chaucer.

Katharine Hillard

SONNET

TO ANGELETTE

HERE through this wood my saintly Angelette
Goes, making springtime blither with her song;
Here lost in smiling thought she strays along,
While on these flowers her little feet are set.
Here is the meadow and the gentle stream
That laughs in ripples by her hand caressed,
As loitering still, she gathers to her breast
The enameled flowers that o'er its wavelets dream.
Here, singing I behold her, there, in tears;
And here she smiles, and there my fancy hears
Her sweet discourse, with boundless blessings rife.
Here sits she down, and there I see her dance;
So with the shuttle of a vague romance,
Love weaves the warp and woof of all my life.

Translation of Katharine Hillard.

HIS LADY'S TOMB

As in the gardens, all through May, the rose,
Lovely and young and rich apparellèd,
Makes sunrise jealous of her rosy red,
When dawn upon the dew of dawning glows;
Graces and Loves within her breast repose,
The woods are faint with the sweet odor shed,
Till rains and heavy suns have smitten dead
The languid flower, and the loose leaves unclose:

So this, the perfect beauty of our days,
When heaven and earth were vocal of her praise,
The fates have slain, and her sweet soul reposes:
And tears I bring, and sighs, and on her tomb
Pour milk, and scatter buds of many a bloom,
That, dead as living, Rose may be with roses.

Translation of Andrew Lang.

ROSES

I send you here a wreath of blossoms blown,
And woven flowers at sunset gatherèd.
Another dawn had seen them ruined, and shed
Loose leaves upon the grass at random strown.
By this, their sure example, be it known
That all your beauties, now in perfect flower,
Shall fade as these, and wither in an hour,
Flower-like, and brief of days, as the flower sown.

Ah, time is flying, lady — time is flying;
Nay, 'tis not time that flies but we that go,
Who in short space shall be in churchyard lying,
And of our loving parley none shall know,
Nor any man consider what we were:
Be therefore kind, my love, whiles thou art fair.

Translation of Andrew Lang.

TO CASSANDRA

"Darling! look if that blushing rose,
That but this morning did unclose
Her crimson vestments to the sun,
Hath not quite lost in evening's air

The fine folds of that vestment rare,
And that bright tinting like your own.

"Alas! even in this little space,
Dearest, we see o'er all the place
Her scattered beauties strown!
O stepdame Nature! stern and hard,
That could not such a flower have spared
From morn till eve along!

"Then, darling, hear me while I sing!
Enjoy the verdure of your spring,
The sweets of youth's short hour;
Gather the blossoms while ye may,
For youth is gone like yesterday,
And beauty like that flower!"

Translation of Katharine Hillard.

SONG

To Marie

The spring hath not so many flowers;
The autumn, grapes within its bowers;
The summer, heats that make men pale;
The winter, stores of icy hail;
Nor fishes hath the boundless sea,
Nor harvests in fair Beau there be;
Nor Brittany, unnumbered sands,
Nor fountains have Auvergne's broad lands;
Nor hath so many stars the night,
Nor the wide woodland branches light,—
As hath my heart of heavy pains,
Born of my mistress's disdains.

Translation of Katharine Hillard.

A MADRIGAL

To Astræa

Why those engraven agates dost thou wear,
Rich rubies, and the flash of diamonds bright?
Thy beauty is enough to make thee fair,—
Beauty that love endows with its own light.

Then hide that pearl, born of the Orient sea:
Thy grace alone should ornament thy hand;
Thy gems but serve to make us understand
They take their splendor and their worth from thee.
'Tis thy bright eyes that make thy diamonds shine,
And not the gems that make thee more divine.
Thou work'st thy miracles, my lady fair,
With or without thy jewels; all the same,
I own thy sovranty: now ice, now flame,—
As love and hatred drive me to despair,—
I die with rapture, or I writhe in shame,
Faint with my grief, or seem to tread on air.

Translation of Katharine Hillard.

GOOD COUNSEL

Not to rejoice too much at Fortune's smile
Nor at her frown despair,—
This makes man happy, and he lives meanwhile
Without or fear or care.

Like Time himself, borne by his sweeping wings,
All things else pass away;
And fifty sudden summers and sweet springs
Flit by us like a day.

Cities and forts and kingdoms perish all
Before Time's mighty breath;
And new ones spring to life, like them to fall,
And crumble into death.

Therefore let no man cherish the vain thought
Of an immortal name,
Seeing how Time itself doth come to naught,
And he shall fare the same.

Arm thyself then with proud philosophy
Against the blows of fate;
And with a soul courageous, firm, and free
The storms of life await.

Translation of Katharine Hillard.

RONSARD TO HIS MISTRESS

SOME winter night, shut snugly in
Beside the fagot in the hall,
I think I see you sit and spin,
Surrounded by your maidens all.
Old tales are told, old songs are sung,
Old days come back to memory:
You say, "When I was fair and young,
A poet sang of me!"

There's not a maiden in your hall,
Though tired and sleepy ever so,
But wakes as you my name recall,
And longs the history to know.
And as the piteous tale is said
Of lady cold and lover true,
Each, musing, carries it to bed,
And sighs and envies you!

"Our lady's old and feeble now,"
They'll say; "she once was fresh and fair,
And yet she spurned her lover's vow,
And heartless left him to despair:
The lover lies in silent earth,
No kindly mate the lady cheers;
She sits beside a lonely hearth,
With threescore and ten years!"

Ah! dreary thoughts and dreams are those,—
But wherefore yield me to despair,
While yet the poet's bosom glows,
While yet the dame is peerless fair!
Sweet lady mine! while yet 'tis time,
Requite my passion and my truth;
And gather in their blushing primè
The roses of your youth!

Paraphrased by Thackeray.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(1858–) 1919

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

MORE than one American statesman has also challenged consideration as a man of letters. No one could deny an honorable place in the history of American literature to the authors of the Declaration of Independence, of the two Bunker Hill orations, and of the Gettysburgh address. The many-sidedness of Franklin, even more obvious than that of Jefferson, Webster, or Lincoln, has been made manifest by the fact that he has demanded parallel lives in the ‹American Statesmen› series and in the series of ‹American Men of Letters,› — pending a third biography whenever there is a series of ‹American Men of Science.› Yet Franklin was an author only casually and as it were by accident since he never published a book; and the contributions which Jefferson, Webster, and Lincoln made to literature were strictly incidental to their political activities.

Theodore Roosevelt is a statesman who made himself known as a man of letters before he attained to any prominence in public life and who has attained to the highest position in the nation without relaxing his interest in letters and without ceasing to write copiously upon a variety of topics wholly apart from politics. Born in 1858 and graduated from Harvard in 1880, he had begun a ‹Naval History of the War of 1812› while still a student in college. This first book was completed and published in 1882. As a result of two or three years' residence in Dakota, he was able to write a record of the ‹Hunting Trips of a Ranchman,› which appeared in 1885, to be followed in 1888 by a kindred volume, ‹Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail,› and in 1893 by a third book entitled ‹The Wilderness Hunter.› The writing of this series of out-of-door books did not interfere with the young author's serious study of American political history. He contributed to the ‹American Statesmen› series a biography of Thomas H. Benton (1886) and a biography of Gouverneur Morris (1887); and for the series of ‹Historic Towns› he prepared the volume on New York (1890).

His most important book, the work which gave him his solid standing as a historian and which led to his election to the presidency of the American Historical Association, is ‹The Winning of the West.› The first volume appeared in 1889 and the fourth in 1896. It may be described as a continuation of Parkman's series of books describing the struggle of France and England for the control of North America.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Parkman ended his labors with his account of the victory of Wolfe over Montcalm, which decided the conflict, and at the moment of this decision the English colonists were already beginning to thrust themselves across the Alleghanies and to possess themselves of unexplored territory remote from the fringe of settlements along the Atlantic coast, within which they had been content to confine themselves for the century and a half that followed the earliest permanent settlements in Virginia and Massachusetts. The sweep toward the West, continuing even during the dark days of the Revolutionary War, became irresistible in the years following the recognition of the independence of the United States. This steady expansion of the young American nation caused the frontier to be pushed further and further away from the ocean as decade followed decade. And it afforded a superb theme for a young historian who, although born in the East, had made himself intimate with the West in the course of his residence and of his travels beyond the Mississippi.

It was this western experience and this familiarity with the men of the frontier which — at the outbreak of the Spanish War — instigated the raising of a regiment composed of men used to outdoor life and hardened by its vicissitudes. At the conclusion of this brief war, Colonel Roosevelt wrote a history of this organization, a history which was necessarily more or less autobiographical, — ‹The Rough Riders› published in 1898. Two years later he sent forth his sympathetic study of the career of the masterful Oliver Cromwell. In 1897 he had collected into a volume a group of his essays and addresses, and in 1900 he made a second similar collection, each of them taking its title from that of the opening paper; the earlier was called ‹American Ideals,› and the latter, ‹The Strenuous Life.› This last was immediately translated into the leading European languages.

The ‹Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter,› issued in 1902, may be regarded as a fourth volume in the series begun nearly a score of years earlier with ‹Hunting Trips.› And closely akin to these are the two ampler tomes describing the author's explorations and investigations as a formal naturalist, ‹African Game Trails› (1910), and ‹Through the Brazilian Wilderness› (1914). Between the journeys of which accounts are given in these two books, there had been published in 1913 a volume of ‹Passages from a Possible Autobiography,› and a volume of addresses and essays, ‹History as Literature.› If several collections of more purely journalistic papers may be passed over as possessing merely an immediate and therefore ephemeral importance, this leaves for record here only another selection from Colonel Roosevelt's occasional writings, ‹A Booklover's Holiday in the Open› (1916), a selection of papers as characteristic of its author's two-fold interest in literature indoors and in life outdoors as its title aptly indicates.

When the list of Colonel Roosevelt's books is surveyed as a whole, this two-sidedness discloses itself as multifariousness. There are half a dozen volumes of adventure in different quarters of the globe. There are three biographies and at least two volumes which are autobiographical. There are three historical works of which one is in four volumes and is not yet complete. And there are four collections of addresses and essays with a remarkable wide range of topic, political and sociological, historical and biographical, critical and literary. These many volumes vary in value as they differ in theme; but they are all of them interesting, each in its own kind; they are none of them perfunctory or careless or casual; they always represent the keen effort and the full energy of the writer; and they unfailingly disclose the flavor of his intense personality. In whatever department of literature he may have chosen to express himself it is always himself that he expresses. He does his own thinking in his own fashion; and he says what he has to say in his own way, with due regard to the traditions but with no effort to suppress his own individuality. Rather is it that individuality which vitalizes the various books and fills them with tingling life. And they are as sincere in workmanship as they are honest in intent.

Colonel Roosevelt's writing is nourished by omnivorous reading, in all literatures, ancient and modern. These incessant adventures among books have been undertaken for the sheer enjoyment they have given, for delight in the craftsmanship of the many writers, and for pleasure in the information they may supply about nature and about human nature. As a result, his outlook on literature is as broad as his outlook on life; and his retentive memory has been stored with knowledge ever alive because it has been acquired by active interest, not merely accumulated by arid labor for a set purpose.

He has possessed himself of the poets as well as of the masters of prose; and as a result his vocabulary is as varied as it is vivacious. It is perhaps to the poets rather than to the prose masters that he owes the picturesqueness of his own style, — the certainty of the noun, the propriety of the adjective, the vigor of the verb. He possesses the faculty of inventing felicitous phrases, which exactly express his thought and which are so picturesque and so useful that they immediately pass into current speech, used by thousands who ignore or are ignorant of their authorship. No statesman of our time and no living man of letters (except Mr. Rudyard Kipling), has minted more of these familiar quotations, full weight and stamped with his image and superscription. No one can mistake the meaning of Colonel Roosevelt's advocacy of the «strenuous life» or of his insistence on the «square deal»; and when he denounced certain «malefactors of great wealth» as «undesirable citizens» those thus designated made haste to don the cap that fitted them.

Yet it is not by his miscellaneous writings, by his essays and addresses, his biographies and autobiographies that Colonel Roosevelt may best claim a prominent position among men of letters. These miscellaneous writings are characteristic and they are interesting, each in its own way and in its own degree; but they are not so important nor so likely to be enduring as the boldly built and solidly constructed history of ‹The Winning of the West,› quite as characteristic as its author's lesser efforts and quite as interesting, but having a larger scope and a deeper purpose. To describe what he has accomplished in these four successive volumes it may be well to borrow from his own ‹History as Literature,› his presidential address to the American Historical Association, in which he set forth the qualities of a true historian. ‹The Winning of the West› is a historical work which possesses literary quality and which is therefore «a permanent contribution to the sum of man's wisdom, enjoyment, and inspiration,» because its writer has added «wisdom to knowledge and the gift of expression to the gift of imagination.»

‹The Winning of the West› was dedicated to Francis Parkman; and probably its author would be proud to be regarded as the loyal follower of that great writer. John Fiske declared that of all American historians, Parkman «is the most deeply and peculiarly American, yet he is at the same time the broadest and most cosmopolitan,» and his vivid account of «the struggle between the machine-like socialistic despotism of New France and the free and spontaneous political vitality of New England» is to be placed «among the world's few masterpieces of the highest rank, along with the works of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Gibbon.»

In a cordial appreciation, written in 1892 while Parkman was yet alive, the author of ‹The Winning of the West› asserted that the author of ‹France and England in North America› had

«shown all the qualities of the historian, capacity for wide and deep research, accuracy in details combined with power to subordinate these details to the general effect, a keen perception of the essential underlying causes and results, and the mastery of a singularly clear, pure, and strong style.»

Parkman had a great subject and he «treated it with knowledge, with impartiality, and with enthusiasm.» All these qualities, justly ascribed to Parkman, are in large measure to be ascribed also to his eulogist, whose main subject, less important than Parkman's, he treats with equal knowledge, impartiality, and enthusiasm.

Elsewhere in this same criticism the younger author praised the elder for having acquainted himself by hard experience with the life and character of the men of the border, white and red; Parkman knew «the Indian character and the character of the white frontiersman by personal observation as well as by books; neither knowledge by itself

being of much value to the historian.» This double equipment was as necessary for the chronicler of the spread of the English-speak ng stock westward across the continent as it was for the narrator of the preceding struggle which had resulted in the possibility of this expansion. In the preface to the first volume of ‹The Winning of the West,› the author explains that for a number of years he had spent most of his time on the frontier, «and had lived and worked like any other frontiersman.» And the point of resemblance between his life and that led by the men on the earlier frontier, further east, a century before, were «numerous and striking.»

The historian needs two qualifications; neither of them is frequent; and they are very rarely found united. He must be, first of all, a man of scientific integrity, indefatigably conscientious in the search for the facts, and austerely honest in his dealing with these facts. Then, secondly, he must be a man of letters, an artist in structure and in style, with keen zest and untiring joy in the proper presentation of the results of his research. And thirdly he ought to be a moralist able to disclose the ethical value of the events he has been elucidating. The author of ‹The Winning of the West› emphatically withstands the application of this simple test.

He has gone to the sources, sparing no toil which could increase his store of documents; but he is never content to be a mere analyst, a collector of facts, willing to weigh evidence carefully but unwilling to draw the inferences by which only can these facts be illuminated. He has the artist's delight in the selection of the fact of real importance and in the suppression of the non-essential. He does not neglect the details, but he makes these contribute to the larger portrayal of the whole; and he never lets the single trees prevent us from seeing the forest. With an intimate understanding of the frontier as a place and of its inhabitants as conditioned by it, he has the more abidingly needful sympathy with the frontier as a state of mind. He has a fine feeling for the relative values of the several parts of his work and he is able to relate them in due proportion and to bind them together harmoniously. He is a born story-teller with a swift eye for the salient episode and for the outstanding character.

He has the unerring vision which pierces behind the event and spies out its significance, unimportant as it might seem. And while he is vivid and picturesque, while he is setting forth strange happenings and portraying highly colored specimens of humanity, it is with the finer meaning of his history that he is ever preoccupied, with its value to us now, a century after these stalwart adventurers have faded from the memory of men. He is writing history for its own sake, no doubt; but he has also the alert moral sense and the interpreting imagination which enable him at the same time to write history for our sakes also.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.—In addition to his prominence in American oratory and literature, Theodore Roosevelt has a long record of public service and of political distinction. From 1882 to 1884 he was a member of the New York State Legislature, and then a delegate to the Republican National Convention. After being a candidate for Mayor of New York City in 1886, he acted as United States Civil Service Commissioner from 1889 to 1895, after which he served for two years as president of the New York Board of Police Commissioners.

After this service to the State and to the city of New York, Roosevelt became Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, but, on the outbreak of the Spanish-American war in 1898, he resigned his position and, with Surgeon (afterwards Major-General) Leonard Wood, organized the first United States Cavalry, since known as «Roosevelt's Rough Riders,» with whom he rendered distinguished service in Cuba, notably at Las Guasimas.

On his return his political career began again. For one year he was governor of New York; on November 4th, 1900, he was elected Vice-President of the United States, and on the death of William McKinley on September 14th, 1901, succeeded to the presidency, to which he was subsequently elected on November 8th, 1904, by the largest popular majority known. In 1912 as candidate of the Progressive Party he ran against Woodrow Wilson.

Roosevelt's energy and force have made him known throughout the world. He represented the United States at the funeral of King Edward VII.; he has been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize; he has been a contributing editor of The Outlook; he has headed a party of exploration in South America, where the Brazilian river «Rio Teodoro» was named in his honor; and he has withstood the fierce light of criticism that beats upon any public figure in America. His home at Oyster Bay, Long Island, is almost as well-known as The White House. With tongue, with pen, and in action he has so expressed himself and so served his people that he is entitled to rank as a representative and great American.

THE INDIANS OF THE NORTHWEST

From 'The Winning of the West.' Copyright 1889, by G. P. Putnam's Sons

THE Wyandots, and the Algonquins who surrounded them, dwelt in a region of sunless, tangled forests; and all the wars we waged for the possession of the country between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi were carried on in the never-ending stretches of gloomy woodland. It was not an open forest. The underbrush grew, dense and rank, between the boles of the tall

trees, making a cover so thick that it was in many places impenetrable,—so thick that it nowhere gave a chance for human eye to see even as far as a bow could carry. No horse could penetrate it save by following the game trails or paths chopped with the axe; and a stranger venturing a hundred yards from a beaten road would be so helplessly lost that he could not, except by the merest chance, even find his way back to the spot he had just left. Here and there it was broken by a rare hillside glade, or by a meadow in a stream valley; but elsewhere a man might travel for weeks as if in a perpetual twilight, never once able to see the sun through the interlacing twigs that formed a dark canopy above his head.

This dense forest was to the Indians a home in which they had lived from childhood, and where they were as much at ease as a farmer on his own acres. To their keen eyes, trained for generations to more than a wild beast's watchfulness, the wilderness was an open book: nothing at rest or in motion escaped them. They had begun to track game as soon as they could walk; a scrape on a tree trunk, a bruised leaf, a faint indentation of the soil, which the eye of no white man could see,—all told them a tale as plainly as if it had been shouted in their ears. With moccasined feet they trod among brittle twigs, dried leaves, and dead branches, as silently as the cougar; and they equaled this great wood-cat in stealth, and far surpassed it in cunning and ferocity. They could no more get lost in the trackless wilderness than a civilized man could get lost on a highway. Moreover, no knight of the Middle Ages was so surely protected by his armor as they were by their skill in hiding: the whole forest was to the whites one vast ambush, and to them a sure and ever-present shield. Every tree trunk was a breastwork ready prepared for battle; every bush, every moss-covered bowlder, was a defense against assault, from behind which, themselves unseen, they watched with fierce derision the movements of their clumsy white enemy. Lurking, skulking, traveling with noiseless rapidity, they left a trail that only a master in woodcraft could follow; while on the other hand they could dog a white man's footsteps as a hound runs a fox. Their silence, their cunning and stealth, their terrible prowess and merciless cruelty, makes it no figure of speech to call them the tigers of the human race.

Unlike the southern Indians, the villages of the northwestern tribes were usually far from the frontier. Tireless, and careless

of all hardship, they came silently out of unknown forests, robbed and murdered, and then disappeared again into the fathomless depths of the woods. Half the terror they caused was due to the extreme difficulty of following them, and the absolute impossibility of forecasting their attacks. Without warning, and unseen until the moment they dealt the death stroke, they emerged from their forest fastnesses, the horror they caused being heightened no less by the mystery that shrouded them than by the dreadful nature of their ravages. Wrapped in the mantle of the unknown, appalling by their craft, their ferocity, their fiendish cruelty, they seemed to the white settlers devils and not men; no one could say with certainty whence they came, nor of what tribe they were; and when they had finished their dreadful work, they retired into a wilderness that closed over their trail, as the waves of the ocean close in the wake of a ship.

They were trained to the use of arms from their youth up; and war and hunting were their two chief occupations,—the business as well as the pleasure of their lives. They were not as skillful as the white hunters with the rifle,—though more so than the average regular soldier,—nor could they equal the frontiersman in feats of physical prowess, such as boxing and wrestling; but their superior endurance, and the ease with which they stood fatigue and exposure, made amends for this. A white might outrun them for eight or ten miles; but on a long journey they could tire out any man, and any beast except a wolf. Like most barbarians they were fickle and inconstant,—not to be relied on for pushing through a long campaign; and after a great victory apt to go off to their homes, because each man desired to secure his own plunder and tell his own tale of glory. They are often spoken of as undisciplined; but in reality their discipline in the battle itself was very high. They attacked, retreated, rallied or repelled a charge, at the signal of command; and they were able to fight in open order in thick covers without losing touch of each other—a feat that no European regiment was then able to perform.

On their own ground they were far more formidable than the best European troops. The British grenadiers throughout the eighteenth century showed themselves superior, in the actual shock of battle, to any infantry of continental Europe; if they ever met an overmatch, it was when pitted against the Scotch highlanders. Yet both grenadier and highlander, the heroes of

Minden, the heirs to the glory of Marlborough's campaigns, as well as the sinewy soldiers who shared in the charges of Prestonpans and Culloden, proved helpless when led against the dark tribesmen of the forest. On the march they could not be trusted thirty yards from the column without getting lost in the woods,—the mountain training of the highlanders apparently standing them in no stead whatever,—and were only able to get around at all when convoyed by backwoodsmen. In fight they fared even worse. The British regulars at Braddock's battle, and the highlanders at Grant's defeat a few years later, suffered the same fate. Both battles were fair fights,—neither was a surprise; yet the stubborn valor of the red-coated grenadier and the headlong courage of the kilted Scot proved of less than no avail. Not only were they utterly routed and destroyed in each case by an inferior force of Indians (the French taking little part in the conflict), but they were able to make no effective resistance whatever; it is to this day doubtful whether these superb regulars were able, in the battles where they were destroyed, to so much as kill one Indian for every hundred of their own men who fell. The provincials who were with the regulars were the only troops who caused any loss to the foe; and this was true in but a less degree of Bouquet's fight at Bushy Run. Here Bouquet, by a clever stratagem, gained the victory over an enemy inferior in numbers to himself; but only after a two-days' struggle in which he suffered a fourfold greater loss than he inflicted.

When hemmed in so that they had no hope of escape, the Indians fought to the death: but when a way of retreat was open, they would not stand cutting like British, French, or American regulars; and so, though with a nearly equal force, would retire if they were suffering heavily, even if they were causing their foes to suffer still more. This was not due to lack of courage, it was their system; for they were few in numbers, and they did not believe in losing their men. The Wyandots were exceptions to this rule, for with them it was a point of honor not to yield; and so they were of all the tribes the most dangerous in an actual pitched battle.

But making the attack, as they usually did, with the expectation of success, all were equally dangerous. If their foes were clustered together in a huddle, they attacked them without hesitation,—no matter what the difference in numbers,—and shot them down as if they had been elk or buffalo; they themselves

being almost absolutely safe from harm, as they flitted from cover to cover. It was this capacity for hiding, or taking advantage of cover, that gave them their great superiority; and it is because of this that the wood tribes were so much more formidable foes in actual battle than the horse Indians of the plains afterwards proved themselves. In dense woodland, a body of regular soldiers are almost as useless against Indians as they would be if at night they had to fight foes who could see in the dark: it needs special and long-continued training to fit them in any degree for wood-fighting against such foes. But on the plains, the white hunter's skill with the rifle and his cool resolution give him an immense advantage: a few determined men can withstand a host of Indians in the open, although helpless if they meet them in thick cover; and our defeats by the Sioux and other plains tribes have generally taken the form of a small force being overwhelmed by a large one.

Not only were the Indians very terrible in battle, but they were cruel beyond all belief in victory; and the gloomy annals of border warfare are stained with their darkest hues, because it was a war in which helpless women and children suffered the same hideous fate that so often befell their husbands and fathers. It was a war waged by savages against armed settlers, whose families followed them into the wilderness. Such a war is inevitably bloody and cruel; but the inhuman love of cruelty for cruelty's sake, which marks the red Indian above all other savages, rendered these wars more terrible than any others. For the hideous, unnamable, unthinkable tortures practiced by the red men on their captured foes, and on their foes' tender women and helpless children, were such as we read of in no other struggle; hardly even in the revolting pages that tell the deeds of the Holy Inquisition. It was inevitable — indeed it was in many instances proper — that such deeds should awake in the breasts of the whites the grimmest, wildest spirit of revenge and hatred.

The history of the border wars, both in the ways they were begun and in the ways they were waged, makes a long tale of injuries inflicted, suffered, and mercilessly revenged. It could not be otherwise when brutal, reckless, lawless borderers, despising all men not of their own color, were thrown in contact with savages who esteemed cruelty and treachery as the highest of virtues, and rapine and murder as the worthiest of pursuits.

Moreover, it was sadly inevitable that the law-abiding borderer as well as the white ruffian, the peaceful Indian as well as the painted marauder, should be plunged into the struggle to suffer the punishment that should only have fallen on their evil-minded fellows.

BACKWOODSMEN AND OTHER EARLY TYPES

From 'The Winning of the West.' Copyright 1889, by G. P. Putnam's Sons

THE first duty of the backwoodsmen who thus conquered the West was to institute civil government. Their efforts to overcome and beat back the Indians went hand in hand with their efforts to introduce law and order in the primitive communities they founded; and exactly as they relied purely on themselves in withstanding outside foes, so they likewise built up their social life and their first systems of government with reference simply to their special needs, and without any outside help or direction. The whole character of the westward movement — the methods of warfare, of settlement, and of government — were determined by the extreme and defiant individualism of the backwoodsmen, their inborn independence and self-reliance, and their intensely democratic spirit. The West was won and settled by a number of groups of men, all acting independently of one another, but with a common object, and at about the same time. There was no one controlling spirit: it was essentially the movement of a whole free people, not of a single master-mind. There were strong and able leaders, who showed themselves fearless soldiers and just lawgivers, undaunted by danger, resolute to persevere in the teeth of disaster; but even these leaders are most deeply interesting because they stand foremost among a host of others like them. There were hundreds of hunters and Indian-fighters like Mansker, Wetzel, Kenton, and Brady; there were scores of commonwealth-founders like Logan, Todd, Floyd, and Harrod; there were many adventurous land speculators like Henderson; there were even plenty of commanders like Shelby and Campbell. These were all men of mark; some of them exercised a powerful and honorable influence on the course of events in the West. Above them rise four greater figures, fit to be called not merely State or local, but

national heroes. Clark, Sevier, Robertson, and Boon are emphatically American worthies. They were men of might in their day, born to sway the minds of others, helpful in shaping the destiny of the continent. Yet of Clark alone can it be said that he did a particular piece of work which without him would have remained undone. Sevier, Robertson, and Boon only hastened, and did more perfectly, a work which would have been done by others had they themselves fallen by the wayside. Important though they are for their own sakes, they are still more important as types of the men who surrounded them.

The individualism of the backwoodsmen, however, was tempered by a sound common-sense, and capacity for combination. The first hunters might come alone or in couples; but the actual colonization was done not by individuals, but by groups of individuals. The settlers brought their families and belongings either on pack-horses along the forest trails, or in scows down the streams; they settled in palisaded villages, and immediately took steps to provide both a civil and military organization. They were men of facts, not theories; and they showed their usual hard common-sense in making a government. They did not try to invent a new system; they simply took that under which they had grown up, and applied it to their altered conditions. They were most familiar with the government of the county; and therefore they adopted this for the framework of their little independent, self-governing commonwealths of Watauga, Cumberland, and Transylvania.

They were also familiar with the representative system; and accordingly they introduced it into the new communities, the little forted villages serving as natural units of representation. They were already thoroughly democratic, in instinct and principle; and as a matter of course they made the offices elective, and gave full play to the majority. In organizing the militia they kept the old system of county lieutenants, making them elective, not appointive; and they organized the men on the basis of a regiment,—the companies representing territorial divisions, each commanded by its own officers, who were thus chosen by the fighting men of the fort or forts in their respective districts. Thus each of the backwoods commonwealths, during its short-lived term of absolute freedom, reproduced as its governmental system that of the old colonial county; increasing the powers of

the court, and changing the justices into the elective representatives of an absolute democracy. The civil head, the chairman of the court or committee, was also usually the military head,—the colonel-commandant. In fact, the military side of the organization rapidly became the most conspicuous, and, at least in certain crises, the most important. There were also some years of desperate warfare, during which the entire strength of the little commonwealth was drawn on to resist outside aggression; and during these years the chief function of the government was to provide for the griping military needs of the community, and the one pressing duty of its chief was to lead his followers with valor and wisdom in the struggle with the stranger.

These little communities were extremely independent in feeling, not only of the Federal Government, but of their parent States, and even of one another. They had won their positions by their own courage and hardihood; very few State troops and hardly a Continental soldier had appeared west of the Alleghanies. They had heartily sympathized with their several mother colonies when they became the United States, and had manfully played their part in the Revolutionary war. Moreover, they were united among themselves by ties of good-will and of services mutually rendered. Kentucky, for instance, had been succored more than once by troops raised among the Watauga Carolinians or the Holston Virginians, and in her turn she had sent needed supplies to the Cumberland. But when the strain of the war was over, the separatist spirit asserted itself very strongly. The groups of Western settlements not only looked on the Union itself very coldly, but they were also more or less actively hostile to their parent States, and regarded even one another as foreign communities; they considered the Confederation as being literally only a lax league of friendship.

Up to the close of the Revolutionary contest, the settlers who were building homes and States beyond the Alleghanies formed a homogeneous backwoods population. The wood-choppers, game-hunters, and Indian-fighters, who dressed and lived alike, were the typical pioneers. They were a shifting people. In every settlement the tide ebbed and flowed. Some of the new-comers would be beaten in the hard struggle for existence, and would drift back to whence they had come. Of those who succeeded, some would take root in the land, and others would move still

further into the wilderness. Thus each generation rolled westward, leaving its children at a point where the wave stopped no less than at that where it started. The descendants of the victors of King's Mountain are as likely to be found in the Rockies as in the Alleghanies.

With the close of the war came an enormous increase in the tide of immigration; and many of the new-comers were of a very different stamp from their predecessors. The main current flowed towards Kentucky, and gave an entirely different character to its population. The two typical figures in Kentucky so far had been Clark and Boon, but after the close of the Revolution both of them sank into unimportance; whereas the careers of Sevier and Robertson had only begun. The disappearance of the two former from active life was partly accidental, and partly a resultant of the forces that assimilated Kentucky so much more rapidly than Tennessee to the conditions prevailing in the old States. Kentucky was the best known and most accessible of the Western regions; within her own borders she was now comparatively safe from serious Indian invasion, and the tide of immigration naturally followed thither. So strong was the current, that within a dozen years it had completely swamped the original settlers, and had changed Kentucky from a peculiar pioneer and backwoods commonwealth into a State differing no more from Virginia, Pennsylvania, and North Carolina, than these differed from one another.

The men who gave the tone to this great flood of new-comers were the gentry from the sea-coast country: the planters, the young lawyers, the men of means who had been impoverished by the long-continued and harassing civil war. Straitened in circumstances, desirous of winning back wealth and position, they cast longing eyes towards the beautiful and fertile country beyond the mountains; deeming it a place that afforded unusual opportunities to the man with capital, no less than to him whose sole trust was in his own adventurous energy.

Most of the gentlefolks in Virginia and the Carolinas, the men who lived in great roomy houses on their well-stocked and slave-tilled plantations, had been forced to struggle hard to keep their heads above water during the Revolution. They loyally supported the government with blood and money; and at the same time they endeavored to save some of their property from the general wreck, and to fittingly educate their girls, and those

of their boys who were too young to be in the army. The men of this stamp who now prepared to cast in their lot with the new communities formed an exceptionally valuable class of immigrants: they contributed the very qualities of which the raw settlements stood most in need. They had suffered for no fault of their own: fate had gone hard with them. The fathers had been in the Federal or Provincial Congresses; the older sons had served in the Continental line or in the militia. The plantations were occasionally overrun by the enemy; and the general disorder had completed their ruin. Nevertheless the heads of the families had striven to send the younger sons to school or college. For their daughters they did even more; and throughout the contest, even in it darkest hours, they sent them down to receive the final touches of a lady-like education at some one of the State capitals not at the moment in the hands of the enemy — such as Charleston or Philadelphia. There the young ladies were taught dancing and music; for which, as well as for their frocks and "pink calamanco shoes," their fathers paid enormous sums in depreciated Continental currency.

Even the close of active hostilities, when the British were driven from the Southern States, brought at first but a slight betterment of condition to the struggling people. There was no cash in the land, the paper currency was nearly worthless, every one was heavily in debt, and no one was able to collect what was owing to him. There was much mob violence, and a general relaxation of the bonds of law and order. Even nature turned hostile: a terrible drought shrunk up all the streams until they could not turn the grist-mills, while from the same cause the crops failed almost completely. A hard winter followed, and many cattle and hogs died; so that the well-to-do were brought to the verge of bankruptcy, and the poor suffered extreme privations,— being forced to go fifty or sixty miles to purchase small quantities of meal and grain at exorbitant prices.

This distress at home inclined many people of means and ambition to try their fortunes in the West; while another and equally powerful motive was the desire to secure great tracts of virgin lands for possession or speculation. Many distinguished soldiers had been rewarded by successive warrants for unoccupied land, which they entered wherever they chose, until they could claim thousands upon thousands of acres. Sometimes they sold these warrants to outsiders; but whether they remained in the

hands of the original holders or not, they served as a great stimulus to the westward movement, and drew many of the representatives of the wealthiest and most influential families in the parent States to the lands on the farther side of the mountains.

At the close of the Revolution, however, the men from the sea-coast region formed but an insignificant portion of the Western pioneers. The country beyond the Alleghanies was first won and settled by the backwoodsmen themselves, acting under their own leaders, obeying their own desires, and following their own methods. They were marked and peculiar people. The good and evil traits in their character were such as naturally belonged to a strong, harsh, and homely race; which, with all its shortcomings, was nevertheless bringing a tremendous work to a triumphant conclusion. The backwoodsmen were above all things characteristically American; and it is fitting that the two greatest and most typical of all Americans should have been respectively a sharer and an outcome of their work. Washington himself passed the most important years of his youth heading the westward movement of his people; clad in the traditional dress of the backwoodsmen, in tasseled hunting-shirt and fringed leggings, he led them to battle against the French and Indians, and helped to clear the way for the American advance. The only other man who in the American roll of honor stands by the side of Washington, was born when the distinctive work of the pioneers had ended: and yet he was bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh; for from the loins of this gaunt frontier folk sprang mighty Abraham Lincoln.

Looking back, it is easy to say that much of the wrong-doing could have been prevented; but if we examine the facts to find out the truth, not to establish a theory, we are bound to admit that the struggle was really one that could not possibly have been avoided. The sentimental historians speak as if the blame had been all ours, and the wrong all done to our foes, and as if it would have been possible by any exercise of wisdom to reconcile claims that were in their very essence conflicting; but their utterances are as shallow as they are untruthful. Unless we were willing that the whole continent west of the Alleghanies should remain an unpeopled waste, the hunting-ground of savages, war was inevitable; and even had we been willing, and had we refrained from encroaching on the Indians' lands, the war would have come nevertheless, for then the Indians themselves would

have encroached on ours. Undoubtedly we have wronged many tribes; but equally undoubtedly our first definite knowledge of many others has been derived from their unprovoked outrages upon our people. The Chippewas, Ottawas, and Pottawatamies furnished hundreds of young warriors to the parties that devastated our frontiers, generations before we in any way encroached upon or wronged them.

Mere outrages could be atoned for or settled: the question which lay at the root of our difficulties was that of the occupation of the land itself; and to this there could be no solution save war. The Indians had no ownership of the land in the way in which we understand the term. The tribes lived far apart; each had for its hunting-grounds all the territory from which it was not barred by rivals. Each looked with jealousy upon all interlopers, but each was prompt to act as an interloper when occasion offered. Every good hunting-ground was claimed by many nations. It was rare indeed that any tribe had an uncontested title to a large tract of land: where such title existed, it rested not on actual occupancy and cultivation, but on the recent butchery of weaker rivals. For instance, there were a dozen tribes, all of whom hunted in Kentucky, and fought each other there, all of whom had equally good titles to the soil, and not one of whom acknowledged the right of any other: as a matter of fact they had therein no right, save the right of the strongest. The land no more belonged to them than it belonged to Boon and the white hunters who first visited it.

CITIZENSHIP IN A REPUBLIC

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STRANGE and impressive associations rise in the mind of a man from the New World who speaks before this august body in this ancient institution of learning. Before his eyes pass the shadows of mighty kings and warlike nobles, of great masters of law and theology; through the shining dust of the dead centuries he sees crowded figures that tell of the power and learning and splendor of times gone by; and he sees also the innumerable host of humble students to whom clerkship meant emancipation, to whom it was well-nigh the only outlet from the dark thraldom of the Middle Ages.

This was the most famous university of mediæval Europe at a time when no one dreamed that there was a New World to discover. Its services to the cause of human knowledge already stretched far back into the remote past at the time when my forefathers, three centuries ago, were among the sparse bands of traders, ploughmen, wood-choppers, and fisherfolk, who, in hard struggle with the iron unfriendliness of the Indian-haunted land, were laying the foundations of what has now become the giant republic of the West. To conquer a continent, to tame the shaggy roughness of wild nature, means grim warfare; and the generations engaged in it can not keep, still less add to, the stores of garnered wisdom which once were theirs, and which are still in the hands of their brethren who dwell in the old land. To conquer the wilderness means to wrest victory from the same hostile forces with which mankind struggled in the immemorial infancy of our race. The primæval conditions must be met by primæval qualities which are incompatible with the retention of much that has been painfully acquired by humanity as through the ages it has striven upward toward civilization. In conditions so primitive there can be but a primitive culture. At first only the rudest schools can be established, for no others would meet the needs of the hard-driven, sinewy folk who thrust forward the frontier in the teeth of savage man and savage nature; and many years elapse before any of these schools can develop into seats of higher learning and broader culture.

The pioneer days pass; the stump-dotted clearings expand into vast stretches of fertile farmland; the stockaded clusters of log cabins change into towns; the hunters of game, the fellers of trees, the rude frontier traders and tillers of the soil, the men who wander all their lives long through the wilderness as the heralds and harbingers of an oncoming civilization, themselves vanish before the civilization for which they have prepared the way. The children of their successors and supplanters, and then their children and children's children, change and develop with extraordinary rapidity. The conditions accentuate vices and virtues, energy and ruthlessness, all the good qualities and all the defects of an intense individualism, self-reliant, self-centred, far more conscious of its rights than of its duties, and blind to its own shortcomings. To the hard materialism of the frontier days succeeds the hard materialism of an industrialism even more intense and absorbing than that of the older nations; although these themselves have likewise already entered on the age of a complex and predominantly industrial civilization.

As the country grows, its people, who have won success in so many lines, turn back to try to recover the possessions of the mind and the spirit, which perforce their fathers threw aside in order better to wage the first rough battles for the continent their children inherit. The leaders of thought and of action grope their way forward to a new life, realizing, sometimes dimly, sometimes clear-sightedly, that the life of material gain, whether for a nation or an individual, is of value, only as a foundation, only as there is added to it the uplift that comes from devotion to loftier ideals. The new life thus sought can in part be developed afresh from what is round about in the New World; but it can be developed in full only by freely drawing upon the treasure-houses of the Old World, upon the treasures stored in the ancient abodes of wisdom and learning, such as this where I speak to-day. It is a mistake for any nation merely to copy another; but it is an even greater mistake, it is a proof of weakness in any nation, not to be anxious to learn from another, and willing and able to adapt that learning to the new national conditions and make it fruitful and productive therein. It is for us of the New World to sit at the feet of the Gamaliel of the Old; then, if we have the right stuff in us, we can show that Paul in his turn can become a teacher as well as a scholar.

To-day I shall speak to you on the subject of individual citizenship, the one subject of vital importance to you, my hearers, and to me and my countrymen, because you and we are citizens of great democratic republics. A democratic republic such as each of ours — an effort to realize in its full sense government by, of, and for the people — represents the most gigantic of all possible social experiments, the one fraught with greatest possibilities alike for good and for evil. The success of republics like yours and like ours means the glory, and our failure the despair, of mankind; and for you and for us the question of the quality of the individual citizen is supreme. Under other forms of government, under the rule of one man or of a very few men, the quality of the rulers is all-important. If, under such governments, the quality of the rulers is high enough, then the nation may for generations lead a brilliant career, and add substantially to the sum of world achievement, no matter how low the quality of the average citizen; because the average citizen is an almost negligible quantity in working out the final results of that type of national greatness.

But with you and with us the case is different. With you here, and with us in my own home, in the long run, success or failure will

be conditioned upon the way in which the average man, the average woman, does his or her duty, first in the ordinary, every-day affairs of life, and next in those great occasional crises which call for the heroic virtues. The average citizen must be a good citizen if our republics are to succeed. The stream will not permanently rise higher than the main source; and the main source of national power and national greatness is found in the average citizenship of the nation. Therefore it behooves us to do our best to see that the standard of the average citizen is kept high; and the average can not be kept high unless the standard of the leaders is very much higher.

It is well if a large proportion of the leaders in any republic, in any democracy, are, as a matter of course, drawn from the classes represented in this audience to-day; but only provided that those classes possess the gifts of sympathy with plain people and of devotion to great ideals. You and those like you have received special advantages; you have all of you had the opportunity for mental training; many of you have had leisure; most of you have had a chance for the enjoyment of life far greater than comes to the majority of your fellows. To you and your kind much has been given, and from you much should be expected. Yet there are certain failings against which it is especially incumbent that both men of trained and cultivated intellect, and men of inherited wealth and position, should especially guard themselves, because to these failings they are especially liable; and if yielded to, their — your — chances of useful service are at an end.

Let the man of learning, the man of lettered leisure, beware of that queer and cheap temptation to pose to himself and to others as the cynic, as the man who has outgrown emotions and beliefs, the man to whom good and evil are as one. The poorest way to face life is to face it with a sneer. There are many men who feel a kind of twisted pride in cynicism; there are many who confine themselves to criticism of the way others do what they themselves dare not even attempt. There is no more unhealthy being, no man less worthy of respect, than he who either really holds, or feigns to hold, an attitude of sneering disbelief toward all that is great and lofty, whether in achievement or in that noble effort which, even if it fails, comes second to achievement. A cynical habit of thought and speech, a readiness to criticise work which the critic himself never tries to perform, an intellectual aloofness which will not accept contact with life's realities — all these are marks, not, as the possessor would fain think, of superiority, but of weakness. They mark the men unfit

to bear their part manfully in the stern strife of living, who seek, in the affectation of contempt for the achievements of others, to hide from others and from themselves their own weakness. The rôle is easy; there is none easier, save only the rôle of the man who sneers alike at both criticism and performance.

It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, and comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end of the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat. Shame on the man of cultivated taste who permits refinement to develop into a fastidiousness that unfits him for doing the rough work of a workaday world! Among the free peoples who govern themselves there is but a small field of usefulness open for the men of cloistered life who shrink from contact with their fellows. Still less room is there for those who deride or slight what is done by those who actually bear the brunt of the day; nor yet for those others who always profess that they would like to take action, if only the conditions of life were not what they actually are. The man who does nothing cuts the same sordid figure in the pages of history, whether he be cynic, or fop, or voluptuary. There is little use for the being whose tepid soul knows nothing of the great and generous emotion, of the high pride, the stern belief, the lofty enthusiasm, of the men who quell the storm and ride the thunder. Well for these men if they succeed; well also, though not so well, if they fail, given only that they have nobly ventured, and have put forth all their heart and strength. It is war-worn Hotspur, spent with hard fighting, he of the many errors and the valiant end, over whose memory we love to linger, not over the memory of the young lord who «but for the vile guns would have been a soldier.»

France has taught many lessons to other nations; surely one of the most important is the lesson her whole history teaches, that a high artistic and literary development is compatible with notable leadership in arms and statecraft. The brilliant gallantry of the French soldier has for many centuries been proverbial; and during

these same centuries at every court in Europe the «freemasons of fashion» have treated the French tongue as their common speech; while every artist and man of letters, and every man of science able to appreciate that marvellous instrument of precision, French prose, has turned toward France for aid and inspiration. How long the leadership in arms and letters has lasted is curiously illustrated by the fact that the earliest masterpiece in a modern tongue is the splendid French epic which tells of Roland's doom and the vengeance of Charlemagne when the lords of the Frankish host were stricken at Roncesvalles.

Let those who have, keep, let those who have not, strive to attain, a high standard of cultivation and scholarship. Yet let us remember that these stand second to certain other things. There is need of a sound body, and even more need of a sound mind. But above mind and above body stands character — the sum of those qualities which we mean when we speak of a man's force and courage, of his good faith and sense of honor. I believe in exercise for the body, always provided that we keep in mind that physical development is a means and not an end. I believe, of course, in giving to all the people a good education. But the education must contain much besides book learning in order to be really good. We must ever remember that no keenness and subtleness of intellect, no polish, no cleverness, in any way make up for the lack of the great solid qualities. Self-restraint, self-mastery, common sense, the power of accepting individual responsibility and yet of acting in conjunction with others, courage and resolution — these are the qualities which mark a masterful people. Without them no people can control itself, or save itself from being controlled from the outside. I speak to a brilliant assemblage; I speak in a great university which represents the flower of the highest intellectual development; I pay all homage to intellect, and to elaborate and specialized training of the intellect; and yet I know I shall have the assent of all of you present when I add that more important still are the commonplace, every-day qualities and virtues.

Such ordinary, every-day qualities include the will and the power to work, to fight at need, and to have plenty of healthy children. The need that the average man shall work is so obvious as hardly to warrant insistence. There are a few people in every country so born that they can lead lives of leisure. These fill a useful function if they make it evident that leisure does not mean idleness; for some of the most valuable work needed by civilization is essentially non-

remunerative in its character, and of course the people who do this work should in large part be drawn from those to whom remuneration is an object of indifference. But the average man must earn his own livelihood. He should be trained to do so, and he should be trained to feel that he occupies a contemptible position if he does not do so; that he is not an object of envy if he is idle, at whichever end of the social scale he stands, but an object of contempt, an object of derision.

In the next place the good man should be both a strong and a brave man; that is, he should be able to fight, he should be able to serve his country as a soldier, if the need arises. There are well-meaning philosophers who declaim against the unrighteousness of war. They are right only if they lay all their emphasis upon the unrighteousness. War is a dreadful thing, and unjust war is a crime against humanity. But it is such a crime because it is unjust, not because it is war. The choice must ever be in favor of righteousness, and this whether the alternative be peace or whether the alternative be war. The question must not be merely, Is there to be peace or war? The question must be, Is the right to prevail? Are the great laws of righteousness once more to be fulfilled? And the answer from a strong and virile people must be, «Yes,» whatever the cost. Every honorable effort should always be made to avoid war, just as every honorable effort should always be made by the individual in private life to keep out of brawl, to keep out of trouble; but no self-respecting individual, no self-respecting nation, can or ought to submit to wrong.

Finally, even more important than ability to work, even more important that ability to fight at need, is it to remember that the chief of blessings for any nation is that it shall leave its seed to inherit the land. It was the crown of blessings in Biblical times; and it is the crown of blessings now. The greatest of all curses is the curse of sterility, and the severest of all condemnations should be that visited upon wilful sterility. The first essential in any civilization is that the man and the woman shall be father and mother of healthy children, so that the race shall increase and not decrease. If this is not so, if through no fault of the society there is failure to increase, it is a great misfortune. If the failure is due to deliberate and wilful fault, then it is not merely a misfortune, it is one of those crimes of ease and self-indulgence, of shrinking from pain and effort and risk, which in the long run Nature punishes more heavily than any other. If we of the great republics, if we, the free people who claim to have emancipated ourselves from the thraldom of wrong

and error, bring down on our heads the curse that comes upon the wilfully barren, then it will be an idle waste of breath to prattle of our achievements, to boast of all that we have done. No refinement of life, no delicacy of taste, no material progress, no sordid heaping up of riches, no sensuous development of art and literature, can in any way compensate for the loss of the great fundamental virtues; and of these great fundamental virtues the greatest is the race's power to perpetuate the race.

Character must show itself in the man's performance both of the duty he owes himself and of the duty he owes the state. The man's foremost duty is owed to himself and his family; and he can do this duty only by earning money, by providing what is essential to material well-being; it is only after this has been done that he can hope to build a higher superstructure on the solid material foundation; it is only after this has been done that he can help in movements for the general well-being. He must pull his own weight first, and only after this can his surplus strength be of use to the general public. It is not good to excite that bitter laughter which expresses contempt; and contempt is what we feel for the being whose enthusiasm to benefit mankind is such that he is a burden to those nearest him; who wishes to do great things for humanity in the abstract, but who can not keep his wife in comfort or educate his children.

Nevertheless, while laying all stress on this point, while not merely acknowledging but insisting upon the fact that there must be a basis of material well-being for the individual as for the nation, let us with equal emphasis insist that this material well-being represents nothing but the foundation, and that the foundation, though indispensable, is worthless unless upon it is raised the superstructure of a higher life. That is why I decline to recognize the mere multi-millionaire, the man of mere wealth, as an asset of value to any country; and especially as not an asset to my own country. If he has earned or uses his wealth in a way that makes him of real benefit, of real use — and such is often the case — why, then he does become an asset of worth. But it is the way in which it has been earned or used, and not the mere fact of wealth, that entitles him to the credit. There is need in business, as in most other forms of human activity, of the great guiding intelligences. Their places can not be supplied by any number of lesser intelligences. It is a good thing that they should have ample recognition, ample reward. But we must not transfer our admiration to the reward instead of to the deed rewarded; and if what should be the reward exists without the service having

been rendered, then admiration will come only from those who are mean of soul. The truth is that, after a certain measure of tangible material success or reward has been achieved, the question of increasing it becomes of constantly less importance compared to other things that can be done in life. It is a bad thing for a nation to raise and to admire a false standard of success; and there can be no falser standard than that set by the deification of material well-being in and for itself. The man who, for any cause for which he himself is accountable, has failed to support himself and those for whom he is responsible, ought to feel that he has fallen lamentably short in his prime duty. But the man who, having far surpassed the limit of providing for the wants, both of body and mind, of himself and of those depending upon him, then piles up a great fortune, for the acquisition or retention of which he returns no corresponding benefit to the nation as a whole, should himself be made to feel that, so far from being a desirable, he is an unworthy, citizen of the community; that he is to be neither admired nor envied; that his right-thinking fellow countrymen put him low in the scale of citizenship, and leave him to be consoled by the admiration of those whose level of purpose is even lower than his own.

My position as regards the moneyed interests can be put in a few words. In every civilized society property rights must be carefully safeguarded; ordinarily, and in the great majority of cases, human rights and property rights are fundamentally and in the long run identical; but when it clearly appears that there is a real conflict between them, human rights must have the upper hand, for property belongs to man and not man to property.

In fact, it is essential to good citizenship clearly to understand that there are certain qualities which we in a democracy are prone to admire in and of themselves, which ought by rights to be judged admirable or the reverse solely from the standpoint of the use made of them. Foremost among these I should include two very distinct gifts — the gift of money-making, and the gift of oratory. Money-making, the money touch, I have spoken of above. It is a quality which in a moderate degree is essential. It may be useful when developed to a very great degree, but only if accompanied and controlled by other qualities; and without such control the possessor tends to develop into one of the least attractive types produced by a modern industrial democracy. So it is with the orator. It is highly desirable that a leader of opinion in a democracy should be able to state his views clearly and convincingly. But all that the

oratory can do of value to the community is to enable the man thus to explain himself; if it enables the orator to persuade his hearers to put false values on things, it merely makes him a power for mischief. Some excellent public servants have not the gift at all, and must rely upon their deeds to speak for them; and unless the oratory does represent genuine conviction based on good common sense and able to be translated into efficient performance, then the better the oratory the greater the damage to the public it deceives. Indeed, it is a sign of marked political weakness in any commonwealth if the people tend to be carried away by mere oratory, if they tend to value words in and for themselves, as divorced from the deeds for which they are supposed to stand. The phrase-maker, the phrase-monger, the ready talker, however great his power, whose speech does not make for courage, sobriety, and right understanding, is simply a noxious element in the body politic, and it speaks ill for the public if he has influence over them. To admire the gift of oratory without regard to the moral quality behind the gift is to do wrong to the republic.

Of course all that I say of the orator applies with even greater force to the orator's latter-day and more influential brother, the journalist. The power of the journalist is great, but he is entitled neither to respect nor admiration because of that power unless it is used aright. He can do, and he often does, great good. He can do, and he often does, infinite mischief. All journalists, all writers, for the very reason that they appreciate the vast possibilities of their profession, should bear testimony against those who deeply discredit it. Offences against taste and morals, which are bad enough in a private citizen, are infinitely worse if made into instruments for debauching the community through a newspaper. Mendacity, slander, sensationalism, inanity, vapid triviality, all are potent factors for the debauchery of the public mind and conscience. The excuse advanced for vicious writing, that the public demands it and that the demand must be supplied, can no more be admitted than if it were advanced by the purveyors of food who sell poisonous adulterations.

In short, the good citizen in a republic must realize that he ought to possess two sets of qualities, and that neither avails without the other. He must have those qualities which make for efficiency; and he must also have those qualities which direct the efficiency into channels for the public good. He is useless if he is inefficient. There is nothing to be done with that type of citizen of whom all that can be said is that he is harmless. Virtue which is dependent upon a sluggish circulation is not impressive. There is little place in

active life for the timid good man. The man who is saved by weakness from robust wickedness is likewise rendered immune from the robuster virtues. The good citizen in a republic must first of all be able to hold his own. He is no good citizen unless he has the ability which will make him work hard and which at need will make him fight hard. The good citizen is not a good citizen unless he is an efficient citizen.

But if a man's efficiency is not guided and regulated by a moral sense, then the more efficient he is the worse he is, the more dangerous to the body politic. Courage, intellect, all the masterful qualities, serve but to make a man more evil if they are used merely for that man's own advancement, with brutal indifference to the rights of others. It speaks ill for the community if the community worships these qualities and treats their possessors as heroes regardless of whether the qualities are used rightly or wrongly. It makes no difference as to the precise way in which this sinister efficiency is shown. It makes no difference whether such a man's force and ability betray themselves in the career of money-maker or politician, soldier or orator, journalist or popular leader. If the man works for evil, then the more successful he is the more he should be despised and condemned by all upright and far-seeing men. To judge a man merely by success is an abhorrent wrong; and if the people at large habitually so judge men, if they grow to condone wickedness because the wicked man triumphs, they show their inability to understand that in the last analysis free institutions rest upon the character of citizenship, and that by such admiration of evil they prove themselves unfit for liberty.

The homely virtues of the household, the ordinary workaday virtues which make the woman a good housewife and housemother, which make the man a hard worker, a good husband and father, a good soldier at need, stand at the bottom of character. But of course many others must be added thereto if a state is to be not only free but great. Good citizenship is not good citizenship if exhibited only in the home. There remain the duties of the individual in relation to the state, and these duties are none too easy under the conditions which exist where the effort is made to carry on free government in a complex, industrial civilization. Perhaps the most important thing the ordinary citizen, and, above all, the leader of ordinary citizens, has to remember in political life is that he must not be a sheer doctrinaire. The closet philosopher, the refined and cultured individual who from his library tells how men ought to be governed

under ideal conditions, is of no use in actual governmental work; and the one-sided fanatic, and still more the mob-leader, and the insincere man who to achieve power promises what by no possibility can be performed, are not merely useless but noxious.

The citizen must have high ideals, and yet he must be able to achieve them in practical fashion. No permanent good comes from aspirations so lofty that they have grown fantastic and have become impossible and indeed undesirable to realize. The impracticable visionary is far less often the guide and precursor than he is the imbittered foe of the real reformer, of the man who, with stumblings and shortcomings, yet does in some shape, in practical fashion, give effect to the hopes and desires of those who strive for better things. Woe to the empty phrase-maker, to the empty idealist, who, instead of making ready the ground for the man of action, turns against him when he appears and hampers him as he does the work! Moreover, the preacher of ideals must remember how sorry and contemptible is the figure which he will cut, how great the damage that he will do, if he does not himself, in his own life, strive measurably to realize the ideals that he preaches for others. Let him remember also that the worth of the ideal must be largely determined by the success with which it can in practice be realized. We should abhor the so-called «practical» men whose practicality assumes the shape of that peculiar baseness which finds its expression in disbelief in morality and decency, in disregard of high standards of living and conduct. Such a creature is the worst enemy of the body politic. But only less desirable as a citizen is his nominal opponent and real ally, the man of fantastic vision who makes the impossible better forever the enemy of the possible good.

We can just as little afford to follow the doctrinaires of an extreme individualism as the doctrinaires of an extreme socialism. Individual initiative, so far from being discouraged, should be stimulated; and yet we should remember that, as society develops and grows more complex, we continually find that things which once it was desirable to leave to individual initiative can, under the changed conditions, be performed with better results by common effort. It is quite impossible, and equally undesirable, to draw in theory a hard-and-fast line which shall always divide the two sets of cases. This every one who is not cursed with the pride of the closet philosopher will see, if he will only take the trouble to think about some of our commonest phenomena. For instance, when people live on isolated farms or in little hamlets, each house can be left to attend to its own drainage

and water supply; but the mere multiplication of families in a given area produces new problems which, because they differ in size, are found to differ not only in degree but in kind from the old; and the questions of drainage and water supply have to be considered from the common standpoint. It is not a matter for abstract dogmatizing to decide when this point is reached; it is a matter to be tested by practical experiment. Much of the discussion about socialism and individualism is entirely pointless, because of failure to agree on terminology. It is not good to be the slave of names. I am a strong individualist by personal habit, inheritance, and conviction; but it is a mere matter of common sense to recognize that the state, the community, the citizens acting together, can do a number of things better than if they were left to individual action. The individualism which finds its expression in the abuse of physical force is checked very early in the growth of civilization, and we of to-day should in our turn strive to shackle or destroy that individualism which triumphs by greed and cunning, which exploits the weak by craft instead of ruling them by brutality. We ought to go with any man in the effort to bring about justice and the equality of opportunity, to turn the tool-user more and more into the tool-owner, to shift burdens so that they can be more equitably borne. The deadening effect on any race of the adoption of a logical and extreme socialistic system could not be overstated; it would spell sheer destruction; it would produce grosser wrong and outrage, fouler immorality, than any existing system. But this does not mean that we may not with great advantage adopt certain of the principles professed by some given set of men who happen to call themselves Socialists; to be afraid to do so would be to make a mark of weakness on our part.

But we should not take part in acting a lie any more than in telling a lie. We should not say that men are equal where they are not equal, nor proceed upon the assumption that there is an equality where it does not exist; but we should strive to bring about a measurable equality, at least to the extent of preventing the inequality which is due to force or fraud. Abraham Lincoln, a man of the plain people, blood of their blood and bone of their bone, who all his life toiled and wrought and suffered for them and at the end died for them, who always strove to represent them, who would never tell an untruth to or for them, spoke of the doctrine of equality with his usual mixture of idealism and sound common sense. He said (I omit what was of merely local significance):

«I think the authors of the Declaration of Independence intended

to include all men, but that they did not mean to declare all men equal *in all respects*. They did not mean to say all men were equal in color, size, intellect, moral development, or social capacity. They defined with tolerable distinctness in what they did consider all men created equal — equal in certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This they said, and this they meant. They did not mean to assert the obvious untruth that all were then actually enjoying that equality, or yet that they were about to confer it immediately upon them. They meant to set up a standard maxim for free society which should be familiar to all — constantly looked to, constantly labored for, and even though never perfectly attained, constantly approximated, and thereby constantly spreading and deepening its influence, and augmenting the happiness and value of life to all people, everywhere.»

We are bound in honor to refuse to listen to those men who would make us desist from the effort to do away with the inequality which means injustice; the inequality of right, of opportunity, of privilege. We are bound in honor to strive to bring ever nearer the day when, as far as is humanly possible, we shall be able to realize the ideal that each man shall have an equal opportunity to show the stuff that is in him by the way in which he renders service. There should, so far as possible, be equality of opportunity to render service; but just so long as there is inequality of service there should and must be inequality of reward. We may be sorry for the general, the painter, the artist, the worker in any profession or of any kind, whose misfortune rather than whose fault it is that he does his work ill. But the reward must go to the man who does his work well; for any other course is to create a new kind of privilege, the privilege of folly and weakness; and special privilege is injustice, whatever form it takes.

To say that the thriftless, the lazy, the vicious, the incapable, ought to have the reward given to those who are far-sighted, capable, and upright, is to say what is not true and can not be true. Let us try to level up, but let us beware of the evil of leveling down. If a man stumbles, it is a good thing to help him to his feet. Every one of us needs a helping hand now and then. But if a man lies down, it is a waste of time to try to carry him; and it is a very bad thing for every one if we make men feel that the same reward will come to those who shirk their work and to those who do it.

Let us, then, take into account the actual facts of life, and not be misled into following any proposal for achieving the millennium, for re-creating the golden age, until we have subjected it to hard-

headed examination. On the other hand, it is foolish to reject a proposal merely because it is advanced by visionaries. If a given scheme is proposed, look at it on its merits, and, in considering it, disregard formulas. It does not matter in the least who proposes it, or why. If it seems good, try it. If it proves good, accept it; otherwise reject it. There are plenty of men calling themselves Socialists with whom, up to a certain point, it is quite possible to work. If the next step is one which both we and they wish to take, why of course take it, without any regard to the fact that our views as to the tenth step may differ. But, on the other hand, keep clearly in mind that, though it has been worth while to take one step, this does not in the least mean that it may not be highly disadvantageous to take the next. It is just as foolish to refuse all progress because people demanding it desire at some points to go to absurd extremes, as it would be to go to these absurd extremes simply because some of the measures advocated by the extremists were wise.

The good citizen will demand liberty for himself, and as a matter of pride he will see to it that others receive the liberty which he thus claims as his own. Probably the best test of true love of liberty in any country is the way in which minorities are treated in that country. Not only should there be complete liberty in matters of religion and opinion, but complete liberty for each man to lead his life as he desires, provided only that in so doing he does not wrong his neighbor. Persecution is bad because it is persecution, and without reference to which side happens at the moment to be the persecutor and which the persecuted. Class hatred is bad in just the same way, and without any regard to the individual who, at a given time, substitutes loyalty to a class for loyalty to the nation, or substitutes hatred of men because they happen to come in a certain social category, for judgment awarded them according to their conduct. Remember always that the same measure of condemnation should be extended to the arrogance which would look down upon or crush any man because he is poor and to the envy and hatred which would destroy a man because he is wealthy. The overbearing brutality of the man of wealth or power, and the envious and hateful malice directed against wealth or power, are really at root merely different manifestations of the same quality, merely the two sides of the same shield. The man who, if born to wealth and power, exploits and ruins his less fortunate brethren is at heart the same as the greedy and violent demagogue who excites those who have not property to plunder those who have. The gravest wrong upon his country is inflicted by that man,

whatever his station, who seeks to make his countrymen divide primarily on the line that separates class from class, occupation from occupation, men of more wealth from men of less wealth, instead of remembering that the only safe standard is that which judges each man on his worth as a man, whether he be rich or poor, without regard to his profession or to his station in life. Such is the only true democratic test, the only test that can with propriety be applied in a republic. There have been many republics in the past, both in what we call antiquity and in what we call the Middle Ages. They fell, and the prime factor in their fall was the fact that the parties tended to divide along the line that separates wealth from poverty. It made no difference which side was successful; it made no difference whether the republic fell under the rule of an oligarchy or the rule of a mob. In either case, when once loyalty to a class had been substituted for loyalty to the republic, the end of the republic was at hand. There is no greater need to-day than the need to keep ever in mind the fact that the cleavage between right and wrong, between good citizenship and bad citizenship, runs at right angles to, and not parallel with, the lines of cleavage between class and class, between occupation and occupation. Ruin looks us in the face if we judge a man by his position instead of judging him by his conduct in that position.

In a republic, to be successful we must learn to combine intensity of conviction with a broad tolerance of difference of conviction. Wide differences of opinion in matters of religious, political, and social belief must exist if conscience and intellect alike are not to be stunted, if there is to be room for healthy growth. Bitter internecine hatreds, based on such differences, are signs, not of earnestness of belief, but of that fanaticism which, whether religious or anti-religious, democratic or anti-democratic, is itself but a manifestation of the gloomy bigotry which has been the chief factor in the downfall of so many, many nations.

Of one man in especial, beyond any one else, the citizens of a republic should beware, and that is of the man who appeals to them to support him on the ground that he is hostile to other citizens of the republic, that he will secure for those who elect him, in one shape or another, profit at the expense of other citizens of the republic. It makes no difference whether he appeals to class hatred or class interest, to religious or antireligious prejudice. The man who makes such an appeal should always be presumed to make it for the sake of furthering his own interest. The very last thing that an intelligent and self-respecting member of a democratic community should do is

to reward any public man because that public man says he will get the private citizen something to which this private citizen is not entitled, or will gratify some emotion or animosity which this private citizen ought not to possess. Let me illustrate this by one anecdote from my own experience. A number of years ago I was engaged in cattle-ranching on the great plains of the western United States. There were no fences. The cattle wandered free, the ownership of each being determined by the brand; the calves were branded with the brand of the cows they followed. If on the round-up an animal was passed by, the following year it would appear as an unbranded yearling, and was then called a maverick. By the custom of the country these mavericks were branded with the brand of the man on whose range they were found. One day I was riding the range with a newly hired cowboy, and we came upon a maverick. We roped and threw it; then we built a little fire, took out a cinch-ring, heated it at the fire; and the cowboy started to put on the brand. I said to him, «It is So-and-so's brand,» naming the man on whose range we happened to be. He answered: «That's all right, boss; I know my business.» In another moment I said to him: «Hold on, you are putting on my brand!» To which he answered: «That's all right; I always put on the boss's brand.» I answered: «Oh, very well. Now you go straight back to the ranch and get what is owing to you; I don't need you any longer.» He jumped up and said: «Why, what's the matter? I was putting on your brand.» And I answered: «Yes, my friend, and if you will steal *for* me you will steal *from* me.»

Now, the same principle which applies in private life applies also in public life. If a public man tries to get your vote by saying that he will do something wrong *in* your interest, you can be absolutely certain that if ever it becomes worth his while he will do something wrong *against* your interest.

So much for the citizenship of the individual in his relations to his family, to his neighbor, to the state. There remain duties of citizenship which the state, the aggregation of all the individuals, owes in connection with other states, with other nations. Let me say at once that I am no advocate of a foolish cosmopolitanism. I believe that a man must be a good patriot before he can be, and as the only possible way of being, a good citizen of the world. Experience teaches us that the average man who protests that his international feeling swamps his national feeling, that he does not care for his country because he cares so much for mankind, in actual practice

proves himself the foe of mankind; that the man who says that he does not care to be a citizen of any one country, because he is a citizen of the world, is in very fact usually an exceedingly undesirable citizen of whatever corner of the world he happens at the moment to be in. In the dim future all moral needs and moral standards may change; but at present, if a man can view his own country and all other countries from the same level with tepid indifference, it is wise to distrust him, just as it is wise to distrust the man who can take the same dispassionate view of his wife and his mother. However broad and deep a man's sympathies, however intense his activities, he need have no fear that they will be cramped by love of his native land.

Now, this does not mean in the least that a man should not wish to do good outside of his native land. On the contrary, just as I think that the man who loves his family is more apt to be a good neighbor than the man who does not, so I think that the most useful member of the family of nations is normally a strongly patriotic nation. So far from patriotism being inconsistent with a proper regard for the rights of other nations, I hold that the true patriot, who is as jealous of the national honor as a gentleman is of his own honor, will be careful to see that the nation neither inflicts nor suffers wrong, just as a gentleman scorns equally to wrong others or to suffer others to wrong him. I do not for one moment admit that political morality is different from private morality, that a promise made on the stump differs from a promise made in private life. I do not for one moment admit that a man should act deceitfully as a public servant in his dealings with other nations, any more than that he should act deceitfully in his dealings as a private citizen with other private citizens. I do not for one moment admit that a nation should treat other nations in a different spirit from that in which an honorable man would treat other men.

In practically applying this principle to the two sets of cases there is, of course, a great practical difference to be taken into account. We speak of international law; but international law is something wholly different from private or municipal law, and the capital difference is that there is a sanction for the one and no sanction for the other; that there is an outside force which compels individuals to obey the one, while there is no such outside force to compel obedience as regards the other. International law will, I believe, as the generations pass, grow stronger and stronger until in some way or other there develops the power to make it respected. But as yet it is only in the first formative period. As yet, as a rule, each nation

is of necessity obliged to judge for itself in matters of vital importance between it and its neighbors, and actions must of necessity, where this is the case, be different from what they are where, as among private citizens, there is an outside force whose action is all powerful and must be invoked in any crisis of importance. It is the duty of wise statesmen, gifted with the power of looking ahead, to try to encourage and build up every movement which will substitute or tend to substitute some other agency for force in the settlement of international disputes. It is the duty of every honest statesman to try to guide the nation so that it shall not wrong any other nation. But as yet the great civilized peoples, if they are to be true to themselves and to the cause of humanity and civilization, must keep ever in mind that in the last resort they must possess both the will and the power to resent wrong-doing from others. The men who sanely believe in a lofty morality preach reighteousness; but they do not preach weakness, whether among private citizens or among nations. We believe that our ideals should be high, but not so high as to make it impossible measurably to realize them. We sincerely and earnestly believe in peace; but if peace and justice conflict, we scorn the man who would not stand for justice though the whole world came in arms against him.

And now, my hosts, a word in parting. You and I belong to the only two republics among the great powers of the world. The ancient friendship between France and the United States has been, on the whole, a sincere and disinterested friendship. A calamity to you would be a sorrow to us. But it would be more than that. In the seething turmoil of the history of humanity certain nations stand out as possessing a peculiar power or charm, some special gift of beauty or wisdom or strength, which puts them among the immortals, which makes them rank forever with the leaders of mankind. France is one of these nations. For her to sink would be a loss to all the world. There are certain lessons of brilliance and of generous gallantry that she can teach better than any of her sister nations. When the French peasantry sang of Malbrook, it was to tell how the soul of this warrior-foe took flight upward through the laurels he had won. Nearly seven centuries ago, Froissart, writing of a time of dire disaster, said that the realm of France was never so stricken that there were not left men who would valiantly fight for it. You have had a great past. I believe that you will have a great future. Long may you carry yourselves proudly as citizens of a nation which bears a leading part in the teaching and uplifting of mankind.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

(1830–1894)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

ENGLISH poetry enjoys a unique distinction in the possession of two women whose works must be ranked with all but the highest achievements of our song. It is neither misplaced sentiment nor mistaken chivalry, but the dispassionate verdict of a searching and objective criticism, that claims for Elizabeth Browning and Christina Rossetti two seats in the temple of fame not far below those in which the greatest English poets of the Victorian era are enthroned. It is idle to inquire from which of the two we have received the more enduring work; but a brief comparison in general terms may be found instructive. Mrs. Browning has undoubtedly won a wider acceptance than Miss Rossetti, and enjoyed a greater popularity; on the other hand, the acceptance won by the latter poet has probably included the more distinguished suffrages, while her popularity has of recent years grown apace, and may in time outstrip that of the older singer. Again, the matter of Mrs. Browning's work was to a considerable extent timely, which does not often mean of lasting interest; the achievement of Italian unity has somewhat outworn the passion of 'Casa Guidi Windows,' and the problems of 'Aurora Leigh' are not exactly the problems of the present day. But time is not so likely to wither the flower of Miss Rossetti's work; for there is little of the temporal about its themes, which are as a rule the everlasting verities of the spirit. Finally, it must be allowed that Miss Rossetti was endowed with a more exquisite perception of poetical form than was attained to by Mrs. Browning, and that her work as a whole has a higher degree of purely artistic finish. The rich emotional nature of the former woman was too frequently content to rely upon the first impulsive form with which the thought became clothed in the white heat of her imagination; in the case of the latter, with no less of

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

imaginative glow at heart, there were superadded the powers of intellectual control and artistic restraint.

Christina Rossetti was born December 5th, 1830; the youngest of the remarkable group of four children that, with their parents, made up the London household of the exiled Italian patriot and philosopher, Gabriele Rossetti. She died December 29th, 1894, after an externally uneventful life of sixty-four years,—a life happy in its domestic relations, and in its intercourse with the circle of distinguished people that were gathered about the Rossettis; but darkened by much physical suffering, and in its closing years by a painful and incurable disease. She was one of the most precocious of poets, and began at the early age of eleven to write verses, which have been carefully preserved, and which her brother, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, has thought it worth while to publish in the posthumous collection edited by him not quite two years after her death. A volume of her 'Verses' was privately printed as early as 1847, and in 1850 she was a contributor to the Germ. Nearly all of her work that calls for serious consideration is included within the three volumes ('Goblin Market and Other Poems,' 1862; 'The Prince's Progress and Other Poems,' 1866; and 'A Pageant and Other Poems,' 1881) published during her lifetime, and the posthumous volume of 'New Poems' (1896) to which allusion has already been made. The titles of her other books, most of which are of a devotional nature and in prose, are as follows: 'Commonplace and Other Short Stories,' 'Sing-Song: A Nursery Rhyme-Book,' 'Speaking Likenesses,' 'Annus Domini: A Prayer for Every Day in the Year,' 'Seek and Find,' 'Called to the Saints,' 'Letter and Spirit,' and 'Time Flies.' These books would be noticeable enough if they stood alone; but the thoughts and the moods which they embody find a far more intense and rapturous expression in the four volumes of poems upon which the author's reputation is so securely based.

Very varied are the contents of these volumes, which range from a divine simplicity to a richness that is the very ecstasy of religious utterance; from a cloying sweetness of diction to a noble austerity; from a picturesque and almost dramatic style to one so chastened and so ethereal that the spirit soars with it to a higher than the earthly plane. Yet certain insistent characteristics may hardly be missed anywhere in Christina Rossetti's work: certain qualities of dreamy tenderness and ardent mysticism, a certain strain of pensive melancholy, based upon a recognition of the essential vanity of the external forms of human existence, and upon an unshaken faith in the reality of that "city of the soul" whereof poets and philosophers have in all ages dreamed. It is indeed as the poet of religious aspiration and spiritual vision that she is pre-eminent among English

singers. Compared with her work, the best of Newman and Keble seems forced and formal; the inspiration of Herbert and Vaughan seems to flash out but fitfully when contrasted with the steady glow of hers. Such poems as 'Up-Hill,' 'Amor Mundi,' and 'Old and New Year Ditties' must be ranked among the very noblest examples of the religious lyric to be found in English literature. And although these poems, together with their many fellow-songs, were inspired by the doctrines of the Anglican communion, of which the author was ever a devoted adherent, there is nothing narrow or dogmatic about them; rather do they appeal to the general religious consciousness that is shared by all fervid and lofty souls: while their stately harmonies of thought and of emotion move in a region in which all symbols are valued but as symbols, in which theology becomes but the handmaid of religion, and in which all technical differences of belief fade in the effulgence of the vision vouchsafed to the spirit.

HOPE IS LIKE A HAREBELL

HOPE is like a harebell, trembling from its birth;
Love is like a rose, the joy of all the earth.
Faith is like a lily lifted high and white;
Love is like a lovely rose, the world's delight.
Harebells and sweet lilies show a thornless growth,
But the rose with all its thorns excels them both.

DREAM-LAND

From 'Poems.' Macmillan & Co.: 1894

WHERE sunless rivers weep
Their waves into the deep,
She sleeps a charmèd sleep:
Awake her not.
Led by a single star,
She came from very far
To seek where shadows are
Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,
She left the fields of corn,
For twilight cold and lorn
And water springs.
Through sleep, as through a veil,
She sees the sky look pale,
And hears the nightingale
That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest
Shed over brow and breast;
Her face is toward the west,
The purple land.
She cannot see the grain
Ripening on hill and plain;
She cannot feel the rain
Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, forevermore
Upon a mossy shore;
Rest, rest at the heart's core
Till time shall cease:
Sleep that no pain shall wake,
Night that no morn shall break,
Till joy shall overtake
Her perfect peace.

A BIRTHDAY

From 'Poems.' Macmillan & Co.: 1894

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;

Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys:
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

REMEMBER

From 'Poems.' Macmillan & Co.: 1894

REMEMBER me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more, day by day,
You tell me of our future that you planned;
Only remember me: you understand
It will be late to counsel then, or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve;
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

AFTER DEATH

From 'Poems.' Macmillan & Co.: 1894

THE curtains were half drawn, the floor was swept
And strewn with rushes; rosemary and may
Lay thick upon the bed on which I lay,
Where through the lattice ivy shadows crept.
He leaned above me, thinking that I slept
And could not hear him; but I heard him say,
«Poor child, poor child!» and as he turned away
Came a deep silence, and I knew he wept.
He did not touch the shroud, or raise the fold
That hid my face, or take my hand in his,
Or ruffle the smooth pillows for my head.
He did not love me living: but once dead
He pitied me; and very sweet it is
To know he still is warm, though I am cold.

ECHO

From 'Poems.' Macmillan & Co.: 1894

COME to me in the silence of the night;
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love, of finished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimful of love abide and meet;
Where thirsting longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again though cold in death;
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago!

SONG

From 'Poems.' Macmillan & Co.: 1894

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress-tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise or set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

REST

From 'Poems.' Macmillan & Co.: 1894

O EARTH, lie heavily upon her eyes;
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth;
Lie close around her; leave no room for mirth
With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.
She hath no questions, she hath no replies,
Hushed in and curtained with a blessed dearth
Of all that irked her from the hour of birth;
With stillness that is almost Paradise.
Darkness more clear than noonday holdeth her;
Silence more musical than any song;
Even her very heart has ceased to stir:
Until the morning of Eternity
Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be;
And when she wakes she will not think it long.

UP-HILL

From 'Poems.' Macmillan & Co.: 1894

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?—
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?—
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?—
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?—
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?—
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call, when just in sight?—
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?—
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?—
Yea, beds for all who come.

THE THREE ENEMIES

From 'Poems.' Macmillan & Co.: 1894

The Flesh

"Sweet, thou art pale."
"More pale to see,
Christ hung upon the cruel tree
And bore his Father's wrath for me."

"Sweet, thou art sad."
"Beneath a rod
More heavy, Christ for my sake trod
The wine-press of the wrath of God."

"Sweet, thou art weary."
"Not so Christ;
Whose mighty love of me sufficed
For Strength, Salvation, Eucharist."

"Sweet, thou art footsore."
"If I bleed
His feet have bled; yea, in my need
His heart once bled for mine indeed."

The World

"Sweet, thou art young."
"So He was young
Who for my sake in silence hung
Upon the Cross with Passion wrung."

"Look, thou art fair."
"He was more fair
Than men, who deigned for me to wear
A visage marred beyond compare."

"And thou hast riches."
"Daily bread:
All else is His who living, dead,
For me lacked where to lay his head."

"And life is sweet."
"It was not so
To Him whose cup did overflow
With mine unutterable woe."

THE DEVIL

«THOU drinkest deep.»
«When Christ would sup,
He drained the dregs from out my cup:
So how should I be lifted up?»

«Thou shalt win glory.»
«In the skies,
Lord Jesus, cover up mine eyes,
Lest they should look on vanities.»

«Thou shalt have knowledge.»
«Helpless dust,
In thee, O Lord, I put my trust:
Answer thou for me, Wise and Just.»

«And might.»
«Get thee behind me. Lord,
Who hast redeemed and not abhorred
My soul, O keep it by thy Word.»

OLD AND NEW YEAR DITTIES

From 'Poems.' Roberts Bros.: 1866

I

NEW YEAR met me somewhat sad:
Old Year leaves me tired,
Stripped of favorite things I had,
Balked of much desired;
Yet farther on my road to-day,—
God willing, farther on my way.

New Year, coming on apace,
What have you to give me?
Bring you scathe, or bring you grace,
Face me with an honest face;
You shall not deceive me:
Be it good or ill, be it what you will,
It needs shall help me on my road,
My rugged way to heaven, please God.

II

WATCH with me, men, women, and children dear,
You whom I love, for whom I hope and fear,
Watch with me this last vigil of the year.
Some hug their business, some their pleasure-scheme;
Some seize the vacant hour to sleep or dream;
Heart locked in heart some kneel and watch apart.

Watch with me, blessed spirits, who delight
All through the holy night to walk in white,
Or take your ease after the long-drawn fight.
I know not if they watch with me; I know
They count this eve of resurrection slow,
And cry, "How long?" with urgent utterance strong.

Watch with me, Jesus, in my loneliness:
Though others say me nay, yet say thou yes;
Though others pass me by, stop thou to bless.
Yea, thou dost stop with me this vigil-night;
To-night of pain, to-morrow of delight:
I, Love, am thine; thou, Lord my God, art mine.

III

PASSING away, saith the world, passing away:
Chances, beauty, and youth sapped day by day;
Thy life never continueth in one stay.
Is the eye waxen dim, is the dark hair changing to gray
That hath won neither laurel nor bay?
I shall clothe myself in spring and bud in May:
Thou, root-stricken, shalt not rebuild thy decay
On my bosom for aye.
Then I answered, Yea.

Passing away, saith my soul, passing away;
With its burden of fear and hope, of labor and play.
Hearken what the past doth witness and say:—
Rust in thy gold, a moth is in thine array,
A canker is in thy bud, thy leaf must decay.
At midnight, at cock-crow, at morning one certain day
Lo, the Bridegroom shall come and shall not delay:
Watch thou and pray.
Then I answered, Yea.

Passing away, saith my God, passing away:
Winter passeth after long delay;
New grapes on the vine, new figs on the tender spray,
Turtle calleth turtle in heaven's May.
Though I tarry, wait for me, trust me, watch and pray.
Arise, come away; night is past, and lo, it is day,
My love, my sister, my spouse, thou shalt hear me say.
Then I answered, Yea.

AMOR MUNDI

From 'Poems.' Macmillan & Co.: 1894

"OH, WHERE are you going with your love-locks flowing
On the west wind blowing along this valley track?"—
"The down-hill path is easy; come with me an it please ye:
We shall escape the up-hill by never turning back."

So they two went together in glowing August weather:
The honey-breathing heather lay to their left and right;
And dear she was to doat on, her swift feet seemed to float on
The air like soft twin pigeons too sportive to alight.

"Oh, what is that in heaven where gray cloud-flakes are seven,
Where blackest clouds hang riven just at the rainy skirt?"—
"Oh, that's a meteor sent us, a message dumb, portentous,
An undeciphered solemn signal of help or hurt."

"Oh, what is that glides quickly where velvet flowers grow thickly,
Their scent comes rich and sickly?"—"A scaled and hooded worm."
"Oh, what's that in the hollow, so pale I quake to follow?"—
"Oh, that's a thin dead body which waits the eternal term."

"Turn again, O my sweetest,—turn again, false and fleetest:
This beaten way thou beatest I fear is hell's own track."—
"Nay, too steep for hill mounting; nay, too late for cost counting:
This downward path is easy, but there's no turning back."

LIFE HIDDEN

From 'New Poems.' Copyright 1896, by Macmillan & Co.

ROSES and lilies grow above the place
Where she sleeps the long sleep that doth not dream.
If we could look upon her hidden face,
Nor shadow would be there, nor garish gleam
Of light; her life is lapsing like a stream
That makes no noise, but floweth on apace
Seawards, while many a shade and shady beam
Vary the ripples in their gliding chase.
She doth not see, but knows; she doth not feel,
And yet is sensible; she hears no sound,
Yet counts the flight of time and doth not err:
Peace far and near, peace to ourselves and her:
Her body is at peace in holy ground,
Her spirit is at peace where angels kneel.

WHITSUN EVE

From 'New Poems.' Copyright 1896, by Macmillan & Co.

THE white dove cooeth in her downy nest,
Keeping her young ones warm beneath her breast;
The white moon saileth through the cool clear sky,
Screened by a tender mist in passing by;
The white rose buds, with thorns upon its stem,
All the more precious and more dear for them;
The stream shines silver in the tufted grass,
The white clouds scarcely dim it as they pass;
Deep in the valleys lily-cups are white,
They send up incense all the holy night.
Our souls are white, made clean in Blood once shed;
White blessed angels watch around our bed:
O spotless Lamb of God, still keep us so,
Thou who wert born for us in time of snow.

HEAVEN OVERARCHES

From 'New Poems.' Copyright 1896, by Macmillan & Co.

HEAVEN overarches earth and sea,
Earth-sadness and sea-bitterness.
Heaven overarches you and me:
A little while and we shall be—
Please God—where there is no more sea
Nor barren wilderness.

Heaven overarches you and me,
And all earth's gardens and her graves.
Look up with me, until we see
The day break and the shadows flee.
What though to-night wrecks you and me
If so to-morrow saves?

THE HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTERNESS

From 'New Poems.' Copyright 1896, by Macmillan & Co.

WHEN all the over-work of life
Is finished once, and fast asleep
We swerve no more beneath the knife,
But taste the silence cool and deep:
Forgetful of the highways rough,
Forgetful of the thorny scourge,
Forgetful of the tossing surge,
Then shall we find it is enough?

How can we say "enough" on earth—
"Enough" with such a craving heart?
I have not found it since my birth,
But still have bartered part for part.
I have not held and hugged the whole,
But paid the old to gain the new:
Much have I paid, yet much is due,
Till I am beggared sense and soul.

I used to labor, used to strive
For pleasure with a restless will:
Now if I save my soul alive,
All else what matters, good or ill?

I used to dream alone, to plan
  Unspoken hopes and days to come:
  Of all my past this is the sum,—
I will not lean on child of man.

To give, to give, not to receive!
  I long to pour myself, my soul,
Not to keep back or count or leave,
  But king with king to give the whole.
I long for one to stir my deep,—
  I have had enough of help and gift;
  I long for one to search and sift
Myself, to take myself, and keep.

You scratch my surface with your pin,
  You stroke me smooth with hushing breath:
Nay, pierce, nay, probe, nay, dig within,—
  Probe my quick core and sound my depth.
You call me with a puny call,
  You talk, you smile, you nothing do:
  How should I spend my heart on you,
My heart that so outweighs you all?

Your vessels are by much too strait:
  Were I to pour you, you could not hold.
Bear with me: I must bear to wait,
  A fountain sealed through heat and cold.
Bear with me days or months or years:
  Deep must call deep until the end,
  When friend shall no more envy friend
Nor vex his friend at unawares.

Not in this world of hope deferred,
  This world of perishable stuff;
Eye hath not seen nor ear hath heard
  Nor heart conceived that full "enough":
Here moans the separating sea;
  Here harvests fail; here breaks the heart:
  There God shall join and no man part,
I full of Christ and Christ of me.

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DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

(1828–1882)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

IN THE tender 'One Word More' with which Browning dedicated to his wife the "fifty poems finished" of 'Men and Women,' the poet speaks of the lost "century of sonnets" said to have been written by Raphael, and of the painting affirmed by tradition to have been begun by Dante. Since the days of Dante and Raphael, other poets have been painters, and other painters poets; but probably no one has attained to the high and equal mastery of both arts that we find exemplified in the work of Rossetti. In such a case, it was only natural that each art should react upon the other: that the paintings should be peculiarly poetical in conception and execution; that the poems should have much of the pictorial quality, however abstract their themes and however idealized their motives. Although the present article can say nothing of Rossetti the painter, the fact that the poet was also a painter of the highest achievement must constantly be kept in view; for it helps to account for many things in the poems,—from the statement that the hair of the Blessèd Damozel "was yellow like ripe corn," to "the flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to flame," that symbolizes the changing moods of the soul stirred to its depths by the magic of the musician. Yet it must not be inferred from all this that the artist (two-souled, as Michelangelo was four-souled) either unconsciously or deliberately confused the distinct aims of poetry and painting, or that his work in either art transcends, to any considerable degree, the limitations laid down by Lessing's searching criticism in the 'Laocoön.' If we examine the cases in which Rossetti brought the two arts into the closest juxtaposition, as in the sonnets which he wrote for certain of his own pictures, we shall find that while the poems comment upon the paintings, the descriptive element is far less important than the elements of retrospection, anticipation, and gnomic philosophical utterance.

Rossetti takes his place in English literature as one of the six major poets of the later Victorian era, and as the oldest of the subgroup of three associated with the artistic revival vaguely known as Pre-Raphaelitism. Although several years the senior of Morris and Swinburne, the public knew little of him as a poet for some years

after their reputations had been fairly well established. Yet much of his most characteristic work had been done long before Morris published his first volume, or Swinburne made the earliest displays of his astonishing virtuosity; and both of these men in some sense regarded Rossetti as their master. But his contributions to the Germ (1850) and the Oxford and Cambridge Magazine (1856) did not reach the larger public; and it was not until the 'Poems' appeared in 1870 that the world discovered how bright a planet had swum into its ken. Meanwhile the small group of Rossetti's friends had long cherished his work, and manuscript copies of many of his pieces had circulated from hand to hand. In fact, when the time of publication approached, it may be said that rumor had so heralded the advent of the new poet that when the volume of 1870 appeared, it was, as Mr. Gosse remarks, "after such expectation and tiptoe curiosity as have preceded no other book in our generation." The story of that volume is one of the most familiar bits of literary history: buried in the grave of a beloved wife, who died after but two years of wedded happiness, it was only upon the earnest solicitation of his friends that Rossetti permitted the manuscript to be unearthed, seven years later, and made arrangements for its publication.

When this volume appeared, the poet was just completing his forty-second year. Born in London, May 12th, 1828, he was named Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti, which appellation was in early manhood modified into the form that became generally familiar. The means of his family were scanty; and at the age of fifteen he left school and began the study of painting. In 1848 he united with two of his fellow-students in art — Millais and Holman Hunt — and with the sculptor-poet Woolner, to form the famous Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. In 1860, after a long engagement, he married Elizabeth Siddal, who died less than two years thereafter. His reputation as a painter was by this time firmly established; but his literary work, mostly contributed to the periodicals above mentioned, was known to but few readers. In 1861 he published the marvelous volume of translations at first entitled 'The Early Italian Poets,' and afterwards republished as 'Dante and his Circle.' This is one of the few works of translation into English that are almost beyond praise. It includes, besides the 'New Life' of Dante, a selection of poems by about a dozen of Dante's contemporaries, — chief among them being Guido Cavalcanti, — and by a still greater number of the twelfth and thirteenth century poets who came before Dante. The path of the translator, we read in Rossetti's preface, "is like that of Aladdin through the enchanted vaults: many are the precious fruits and flowers which he must pass by unheeded in search for the lamp alone; happy if at last, when brought to light, it does not prove that his old lamp has been exchanged for a new one — glittering indeed to

the eye, but scarcely of the same virtue nor with the same genius at its summons.» Precious indeed are these translations of old Italian poetry, for they interpret with perfect insight and sympathy an important literary epoch; and precious also are Rossetti's infrequent later experiments in translation, which include the Francesca episode of the 'Inferno' and some of the ballads of Villon. His version of the 'Ballade des Dames de Temps Jadis' (Ballad of the Ladies of Bygone Times) has received such praise from men like Pater and Swinburne, that ordinary words seem inadequate to convey the sense of its matchless charm.

The 'Poems' of 1870 found, as has already been stated, an audience half prepared to receive them; and a chorus of critical enthusiasm greeted their appearance. With the exception of Swinburne's 'Poems and Ballads,' it may be said that no other volume of English poetry published during the last half-century has created so great a sensation, or been received with so much acclaim. But while all serious critics were agreed in recognizing the advent of a new great poet,—the emergence of a new and distinctly individual note in the chorus of English song,—the dovecotes of literature were not a little fluttered by the swoop of one bird of prey. A little more than a year after the publication of the 'Poems,' an unimportant scribbler, whose name does not deserve to be dignified by mention, obtained access to the pages of a leading review, and published over a pseudonymous signature an article entitled 'The Fleshly School of Poetry.' This article was a direct attack upon Rossetti's poems, and fairly reeked with what Swinburne calls a «rancid morality.» Utterly unfair in its methods and unjust in its conclusions, this article seized upon certain of the more sensuous passages in the 'Poems,' and strove to create the impression that they were merely sensual,—a very different thing. The injustice of this attack was afterwards acknowledged by its author, and the incident would hardly call for notice were it not for the effect produced upon Rossetti's morbidly sensitive nature. He was already suffering from the insomnia that was to wreck his life a few years later, besides being threatened with the loss of his eyesight; and it is not surprising that under these circumstances he magnified the significance of the contemptible attack. He fell «into the belief that he was fast becoming the object of wide-spread calumny and obloquy, not less malignant and insidious than unprovoked and undeserved,»—so his brother tells us. An alarming illness followed; and when he recovered from it, so far as he did recover, he was a changed man. The exuberant vitality of his earlier years, and the unaffected geniality which had made him so companionable, gave place to moodiness, depression, and a gloomy irritability, that estranged many of his friends, and almost made him a recluse for the last ten years of his life.

A few words about these last years may properly precede the discussion of Rossetti's poetical achievement. He worked diligently at his painting, and made some additions to his poems during this period; and his life was not without intervals of its old-time serenity. But the excessive use of chloral as a remedy for sleeplessness was steadily sapping his energies; and he was becoming more and more of a physical wreck. For a time he lived almost wholly with William Morris at Kelmscot; but from 1874 on, his home was the house in Chelsea which he had occupied at intervals ever since the death of his wife. In 1881 he issued a new edition of his 'Poems'; and also the volume of 'Ballads and Sonnets,' which included the now completed 'House of Life' and a number of long poems hitherto unpublished. In December of this year he suffered a paralytic shock, and was removed to Birchington, where he died on the 9th of April, 1882, and where his remains were interred.

The entire works of Rossetti, in prose and verse, original and translated, fill two stout volumes in the standard edition. A single volume of no inordinate bulk suffices to contain all the poems. Thus we see that of the six great poets of his age, Rossetti was one of the least voluminous. The bulk of his work is about equal to that of Matthew Arnold, but is much less than that of Tennyson; and falls far short of the opulence of Browning, Morris, and Swinburne. Although its composition covered a period of more than thirty years, little is to be gained from a study of its chronological sequence; for the wings of the poet were full-fledged almost from the start, and it would be difficult to show anything like the steady development of power that may be traced in the activity of many of his contemporaries. If 'The Blessed Damozel' (written at eighteen) bears the marks of immaturity upon its magical beauty, 'The Burden of Nineveh' (written only three or four years later) is the work of a strong man of fully ripened powers. What we have to say of the poems, then, need take no account of their dates; and we are left free to group them according to subject-matter and form.

First of all, we may mention the long narrative poems and ballads: the chronicle history of 'Dante at Verona,' which is the noblest of the several tributes of Rossetti's genius to what was probably the deepest artistic influence of his life; the intensely dramatic 'A Last Confession,' which rivals the strongest of Browning's dramatic idyls; the story of 'Jenny,' with its frank but delicate treatment of one of the most difficult of subjects; the unfinished poem called 'The Bride's Prelude'; and the four great ballads 'Sister Helen,' 'Rose Mary,' 'The White Ship,' and 'The King's Tragedy.' Then, following the classification of Mr. W. M. Rossetti, we come to the great sonnet-sequence named 'The House of Life'; a brimming century of poems, which embody in splendid imagery and harmonious measure the

experiences that youth and change and fate bring to the life of man. These sonnets alone would suffice to insure the immortality of the poet; for they must be ranked no lower than with the greatest in the language,—with those of Shakespeare and of Milton, of Wordsworth and of Keats. Finally, in the miscellaneous section of the poems we find many more sonnets of equal beauty and power, including the important group of 'Sonnets for Pictures'; such ballads as 'Troy Town' and 'Eden Bower'; such matchless lyrics as 'The Sea Limits,' 'The Cloud Confines,' and 'The Song of the Bower'; and so impressive and solemn an utterance as 'The Burden of Nineveh.' Here are many different forms and styles, in some cases represented by but a single example: it seems as if Rossetti, whose distinctive forms of expression were the ballad, the lyric, and the sonnet, had made such single ventures in other manners as 'Jenny,' 'A Last Confession,' and 'The Burden of Nineveh,' merely to show that he could do these things if he chose, and do them supremely well.

To sum up the characteristics of the poet in a few concluding words, it may be said that he possessed in an extraordinary degree both richness of imagination, and the power to pack a world of meaning into one pregnant and melodious phrase. But both his pictorial faculty and his intellectual force were tempered by a strain of mysticism, for which he has been charged with obscurity by hard-headed and dull-witted readers. He was at once the most spiritual and the most material of poets; and the accusation of sensuality from which he was made to suffer could only result from inability to see more than one side of the Druid shield of his poetical personality. Mr. Pater, who saw both sides of the shield, compared him with the Florentine whose name he bore; and his words may be borrowed to crown with a touch of grace this brief study of Rossetti's work.

«Practically, the Church of the Middle Age, by its æsthetic worship, its sacramentalism, its real faith in the resurrection of the flesh, had set itself against the Manichean opposition of spirit and matter, and its results in men's ways of taking life; and in this, Dante is the central representative of its spirit. To him, in the vehement and impassioned heat of his conceptions, the material and the spiritual are fused and blent: if the spiritual attains the definite visibility of a crystal, what is material loses its earthiness and impurity. And here again, by force of instinct, Rossetti is one with him. His chosen type of beauty is one—

«'Whose speech Truth knows not from her thought,
Nor Love her body from her soul.'»

THE BLESSÈD DAMOZEL

THE blessèd damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven:
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers:
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.—
Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
Fell all about my face.—
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on:
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,

Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells
Possessed the midday air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light;
As unto a stream we will step down,
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that his plumes touch
Saith his name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,—
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret, and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb;
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak:

And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles:
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me:
Only to live as once on earth
With Love,—only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened, and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild,
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.
The light thrilled towards her, filled
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres;
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

THE DOUBLE BETRAYAL

From 'Rose Mary'

She signed all folk from the threshold stone
And gazed in the dead man's face alone

The fight for life found record yet
In the clenchèd lips and the teeth hard-set;
The wrath from the bent brow was not gone,
And stark in the eyes the hate still shone
Of that they last had looked upon.

The blazoned coat was rent on his breast
Where the golden field was goodliest;

But the shivered sword, close-gripped, could tell
That the blood shed round him where he fell
Was not all his in the distant dell.

The lady recked of the corpse no whit,
But saw the soul and spoke to it:
A light there was in her steadfast eyes,—
The fire of mortal tears and sighs
That pity and love immortalize.

«By thy death have I learnt to-day
Thy deed, O James of Heronhaye!
Great wrong thou hast done to me and mine;
And haply God hath wrought for a sign
By our blind deed this doom of thine.

«Thy shrift, alas! thou wast not to win;
But may death shrive thy soul herein!
Full well do I know thy love should be
Even yet—had life but stayed with thee—
Our honor's strong security.»

She stooped, and said with a sob's low stir,
«Peace be thine—but what peace for her?»
But ere to the brow her lips were pressed,
She marked, half hid in the riven vest,
A packet close to the dead man's breast.

'Neath surcoat pierced and broken mail
It lay on the blood-stained bosom pale.
The clot clung round it, dull and dense,
And a faintness seized her mortal sense
As she reached her hand and drew it thence.

'Twas steeped in the heart's flood welling high
From the heart it there had rested by;
'Twas glued to a broidered fragment gay,—
A shred by spear thrust rent away
From the heron wings of Heronhaye.

She gazed on the thing with piteous eyne:—
«Alas, poor child, some pledge of thine!
Ah me! in this troth the hearts were twain,
And one hath ebbed to this crimson stain,
And when shall the other throb again?»

She opened the packet heedfully;
The blood was stiff, and it scarce might be.

She found but a folded paper there,
And round it, twined with tenderest care,
A long bright tress of golden hair.

Even as she looked, she saw again
That dark-haired face in its swoon of pain:
It seemed a snake with a golden sheath
Crept near, as a slow flame flickereth,
And stung her daughter's heart to death.

She loosed the tress, but her hand did shake
As though indeed she had touched a snake;
And next she undid the paper's fold,
But that too trembled in her hold,
And the sense scarce grasped the tale it told.

"My heart's sweet lord" ('twas thus she read),
"At length our love is garlanded.
At Holy Cross, within eight days' space,
I seek my shrift; and the time and place
Shall fit thee too for thy soul's good grace.

"From Holycleugh on the seventh day
My brother rides, and bides away;
And long or e'er he is back, mine own,
Afar where the face of fear's unknown
We shall be safe with our love alone.

"Ere yet at the shrine my knees I bow,
I shear one tress for our holy vow.
As round these words these threads I wind,
So, eight days hence, shall our loves be twined,
Says my lord's poor lady, JOCELIND."

She read it twice, with a brain in thrall,
And then its echo told her all.
O'er brows low-fallen her hands she drew:—
"O God!" she said, as her hands fell too,—
"The Warden's sister of Holycleugh!"

She rose upright with a long low moan,
And stared in the dead man's face new-known.
Had it lived indeed? She scarce could tell:
'Twas a cloud where fiends had come to dwell,—
A mask that hung on the gate of hell.

She lifted the lock of gleaming hair,
And smote the lips and left it there.

«Here's gold that Hell shall take for thy toll!
Full well hath thy treason found its goal,
O thou dead body and damnèd soul!»

She turned, sore dazed, for a voice was near,
And she knew that some one called to her.
On many a column fair and tall
A high court ran round the castle hall;
And thence it was that the priest did call.

«I sought your child where you bade me go,
And in rooms around and in rooms below;
But where, alas! may the maiden be?
Fear naught,—we shall find her speedily,—
But come, come hither, and seek with me.»

She reached the stair like a lifelorn thing,
But hastened upward murmuring:—
«Yea, Death's is a face that's fell to see:
But bitterer pang Life hoards for thee,
Thou broken heart of Rose Mary!»

THE SECOND-SIGHT

From 'The King's Tragedy'

AGAINST the coming of Christmastide
That year the King bade call
I' the Black Friars' Charterhouse of Perth
A solemn festival.

And we of his household rode with him
In a close-ranked company;
But not till the sun had sunk from his throne
Did we reach the Scotish Sea.

That eve was clenched for a boding storm,
'Neath a toilsome moon half seen:
The cloud stooped low and the surf rose high;
And where there was a line of the sky,
Wild wings loomed dark between.

And on a rock of the black beach-side,
By the veiled moon dimly lit,
There was something seemed to heave with life
As the King drew nigh to it.

And was it only the tossing furze
Or brake of the waste sea-wold?
Or was it an eagle bent to the blast?
When near we came, we knew it at last
For a woman tattered and old.

But it seemed as though by a fire within
Her writhen limbs were wrung;
And as soon as the King was close to her
She stood up gaunt and strong.

'Twas then the moon sailed clear of the rack,
On high in her hollow dome;
And still as aloft with hoary crest
Each clamorous wave rang home,
Like fire in snow the moonlight blazed
Amid the champing foam.

And the woman held his eyes with her eyes:—
"O King, thou art come at last;
But thy wraith has haunted the Scotish Sea
To my sight for four years past.

"Four years it is since first I met,
'Twixt the Duchray and the Dhu,
A shape whose feet clung close in a shroud,
And that shape for thine I knew.

"A year again, and on Inchkeith Isle
I saw thee pass in the breeze,
With the cerecloth risen above thy feet
And wound about thy knees.

"And yet a year, in the Links of Forth,
As a wanderer without rest,
Thou cam'st with both thine arms i' the shroud
That clung high up thy breast.

"And in this hour I find thee here,
And well mine eyes may note
That the winding-sheet hath passed thy breast
And risen around thy throat.

"And when I meet thee again, O King,
That of death hast such sore drouth,—
Except thou turn again on this shore,
The winding-sheet will have moved once more
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

"O King whom poor men bless for their king,
Of thy fate be not so fain;
But these my words for God's message take,
And turn thy steed, O King, for her sake
Who rides beside thy rein!"

While the woman spoke, the King's horse reared
As if it would breast the sea,
And the Queen turned pale as she heard on the gale
The voice die dolorously.

When the woman ceased, the steed was still,
But the King gazed on her yet;
And in silence save for the wail of the sea
His eyes and her eyes met.

At last he said:—"God's ways are his own;
Man is but shadow and dust.
Last night I prayed by his altar-stone;
To-night I wend to the Feast of his Son:
And in him I set my trust.

"I have held my people in sacred charge,
And have not feared the sting
Of proud men's hate,—to His will resigned
Who has but one same death for a hind
And one same death for a king.

"And if God in his wisdom have brought close
The day when I must die,
That day by water or fire or air
My feet shall fall in the destined snare
Wherever my road may lie.

"What man can say but the Fiend hath set
Thy sorcery on my path,
My heart with the fear of death to fill,
And turn me against God's very will
To sink in his burning wrath?"

The woman stood as the train rode past,
And moved nor limb nor eye;
And when we were shipped, we saw her there
Still standing against the sky.

As the ship made way, the moon once more
Sank low in her rising pall;
And I thought of the shrouded wraith of the King,
And I said, "The Heavens know all."

THE CARD-DEALER

COULD you not drink her gaze like wine?
Yet though its splendor swoon
Into the silence languidly
As a tune into a tune,
Those eyes unravel the coiled nigh
And know the stars at noon.

The gold that's heaped beside her hand,
In truth rich prize it were;
And rich the dreams that wreathe her brows
With magic stillness there;
And he were rich who should unwind
That woven golden hair.

Around her, where she sits, the dance
Now breathes its eager heat;
And not more lightly or more true
Fall there the dancers' feet
Than fall her cards on the bright board
As 'twere an heart that beat.

Her fingers let them softly through,
Smooth polished silent things;
And each one as it falls reflects
In swift light-shadowings,
Blood-red and purple, green and blue,
The great eyes of her rings.

Whom plays she with? With thee, who lov'st
Those gems upon her hand;
With me, who search her secret brows;
With all men, blessed or banned.
We play together, she and we,
Within a vain strange land:

A land without any order,—
Day even as night (one saith),—
Where who lieth down ariseth not
Nor the sleeper awakeneth;
A land of darkness as darkness itself
And of the shadow of death.

What be her cards, you ask? Even these:—
The heart, that doth but crave
More, having fed; the diamond,
Skilled to make base seem brave;

The club, for smiting in the dark;
The spade, to dig a grave.

And do you ask what game she plays?
With me 'tis lost or won;
With thee it is playing still; with him
It is not well begun;
But 'tis a game she plays with all
Beneath the sway o' the sun.

Thou seest the card that falls,—she knows
The card that followeth:
Her game in thy tongue is called Life,
As ebbs thy daily breath:
When she shall speak, thou'lt learn her tongue
And know she calls it Death.

SUDDEN LIGHT

I HAVE been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell:
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before,—
How long ago I may not know:
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turned so,
Some veil did fall,—I knew it all of yore.

Has this been thus before?
And shall not thus time's eddying flight
Still with our lives our loves restore
In death's despite,
And day and night yield one delight once more?

THE WOODSPURGE

THE wind flapped loose, the wind was still,
Shaken out dead from tree and hill:
I had walked on at the wind's will,—
I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was,—
My lips, drawn in, said not Alas!

My hair was over in the grass,
My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run
Of some ten weeds to fix upon;
Among those few, out of the sun,
The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom, or even memory:
One thing then learnt remains to me,—
The woodspurge has a cup of three.

THE SEA-LIMITS

CONSIDER the sea's listless chime:
Time's self it is, made audible,—
The murmur of the earth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
Is the sea's end: our sight may pass
No furlong further. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's,—it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,
Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
Its painful pulse is in the sands.
Last utterly, the whole sky stands,
Gray and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee:
Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again,—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach
And listen at its lips: they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art:
And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

THE CLOUD CONFINES

THE day is dark and the night
To him that would search their heart;
No lips of cloud that will part,
Nor morning song in the light:
Only, gazing alone,
To him wild shadows are shown,
Deep under deep unknown
And height above unknown height.
Still we say as we go,—
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

The Past is over and fled;
Named new, we name it the old:
Thereof some tale hath been told,
But no word comes from the dead;
Whether at all they be,
Or whether as bond or free,
Or whether they too were we,
Or by what spell they have sped.
Still we say as we go,—
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

What of the heart of hate
That beats in thy breast, O Time?—
Red strife from the furthest prime,
And anguish of fierce debate;
War that shatters her slain,
And peace that grinds them as grain,
And eyes fixed ever in vain
On the pitiless eyes of Fate.
Still we say as we go,—
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

What of the heart of love
That bleeds in thy breast, O Man?—
Thy kisses snatched 'neath the ban
Of fangs that mock them above;

Thy bells prolonged unto knells,
Thy hope that a breath dispels,
Thy bitter forlorn farewells
And the empty echoes thereof?
Still we say as we go,—
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

The sky leans dumb on the sea,
Aweary with all its wings;
And oh! the song the sea sings
Is dark everlastingly.
Our past is clean forgot,
Our present is and is not,
Our future's a sealed seed-plot,
And what betwixt them are we?
We who say as we go,—
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

SONG OF THE BOWER

SAY, is it day, is it dusk in thy bower,
Thou whom I long for, who longest for me?
Oh! be it light, be it night, 'tis Love's hour,
Love's that is fettered as Love's that is free.
Free Love has leaped to that innermost chamber,
Oh! the last time, and the hundred before:
Fettered Love, motionless, can but remember,
Yet something that sighs from him passes the door.

Nay, but my heart when it flies to thy bower,
What does it find there that knows it again?
There it must droop like a shower-beaten flower,
Red at the rent core and dark with the rain.
Ah! yet what shelter is still shed above it,—
What waters still image its leaves torn apart?
Thy soul is the shade that clings round it to love it,
And tears are its mirror deep down in thy heart.

What were my prize could I enter thy bower,
This day, to-morrow, at eve or at morn?

Large lovely arms and a neck like a tower,
Bosom then heaving that now lies forlorn.
Kindled with love-breath, (the sun's kiss is colder!)
Thy sweetness all near me, so distant to-day;
My hand round thy neck and thy hand on my shoulder,
My mouth to thy mouth as the world melts away.

What is it keeps me afar from thy bower,—
My spirit, my body, so fain to be there?
Waters engulfing or fires that devour?—
Earth heaped against me or death in the air?
Nay, but in day-dreams, for terror, for pity,
The trees wave their heads with an omen to tell;
Nay, but in night-dreams, throughout the dark city,
The hours, clashed together, lose count in the bell.

Shall I not one day remember thy bower,
One day when all days are one day to me?—
Thinking, "I stirred not, and yet had the power;"
Yearning, "Ah God, if again it might be!"
Peace, peace! such a small lamp illumes, on this highway,
So dimly so few steps in front of my feet,
Yet shows me that her way is parted from my way:
Out of sight, beyond light, at what goal may we meet?

SONNETS FROM 'THE HOUSE OF LIFE'

Introductory Sonnet

A Sonnet is a moment's monument,—
Memorial from the Soul's eternity
To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own arduous fullness reverent:
Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
As Day or Night may rule; and let Time see
Its flowering crest impearled and orient.

A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
The soul,—its converse, to what Power 'tis due:
Whether for tribute to the august appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve; or, 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,
In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.

Lovesight

When do I see thee most, beloved one?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that Love through thee made slope
Or when in the dusk hours (we two alone),
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
Thy twilight hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

O love, my love! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—
How then should sound upon Life's darkening known?
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

Known in Vain

As two whose love, first foolish, widening scope,
Knows suddenly, to music high and soft,
The Holy of Holies; who because they scoffed
Are now amazed with shame, nor dare to cope
With the whole truth aloud, lest heaven should ope:
Yet, at their meetings, laugh not as they laughed
In speech; nor speak, at length: but sitting oft
Together, within hopeless sight of hope,
For hours are silent;—so it happeneth
When Work and Will awake too late, to gaze
After their life sailed by, and hold their breath.
Ah! who shall dare to search through what sad maze
Thenceforth their incommunicable ways
Follow the desultory feet of Death?

The Hill Summit

This feast-day of the sun, his altar there
In the broad west has blazed for vesper-song;
And I have loitered in the vale too long,
And gaze now a belated worshiper.
Yet may I not forget that I was 'ware,
So journeying, of his face at intervals
Transfigured where the fringed horizon falls,—
A fiery bush with coruscating hair.

And now that I have climbed and won this height,
I must tread downward through the sloping shade
And travel the bewildered tracks till night.
Yet for this hour I still may here be stayed,
And see the gold air and the silver fade
And the last bird fly into the last light.

THE CHOICE

I

EAT thou and drink: to-morrow thou shalt die.
Surely the earth, that's wise being very old,
Needs not our help. Then loose me, love, and hold
Thy sultry hair up from my face; that I
May pour for thee this golden wine, brim-high,
Till round the glass thy fingers glow like gold.
We'll drown all hours: thy song, while hours are tolled,
Shall leap, as fountains veil the changing sky.

Now kiss, and think that there are really those,
My own high-bosomed beauty, who increase
Vain gold, vain lore, and yet might choose our way!
Through many years they toil: then on a day
They die not,—for their life was death,—but cease;
And round their narrow lips the mold falls close.

II

WATCH thou and fear: to-morrow thou shalt die.
Or art thou sure thou shalt have time for death?
Is not the day which God's word promiseth
To come man knows not when? In yonder sky,
Now while we speak, the sun speeds forth: can I
Or thou assure him of his goal? God's breath
Even at this moment haply quickeneth
The air to a flame; till spirits, always nigh
Though screened and hid, shall walk the daylight here.
And dost thou prate of all that man shall do?
Canst thou, who hast but plagues, presume to be
Glad in his gladness that comes after thee?
Will *his* strength slay *thy* worm in Hell? Go to:
Cover thy countenance, and watch, and fear.

III

THINK thou and act: to-morrow thou shalt die.
Outstretched in the sun's warmth upon the shore,
Thou say'st:—"Man's measured path is all gone o'er:
Up, all his years, steeply, with strain and sigh,
Man clomb until he touched the truth; and I,
Even I, am he whom it was destined for."
How should this be? Art thou then so much more
Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst reap thereby?

Nay, come up hither. From this wave-washed mound
Unto the furthest flood-brim look with me;
Then reach on with thy thought till it be drowned.
Miles and miles distant though the last line be,
And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,—
Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more sea.

LOST DAYS

THE lost days of my life until to-day,
What were they, could I see them on the street
Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
Sown once for food but trodden into clay?
Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?
Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
The undying throats of Hell, athirst alway?

I do not see them here; but after death
God knows I know the faces I shall see,
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.
"I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me?"
"And I—and I—thyself" (lo! each one saith),
"And thou thyself to all eternity!"

A SUPERSCRIPTION

LOOK in my face; my name is Might-have-been;
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell;
Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell
Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between;
Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen
Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my spell
Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.

Mark me, how still I am! But should there dart
One moment through thy soul the soft surprise
Of that winged Peace which lulls the breath of sighs,—
Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart
Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart,
Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

ON REFUSAL OF AID BETWEEN NATIONS

Not that the earth is changing, O my God!
Nor that the seasons totter in their walk,—
Not that the virulent ill of act and talk
Seethes ever as a winepress ever trod,—
Not therefore are we certain that the rod
Weighs in thine hand to smite thy world; though now
Beneath thine hand so many nations bow,
So many kings: not therefore, O my God!—

But because Man is parceled out in men
To-day: because, for any wrongful blow,
No man not stricken asks, "I would be told
Why thou dost thus;" but his heart whispers then,
"He is he, I am I." By this we know
That the earth falls asunder, being old.

FOR 'A VENETIAN PASTORAL,' BY GIORGIONE, IN THE LOUVRE

Water, for anguish of the solstice: nay,
But dip the vessel slowly,—nay, but lean
And hark how at its verge the wave sighs in
Reluctant. Hush! Beyond all depth away
The heat lies silent at the brink of day:
Now the hand trails upon the viol-string
That sobs, and the brown faces cease to sing,
Sad with the whole of pleasure. Whither stray
Her eyes now, from whose mouth the slim pipes creep
And leave it pouting, while the shadowed grass
Is cool against her naked side? Let be:
Say nothing now unto her lest she weep,
Nor name this ever. Be it as it was,—
Life touching lips with Immortality.

EDMOND ROSTAND

(1868–) 1915

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

EDMOND ROSTAND, unquestionably the chief poetic dramatist of the past half-century in France, was born at Marseilles in 1868. He came of a good Southern French family, well-to-do, though not rich, and distinguished in the arts and in public affairs. His father, Eugène Rostand (1843–1915), in youth a brilliant journalist, gradually won high reputation as a student of economic and industrial questions. He published volumes on savings-bank reform, on agricultural credits, and on «Social Reform through Individual Initiative,» several of which were crowned by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. He was also a poet, of fine quality though not of great power or range. His translation of Catullus into French verse (1882) was crowned by the French Academy. His «Simple Poems» («Poésies simples» 1874) and «Level Paths» («Les Sentiers unis,» 1885) contained much good verse, in simple, healthy, and happy vein; and some hearty denunciations of realism and Beaudelairism:

> «I am athirst for virtue, chastity,
> For honor, goodness, beauty, nobleness,
> For the ideal. . . .»

In this case it was «like father like son.» In the «Poésies simples» there is a large group of poems «To Eddy,» full of the charm of home love and noble hopes for the son's career and character, none of which were destined to be disappointed. The father received high honors from the Government, was a member of many important commissions, national and international, on social and financial reform, and was made Officer of the Legion of Honor, Grand-Officer of the Crown of Italy, and a member of the Institute of France in the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. One of his brothers, Alexis Rostand, was president of the Comptoir National D'Escompte, and also a distinguished musician and writer on musical subjects.

Edmond Rostand was educated at the Lycée of Marseilles and, like Anatole France, at the Collège Stanislas in Paris, where he had a thorough classical training. He also, like his father, and like so many other eminent men of letters of all nationalities, went through law school, but did not practice law. His first important work was a volume of poems, «Les Musardises,» published in 1890. In the same year he

was married to Rosemonde Gérard, daughter of Count Gérard and granddaughter of Maurice Gérard, a Marshall under Napoleon. It was at once a love match and a *mariage de convenance*, in many ways like that of Percinet and Sylvette in the «Romancers.» He, like Percinet, was twenty-one and a poet, worshiper of Shakespeare and the romantic school. She, like Sylvette, was eighteen, slender, with fair hair and blue eyes, and of exquisite charm. And they lived happy ever after. She was a poet too, and published in 1891 a volume entitled «Pipeaux,» which won the commendation of Leconte de Lisle and was crowned by the French Academy. She also proved herself a clever actress in amateur theatricals, and even had the ability and courage to take, without notice, the chief woman's rôle, that of Roxane, in her husband's most important play, when the leading actress was taken ill just before the dress rehearsal. She has recently published a play in verse, «Un bon petit Diable» (1912), written in collaboration with the older of their two sons, Maurice Rostand, who has also published a volume of poems («Poèmes,» 1910).

Rostand's first important play, the «Romancers» («Les Romanesques»), sometimes called in English the «Fantasticks,» was produced at the Théâtre Français on May 21st, 1894, and had considerable success. It is a charming fantasy in three acts, poetic, yet composed with fine dramatic sense of what will be effective when seen across the footlights. The scene is laid in the stageland of fancy, yet everything seems real and true to human nature. As the author says, «The scene is where you will, provided the costumes be charming»; and a critic has added, «The characters are as charming as the costumes.» When the curtain rises, Percinet and Sylvette are playing the rôles of Romeo and Juliet across a wall which their fathers have put up for this very purpose — for the fathers are old friends who wish to unite their families and their neighboring estates, but who pretend to be deadly enemies in order that their children may romantically fall in love with each other, instead of revolting against the obvious and commonplace marriage of convenience. There is good comedy when the fathers are caught embracing each other across the wall and have to turn the embrace into a hand to hand fight to deceive their children, who zealously pull them apart by the coat-tails. The fathers arrange a false abduction of Sylvette, at the hour of the lovers' daily evening rendezvous, thus giving Percinet a chance to display his prowess in beating off the abductors and rescuing her. This brings about the reconciliation of the families and the happy engagement of the lovers, and the first act — one would think the whole play — is ended. But no; in the second act we find the wall destroyed, the two fathers living together in comfort but no longer in peace, themselves missing the romantic element of their former secret meetings, and seeing a bit too much of each other; irritated too, by the children's consciousness of superiority in having achieved such a

beautiful romance under the stupid parents' noses, just like the lovers they have read of in romantic comedies. The fathers can not keep up the game quite long enough, and reveal the real circumstances just before the marriage contract is signed, by showing the itemized bill of the hired abductor. Sylvette and Percinet, disillusioned by the sight of it, make fun of each other's false romantics, and there is a general quarrel, at the end of which Percinet departs in search of real adventures.

In the third act, the wall is being rebuilt — and the fathers are beginning to long for each other's company again. Straforel, the professional abductor, bent on getting his bill paid, is working on the wall in the disguise of a mason; but under this disguise he wears the costume of a Spanish Count, and when he catches Sylvette alone he gives her a vision of real abduction and of love amid hardships and pursuers. Percinet, who has had enough and too much of real adventure, nearly broken his neck in failing to climb a lady's balcony, been beaten by a suspicious husband, shut up in a closet, stripped by robbers, and badly wounded in a duel, without finding anything poetic in it all, returns to Sylvette, and they decide that their love was genuine even if the stage setting of it was not.

Jules Lemaître, in reviewing this play, welcomed Rostand as a new master of the stage:

«It is brilliant, witty, full of life, and sometimes overflowing with broad and easy gayety. . . . It shows a natural and happy fusion of the comic and the lyric. . . . It makes you think of Regnard, of Musset, and of Banville, but more than that, it shows you the author as a clever fellow who can follow with independence the masters of laughter and poetry, and give us, what has grown rare in these days, an impression at once of hearty good humor and of plastic grace.»

The next play was the ‹Far-Away Princess› (‹La Princesse lointaine›), produced by Sarah Bernhardt at her own theatre on April 5th, 1895. It did not have so much popular success as some of Rostand's other plays, but is perhaps the finest of his works in poetic quality and significance. It is the old story of the Troubadour Rudel and the Lady of Tripoli (see Browning's poem), made symbolic of all devotion to the ideal, to beauty, and to poetry. Yet unlike most symbolic works, it loses nothing in common reality and truth, but gains rather; it is intensely alive, both with real life and with stage life, for Rostand is always a clever playwright as well as a poetic dramatist. Rudel's passionate worship of his distant princess takes possession of all the rough crew that he has engaged to take him on his half mystic quest; even, finally, of the man of science, the pilot; till the quest of beauty becomes a modern quest of the Holy Grail. And though the princess is in reality a very human woman, weak and selfish, she too is made noble and strong, and even holy, by this passionate idealization of her.

‹The Woman of Samaria› (‹La Samaritaine›) was first played by

Sarah Bernhardt at the Théâtre de la Renaissance on Ash Wednesday of 1897, April 14th. Rostand calls it «A Gospel in Three Tableaux.» It shows us Jesus just entering upon his mission, meeting the Woman of Samaria at Jacob's well, giving her to drink of the water of life, and inspiring her to win the whole city of Sichem to accept his teaching. The simplicity and unquestioning faith of the mediæval mystery plays by which it was partly inspired, are successfully reproduced, with added gentleness, tenderness, and beauty.

Then came the great, the overwhelming triumph of ‹Cyrano de Bergerac.› No other play has ever created such a furore throughout the Western civilized world. Its first performance, with Coquelin in the leading rôle, was at the Porte-Saint-Martin theatre, just at the end of 1897, December 28th; within a year it had been given in every country of Europe, in both the Americas, and in far islands of the seas. French critics of all schools, except the Decadents, acclaimed it as the renewal of the greatest days of French poetic drama. Lemaître, the impressionist, called it «a marvelous event . . . by far the greatest success of my lifetime . . . an exquisite romantic comedy . . . of rare and amazing merit.» «With the ease of perfect mastery,» he said, «and with startling brilliance, it unites and fuses into itself, while remaining entirely original, three centuries of dramatic imagination and creative grace.» Faguet, the academic, said it was not only the «finest dramatic poem of the half century,» but «the making of a new epoch.» «Can it be true?» he exclaimed: «All is not over, then! We shall have yet again in France a great poetic literature worthy of 1550, worthy of 1630, worthy of 1660, worthy of 1830. It is here! It has begun!» And Sarcey, the dean and at that time the acknowledged master of all theatrical critics, who had ruled the drama for more than thirty years, always insisting that a play, whether literature or not, whether poetry or not, must first, last, and always be practical drama, exactly fitted to the demands and conditions of the stage, or be counted for nought, was no less enthusiastic:

«This 28th of December will remain an epoch-making date in dramatic history. . . . A new poet is born to us — and, what pleases me more, this poet is a master playwright. . . . 'Tis a delightful poem, but first and most of all it is a triumph of stagecraft. . . . The enthusiasm at the first performance was so prodigious, that we must at least go back to the accounts of Victor Hugo's first productions to find anything like it.»

This was enough to turn anyone's head. But Rostand felt the burden even more than the glory of the place thus given him, so suddenly and yet so certainly, in the history of literature. He neither remained content with past success, nor hastened to take advantage of it and follow it up. He chose his next subject carefully and with courage, and hid himself from the world to work at it, slowly, with devotion, energy,

and enthusiasm. But before going on to the story of his other works, we must give some account of Cyrano.

Savinien Hercule de Cyrano Bergerac was a poet, philosopher, dramatist, fiction writer, and swashbuckler, of the first half of the seventeenth century in France. He was a member of the famous regiment of the Cadets of Gascony, commanded by Carbon de Castel-Jaloux; this sounds like a name manufactured by Dumas or Gautier, and might be freely paraphrased as Fire-brand of Haughty-Hall; but it is in fact historical. Even in this regiment of the «Gardes-Nobles» Cyrano was known as a «triple Gascon,» and a «triple brave.» One of his exploits was a fight, single-handed, against a hundred ruffians, posted by a great lord at the Porte de Nesle to waylay Linière, a poet-friend of Cyrano, who had lampooned the «grand seigneur» in satiric verse. When the poet came to take refuge at Cyrano's house for the night, the hero refused to receive him. «Here,» he said, «take this lantern, walk behind me and hold the light, and I'll make bedquilts of them for you!» Of the hundred, two were killed, seven wounded, and the rest took to flight. The round number may not be exact; but the story was common in contemporary annals, and was never denied; not only Cyrano's friend Lebret, but others, including Monsieur de Cuigy and Monsieur de Brissailes, men of some importance at the time, bore witness to the facts. The story of Montfleury, the fat actor whom Cyrano detested, is hardly less fantastic; and in connection with it we have the witness of Cyrano's own letter «Against Montfleury the Fat, bad Actor and bad Author.» According to the books of theatrical anecdotes, Cyrano ordered him off the stage and forbade him to reappear for a month; when two days later he did appear, Cyrano drove him in disgrace to the wings. The audience protesting, Cyrano challenged them each and all to meet him in duel, and carried his point. Cyrano was also a serious soldier. The regiment of the Cadets of Gascogne was sent against the Germans, entered Monzon, and was besieged there. In a sortie, Cyrano was seriously wounded. He was again wounded at the siege of Arras in 1640. He is said to have fought in a hundred duels — again the round number is to be taken as such. Lebret says he always fought as second, for his friends, never on his own account; but Lebret was a timid and righteous soul, always «white-washing» Cyrano's reputation. We know enough of his character from other sources to make this gentle peacefulness somewhat doubtful as a constant characteristic of Cyrano; and then — there was his nose.

The famous nose is authentic. It appears in all the portraits, of which there are four; not a long, pointed, turned-up nose, such as some actors have worn in representing the character; but a large, generous, well-shaped, Roman nose, squarely planted in the symmetrical middle of the face; not ridiculous, but monumental. Legend relates that this nose brought death on ten persons; one could not look upon it but he

must unsheath; if one looked away it was worse; and as for speaking of noses, that was a subject which Cyrano reserved for himself to do it fitting honor. He has treated it in his comedy ‹The Pedant Tricked› (‹Le Pédant joué›), and in a passage of his ‹Voyage to the Moon,› where he defends large noses as the sign of valor, intelligence, and all high qualities. Cyrano's ‹Pédant joué› suggested to Molière two of his best scenes, one of which Molière took almost literally. Cyrano's ‹Letters,› among which is a considerable group of ‹Love-letters,› were full of «pointes» and conceits, in the extravagant style of the Précieux and Précieuses; but they also contained some genuine feeling, and many beautiful passages of nature description, such as are not found again till Rousseau, or even till the nineteenth century. His tragedy ‹Agrippine› was Cornelian in its heroic quality, Voltairean in its philosophy; as a play, it was better than Voltaire, and as good as all but the five or six best of Corneille, but was too advanced to be successful in his own time. His ‹Voyage to the Moon› and the ‹States and Empires of the Sun› were the inspiration of Swift's ‹Gulliver's Travels,› especially in the Laputa chapters. The ‹Voyage› has been translated into English at least three times, and has had some twenty-five editions in French. In it he describes six different ways of arriving at the moon or sun, and in some of these, as well as in many other passages, he anticipates modern science and invention. In short, though he did not achieve any great reputation or success himself, he was the prompter, inspirer, and anticipator of many who did. His death was as unsuccessful as his life. Soldier, duelist, and swashbuckler, he died of a wound on the head given by a wooden beam dropped accidentally — or perhaps intentionally, for he had made many enemies by his frankness and independence — from a window under which he was passing. In his last illness he was cared for by Lebret and three women of the Convent of the Daughters of the Cross: Sœur Hyacinthe, his aunt; Mère Marguerite, the mother superior; and his cousin Madeleine Robineau, Baronne de Neuvillette, whose husband, Christophe de Neuvillette, had been killed many years before at the siege of Arras. After his death, prejudice and compromise had their way with him; he was buried in holy ground; and his works were published only in mutilated form, especially the ‹Voyage to the Moon,› in which many asterisks indicate the omissions made by friend Lebret in order to cut out his «belles impiétés.»

Every one of these historical incidents, characters, and characteristics, and many more besides, have been used by Rostand in his play. It has what might be called an all-star cast: D'Artagnan, of the ‹Three Musketeers,› has a minor rôle of one line — but a thrilling one; the Cardinal Richelieu, and Corneille, both «walk on,» in silent parts; the Count de Guiche, friend of the Cardinal, is one of the principal characters; the most obscure of the forty members of the Academy play their

transitory rôles as «immortals.» Cyrano's cousin, called in the play Madeleine Robin, becomes the heroine, under her name as a Précieuse, Roxane. The Baron Christian (instead of Christophe) de Neuvillette is the handsomest of the Cadets of Gascogne, just enlisted in the regiment, and loved at first sight by Roxane, who confides her love to Cyrano and begs him to protect the new cadet. But Cyrano is himself secretly and passionately in love with Roxane — and despairingly, for he can not conceive that any woman, still less the fairest of all women, could love one so ugly as he is. He seizes the chance to serve her; and, since she has asserted that she will die of grief unless Christian turns out to be as eloquent at love-making as he is handsome, Cyrano must prompt the stupid Christian and compose for him his speeches and letters. Once, in the darkness under Roxane's Juliet-balcony, Cyrano has the joy of speaking himself; and from the siege at Arras, he sends letter after letter filled with his untold love. It is not until years after, on the day of Cyrano's death, that Roxane learns from his reciting, under the gathering darkness of an autumn evening in the convent garden, the last letter that she had received from Arras, that it is Cyrano's true self, his soul, as beautiful as he thought his face was ugly, which she has really loved all through the years. The play is so full of action and incident, and of eloquence and poetry, that no impression of it can be given by a summary or even by extracts. It must be read or seen. There are at least six or seven translations in English, two or three of them not impossible, though none, of course, at all adequate. Cyrano has taken his place with the heroes of old, from Don Quixote to D'Artagnan, and is one of the eternal possessions of the human race.

«L'Aiglon» («The Eaglet») was first given at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt on March 15th, 1900. Many of the French, for whom it expresses much of their national character and aspirations through a crucial moment in their history, consider it superior even to «Cyrano,» but it has not made so great an impression in the rest of the world. It tells the pathetic story of the son of Napoleon, christened King of Rome, whom Victor Hugo had first called the eaglet in a famous line describing what happened after Waterloo,

«England took the eagle and Austria the eaglet.»

He is just growing to manhood, learning secretly of his father's glories, studying his campaigns, fitting himself by intense physical and mental training to answer the call which has already come from France to take up his inheritance. Meanwhile there is going on within him a constant struggle between the energy of his father and the impotence inherited through his mother from the long line of Hapsburg ancestors, many of them weaklings or even madmen. Metternich controls him and keeps him always conscious of the weaker half of his nature. His own ambi-

tion, his devotion to his father's memory, and the presence of Flambeau, a typical old grenadier of Napoleon's bodyguard, inspire him to attempt the return to France, only to be captured through a moment's hesitation on the battlefield of Wagram and brought back to die in his Austrian palace.

There seems to me to be a special significance that has never been noticed, in Rostand's choice of this subject and in his treatment of it. Rostand lacks the physical health and energy characteristic of abundant producers like Victor Hugo and the elder Dumas, which are necessary to the constant exercise of such creative power as he possesses. He is compelled, on account of serious lung trouble, to live much of the time in the Pyrenees, and to spare his strength so far as possible. At the time of the great triumph of «Cyrano,» he had been hailed as the direct descendant of Corneille, Racine, and Victor Hugo, as the legitimate son of their imperial line, the one destined to rule the empire of letters and to lead in a new epoch of world-triumphs for the poetic drama, and he lacked the mere physical strength to rule that empire and to serve it. Yet he was bound to do his utmost, in spite of the handicap, and to die fighting, if need be, for poetry and for France.

The success of «L'Aiglon» brought him his election to the French Academy, in 1903. At the time of his election he became the youngest member of the Academy, and was in fact elected at an earlier age than any other of the great poets of the nineteenth century had been.

The subject for his next play, «Chantecler,» was suggested to him by watching the many denizens of a farmyard near his estate at Cambo in the Pyrenees, with their distinct individualities and more or less human characteristics. The idea was developed through reading the sixty thousand lines of the mediæval «Roman du Renart.» After long preparation, it was finally given at the Porte-Saint-Martin theatre, on February 7th, 1910. The chief characters are Chantecler, representing all that is most native and close to the soil in the French national spirit, and all that is most virile and masculine in humanity; Patou, the faithful old hound dog; the Blackbird, representing cynical skepticism and self-conscious cleverness; the Hen Pheasant, a «new woman,» yet intensely feminine; the Peacock, the Cat, the Swan, the Duck, the Turkey, a Hunting Dog, a Messenger Pigeon, the Nightingale and other birds of the forest, chickens, hens, fighting cocks, owls and other night birds, toads, rabbits, and a score more of animals. The great secret of Chantecler, which the Hen-Pheasant wins from him, is that he believes that his crowing alone drives away the powers of night, brings back the dawn, and makes the sun rise. All the forces of night conspire against him, the forces of skepticism ridicule him, the clever hangers-on of the Guinea-Hen, who is a society leader and the would-be mistress of an intellectual salon, belittle him and conspire with the forces of night to have an armed fighting cock do away with him; but

he triumphs over all of them, until the Pheasant, who has lured him away to the woods, hides the coming of dawn from him with her wings until the sun has risen. Disillusioned and ready to despair, he is saved by the message that all his farmyard subjects are in need of him, and have grown to believe in his power to bring order and light into the world.

The play is an allegory of the national French spirit, and of the human spirit. Chantecler is self-deceived perhaps, but heroic and idealistic self-deception is better than cynical aloofness or the skeptic sneer. This is the essential thought of Rostand's work, which is always heroic and ideal. But it gives no idea of the richness, variety, and humor of the detail of his work, or of its closeness to the average human character. Rostand is a national poet and even more a universally human one. Like Chantecler, he sinks his talons deep in his native soil before he can shout to all humanity his summons of courage and enlightenment, and of the glory of doing one's daily work in one's place in the world.

Rostand is the most «high fantastical» (with the possible exception of Rabelais), and perhaps the most imaginative, of all French writers. He is flamboyant and extravagant, but none the less true to the essentials of life and character. Everyone accepts without question the fantastic impossibility of ‹Chantecler,› and realizes its essential imaginative truth. There is no reason why we should not accept, equally without question, the fantastic improbability of ‹L'Aiglon,› where a grenadier of Napoleon's guard is posted, in full uniform, at the door of the Duke of Reichstadt in Austria in 1831; or the fantastic originality of the whole plot of ‹Cyrano›; or the fantastic romantics of ‹Les Romanesques›; or the fantastic idealism of the ‹Princesse lointaine› — and realize the fundamental truth of these plays. This is just what we do in the parallel cases of Shakespeare's ‹Midsummer Night's Dream,› ‹Macbeth,› ‹Henry IV,› ‹Twelfth Night,› and ‹As You Like It.› All of Rostand's plays are improbable from the modern realist's standpoint, except those which are impossible. So are all of Shakespeare's. What is more important, Rostand justifies himself, as Shakespeare does, not only by fundamental human truth, but by glorious flights of imagination, creative power over language, nobility of sentiments and character, fantastic and tender humor, sparkling wit, and wondrous verse.

His style is inimitable. For richness and reconditeness of vocabulary he surpasses even Victor Hugo; and in vitality and verve at least equals him. Never since Rabelais, to borrow Saint-Beuve's phrase, «has the French language kept such festival.» In abundance and freshness of imagery, only Victor Hugo is comparable to him; and he is not guilty of the same abuse of repetition and antithesis as Victor Hugo. His fantastics and extravagances often offend the sober standard of French taste, but the foreigner is inclined to say, so much the worse for the

somewhat narrow French conception of style. He ranges from delicacy to flamboyance, from simplicity to spread-eagle eloquence, from short thrusts and sharp fencing to long-flowing phrases. He is equally successful in dialogue and in the long speech, and equally dramatic in both. And always he gives the sense of rapid improvisation in what has really been written with slow carefulness and infinite pains.

The construction of his plays can not be praised so unreservedly. They are — again like Shakespeare's — overloaded with scenes and incidents. The long speeches, magnificently written and dramatic as they are, are too long and too frequent. Rostand is over-generous, over-abundant, in substance as in style; and in substance the fault is more serious, dramatically. Like his Flambeau, he could say,

«Mon défaut
Est d'en faire toujours un peu plus qu'il ne faut.»

But it is a joyous and genial abundance. Every scene and speech is in itself dramatically effective. Very little, if anything, in ‹Cyrano› or the earlier plays can be spared; but ‹L'Aiglon› and ‹Chantecler› are improved for stage purposes by judicious cutting.

The spirit of Rostand is the spirit of eternal youth and vitality, unconquerable by old age or even death. One of his chief motives is the love of glory, «la gloire.» His chief idea or significance, if one must try to formulate in a word the meaning inherent in the life and character of his plays and people, is the glory of an ambitious and noble failure. It is Browning's

«What I aspired to be, and was not, comforts me.»

Failure is more glorious, more noble, even more joyful, in Rostand, than success in Hervieu or Hauptmann, Ibsen or Sudermann. Death is more alive in Rostand than life in Maeterlinck's early plays, or Brieux's later plays, or any of Strindberg's. He has voiced the ideas, hopes, dreams, jokes, most characteristic of the real French people. He is the expression, and the inspirer, of present-day heroic France.

THE POET-DUELLIST

From ‹Cyrano de Bergerac,› done into English verse by H. T. Kingsbury. Copyright by Lamson, Wolffe & Co. (Boston).

CYRANO — «The ballade of Monsieur de Bergerac's duel
At the Hotel de Bourgogne with a booby.»
The Viscount — What is that, if you please?
Cyrano — That is the title.

The Hall [*excited to the highest pitch*] —
In place! — No noise! — In line! — This is amusing.

[*The players and spectators form a ring round the two duellists.*]

Cyrano [*closing his eyes for a moment*] —
Wait, let me choose my rhymes — I have them now:

My hat I toss lightly away;
From my shoulders I slowly let fall
The cloak that conceals my array,
And my sword from my scabbard I call,
Like Celadon, graceful and tall,
Like Scaramouche, quick hand and brain, —
And I warn you, my friend, once for all,
I shall thrust when I end the refrain.

[*The swords meet.*]

You were rash thus to join in the fray;
Like a fowl I shall carve you up small,
Your ribs, 'neath your doublet so gay,
Your breast, where the blue ribbons fall,
Ding dong! ring your bright trappings all:
My point flits like a fly on the pane,
As I clearly announce to the hall
I shall thrust when I end the refrain.

I need one more rhyme for «array» —
You give ground, you turn white as the wall, —
And so lend me the word «runaway.»
There! you have let your point fall
As I parry your best lunge of all;
I begin a new line, the end's plain,
Your skewer hold tight, lest it fall.
I shall thrust when I end the refrain.

[*Announces solemnly!*]

REFRAIN

Prince, on the Lord you must call!
I gain ground, I advance once again,
I feint, I lunge. [*Lungeing.*] There! that is all!

[*The* Viscount *staggers.* Cyrano *salutes.*]

For I thrust as I end the refrain.

METTERNICH ENCOUNTERS NAPOLEON'S SHADOW

From «L'Aiglon,» translated by Louis N. Parker. Copyright by Harper & Bros. and reprinted by their permission.

In the third act the «Eaglet» as the Duke of Reichstadt, only son of Napoleon I, is called, is seen in his cabinet at Schoenbrunn. The Duke *opens his door very gently, listens a moment, then enters quickly and places one of Napoleon's little hats on the table.*

THE DUKE — The signal!

[*He returns to his room.*]

[Flambeau, *an old soldier of Napoleon's, enters wearing the Austrian livery.*]

Flambeau — 'Tis time. Well, signal? Are you here? — Perhaps.

[*He hunts for it.*]

«Flambeau,» he said, «you cannot fail to find it.»
Now, is it high or low, or black or white?
Or great or small?

[*He sees the hat.*]

The Emperor's — ! Small and great!

[*He goes toward the window.*]

Oh, but the Countess watches in the park,
And if the signal's here I am to signal:

[*He takes out his handkerchief.*]

No! This won't do. A white flag makes her ill.

[*A* Servant *enters with a reading-lamp, which he carries toward the* Duke's *room.*]

The Servant — The Duke of Reichstadt's reading-lamp.
Flambeau [*leaping upon him and seizing the lamp*] — You dolt!
It's leaking! It must have fresh air!

[*He takes it out on the balcony.*]

You wave it three times so: arrange the wick;

[*He does as he says and gives the lamp back to the* Servant.]

That's it. See that?

The Servant — Oh, aren't you clever?

[*He carries the lamp into the* Duke's *room.*]

Flambeau — To-morrow — flight!

[Sedlinzky *enters.*]

Sedlinzky — The Duke?
Flambeau [*pointing to the room*] — In there.
Sedlinzky — Watch here.
Flambeau [*locking the door after him*] — Locked!
Sedlinzky [*without*] — Take the key out.
Flambeau — Out.
Sedlinzky — None but the Emperor has the key. Be careful — Watch.
Flambeau — As I always do.

[*He bends over the keyholes and arranges them carefully.*]

And for the night
I'll close the eyelids of the keyholes softly.
Sedlinzky's Voice —
Good-night, you Piedmontese.
Flambeau Good-night, my Lord.
Sedlinzky's Voice —
Remember! you're on duty.
Flambeau — I'm on duty.
Sedlinzky's Voice —
Well, that's all right. Good-night.
Flambeau — Good-night!

[*He throws off his livery coat. Puts on the busby, which is standing on the console, and shoulders the musket. He is now in the full accoutrement of a Grenadier of the Guards.*]

And thus,
Suddenly upright, thin, unliveried,
Locked in till dawn, and safe against surprise,
Glowering with grizzled brows beneath his busby,
Straight in his ancient uniform, his gun
Firm in his arm, his hand on his right nipple,
The fixed and regulation attitude,
Standing thus every night before your threshold
Giving himself a password full of pride,
Pleased with a deed that's grave, and yet a jest,
A Grenadier at Schönbrunn stands on guard
About the son as once about the Father.
'Tis the last time! You'll never hear of it.

'Tis for myself. A private luxury.
I must be mad to do a thing like this
For no one's eye, but just to say «By Jove,
That's rather good!» At Schönbrunn! In their teeth!
But I'm delighted! — I'm content!

[*He hears the noise of a key in the door.*]

I'm damned!

[*The door opens gently.*]

Who can have got the key?

[*He retires into the shadow by the* Duke's *door.*]

[Metternich *enters, carrying a large candelabrum.*]

Metternich — No, no! This scene
Must never be repeated.
Flambeau — Nepomuk!
Metternich — Yes, I will speak to-night. We are alone.

[*As he puts down the candlelabrum he sees the hat.*]

What's this? I never knew he had one like —
Ah! the Archduchess must have sent him this;
So there thou art, thou legendary hat!
'Tis many years — Good day! — What sayst thou?
What?
No, from thy little sable pyramid
Twelve years of splendor gaze on me in vain.
I do not fear thee now.
The leathern tag
With which he constantly could take thee off,
And so win cheers yet leave thy shape unharmed.
With thee he fanned himself after each victory;
Thou couldst not fall from his unheeding fingers,
But straight a king would stoop to pick thee up.
To-day, my friend, thou art a reach-me-down,
And if I tossed thee through the casement yonder
Where wouldst thou end thy days?
Flambeau [*to himself*] — In a museum!
Metternich — The famous little hat — how very ugly!
They called it little — is it really little?
No; it is big; enormous; it's the hat
A little man puts on to increase his inches.
For 'twas a hat set the legend going:
The real Napoleon, after all, was Poupart.

Ah, never think my hatred of thee slumbers!
'Twas for thy shape's sake first I hated thee.
Thou vampire-hat of bloody battlefields,
Hat that seemed fashioned out of raven's wings.
I hated thee for pitilessly soaring
Above the fields which witnessed our defeats,
Half-circle, seeming on the ruddy sky
The orb half-risen of some sable sun!
And for thy crown wherein the devil lurks,
Thou juggler's hat, laid with a sudden hand
Upon a throne, an army, or a nation —
When thou wert lifted all had disappeared.
I hated thee for the salutes I gave thee,
For thy simplicity — mere affectation —
Thy insolent joy, thou piece of common beaver
Amid the glittering diadems of gold;
For staying firmly on his haughty head
When I sought flattering epithets to please thee.
Conqueror, new, acclaimed, I hated thee!
I hate thee now, old, conquered and betrayed!
I hate thee for thy haughty shadow, cast
Forever on the wall of history;
I hate thee for thy Jacobin cockade,
Staring upon me like a bloodshot eye;
For all the murmurs sounding in thy shell,
That huge black shell the waves have left behind
Wherein the shuddering listener may hear
The rumor of a nation on the march.
I hate thee for the pride of France, whose bounds
Thou hast enlarged until she scorns the world,
For Béranger I hate thee, and Raffet,
For all the songs and all the pasquinades,
And for the halo of Saint Helena.
I hate thee, hate thee. I shall not be happy
Until thy clumsy triangle of cloth,
Despoiled of its traditions, is again
What it should ne'er have ceased to be in France —
The headgear of a village constable.
I hate — but suddenly — how strange! — the present
Sometimes with impish glee will ape the past! —
Seeing thy well-known shape before me thus
Carries my mind back to a distant day,
For it was here he always put thee down
When twenty years ago he sojourned here.
This room was then the ante-chamber; here,

Waiting till graciously he showed himself,
Dukes, Princes, Magyars, huddling in a corner,
Fixed from afar their humbled eyes upon thee,
Like lions, dreading with a helpless fury
The tamer's hat forgotten in the cage.
'Twas thus he placed thee, and here lay, as now,
Weapons and papers. One might say 'twas he
Had tossed thee carelessly upon the map,
That this were still his home, this Bonaparte!
And that by turning, on the threshold — there —
I should behold the Grenadier on —

[*He starts on seeing* Flambeau *standing rigid before the* Duke's *door; he rubs his eyes.*]

Ha!
No! no! I'm not feverish; my tête-à-tête
With the old hat plays havoc with my nerves!

[*He looks and draws near.* Flambeau *does not move.*]

Or have the moonbeams conjured up a spectre?
What is it, then? Let's see — let's see — let's see!

[*He strides furiously toward* Flambeau.]

Who are you, fellow?
Flambeau [*presenting his bayonet*] — Who goes there?
Metternich [*recoiling*] — The devil!
Flambeau [*coldly*] — Pass, devil.
Metternich [*with a forced laugh, coming toward him again*] —
Yes, — a very clever jest,
But —
Flambeau [*presenting his bayonet again*] —Who goes there?
Metternich [*recoiling*] — But —
Flambeau — Move and you are dead.
Metternich — But — I —
Flambeau — Quiet!
Metternich — Let me pass!
Flambeau — The Emperor sleeps!
Metternich — What!
Flambeau — Silence!
Metternich — I'm the Austrian Chancellor!
I am all-powerful! I'm —
Flambeau — Shut your mouth!
Metternich — I want to see the Duke of Reichstadt!
Flambeau — Out!
Metternich — How — out?

Flambeau — What's Reichstadt? Never heard of Reichstadt!
Auerstadt, Elchingen, they're dukes I know.
Reichstadt's no duke. There's been no victory there.
Metternich — But, we're at Schönbrunn!
Flambeau — I should rather think so!
Thanks to our new success we're quartered here;
And here we're getting ready at our leisure
To give the world another drubbing! See?
Metternich — What's that you say? A new success?
Flambeau — Colossal!
Metternich — This is July the ninth in Eighteen —
Flambeau — Nine!
Metternich — Can I be mad?
Flambeau — Who are you? Where d'you spring from?
Why aren't you snug in bed? It's very fishy —
Metternich — I —
Flambeau — Who let this braggart pass? The Mameluke?
Metternich — The Mameluke?
Flambeau — All's going to the dogs!
Metternich — But —
Flambeau — You here in the ante-room at night!
Metternich — But I —
Flambeau — You calmly cross the Rosa chamber
Unchallenged by the sentinel on guard!
Metternich — What?
Flambeau — When you ventured through the small rotunda,
Was there no yatagan to shave your cheek,
Were there no sergeants in the white saloon
Brewing their punch upon the golden stove?
No bristling veterans in the china room?
And in the galleries? The Grenadiers
Saw you come strolling as a matter-of-course?
A man may cross the oval cabinet
And not be turned to mince-meat by Duroc?
Metternich — The Marshal —?
Flambeau — Is the bulldog turned to lapdog?
Metternich — I come here —
Flambeau — So the palace is an inn?
And when you'd managed all the sentinels,
Where were the rest? The porter? Gone to bed?
The valet? Absent? And the secretary?
Where was he hidden? In his own portfolio?
Metternich — But I —
Flambeau — Instead of being after you,
No doubt the Aide-de-Camp was after women!

Metternich — But —
Flambeau — And the Moor was saying prayers to Allah?
At any rate it's lucky I was here.
What discipline! If he looks into this
I'll bet my head he'll let the beggars know!
Metternich — I'm going —
Flambeau — Ah! don't stir! You'll wake him!
He's sleeping on his little bed of laurels.
Metternich [*falling into an armchair.*]
Was never such a dream! 'Twill make an epic!

[*His hand touches the flame of one of the candles.*]

Well, but this candle —
Flambeau — Burns.
Metternich [*feeling the point of* Flambeau's *bayonet*] — This weapon —
Flambeau — Stings!
Metternich — Then I'm awake! I'm —
Flambeau — Hold your tongue!
Metternich — And what of Waterloo?
Flambeau — Of water — what?

[*Listening.*]

The Emperor stirred.
Metternich — The Emperor?
Flambeau — Oh, my stars!
Now you turn whiter than a bugler's horse!
Metternich — It is the Duke of Reichstadt! I'm not scared!
It is the Duke! I'm sure of it!
Flambeau — The Emperor!

[*The* Duke *enters, with the reading-lamp in his hand.*]

Metternich — Aha! 'Tis you! 'Tis you! It is your Highness!
Ah, but how glad I am!
The Duke [*puzzled*] — Why are you glad?
Metternich — The joke was played so well, I really thought
Another might come out!
Flambeau [*as if waking from a dream*] — Faith, so did I!
The Duke [*to* Flambeau] —
What's this?
Flambeau — My little joke.
Metternich [*ringing*] — Help!
The Duke — Fly!
Flambeau — The window!
The Duke — The sentinel will shoot you!
Flambeau — If he can.

The Duke — Your livery!
Metternich [*putting his foot on it*] — No!
Flambeau — Bah!

[*Aside to the* Duke, *while* Metternich *rings again.*]

I will seek my cavern.
The Duke — But I —
Flambeau — The ball to-morrow!
The Duke — Are you mad?
Flambeau — You'll find me.
The Duke — Quiet!

[Flambeau *goes out by the window.*]

Metternich — If he'd only break
His neck — He's singing!
The Duke [*on the balcony*] — Hush!
Flambeau's Voice — My little joke!

[*A shot is heard.*]

The Duke — Missed!
Metternich — With what ease he finds his way about.
The Duke — He knows it; he has been here once before.
Metternich [*to the lackeys who show themselves at the door*] —
Too late. Begone! I do not need your help.

[*The lackeys disappear.*]

The Duke — And not a word of this to the police!
Metternich — I never raise a laugh against myself.
What's the importance of a veteran's joke?
You're not Napoleon.
The Duke — Who has settled that?
Metternich — You have his hat, perhaps, but not his head!
The Duke — Ah, yes, an epigram to damp my ardor.
'Tis not the pin-prick this time, 'tis the lash
That drives me headlong toward the wildest dreams.
I've not the head, you say? How do you know?
Metternich [*takes the candelabrum in his hand and leads the* Duke *to the cheval glass*] —
How do I know? Just glance into this mirror.
Look at the sullen sadness of your face,
The grim betrayal of your fair complexion,
This crushing golden hair — I bid you look!
The Duke [*struggling to get out of his grasp*] –
No!
Metternich — You're environed with a fatal mist!

I adore thee, O Sun, whose beneficent light,
To ripen the honey, to make the sad visage bright,
Piercing each flower and the cottage of each poor wight,
Divided, remains whole,
Even as a mother's soul.

I am thy priest, I am thy herald true,
Thou who comest to color the soap-suds blue,
And often choosest, to signal thy last adieu
A humble window-pane,
When thou dost set again.

Thou makest the sun-flowers' heads turn to and fro,
Thou makest my golden friend on the steeple glow,
And, fluttering thro' the lindens, dost stealthily throw
Round light-flakes on the lawn,
Too fair to tread upon.

The varnisht pitcher thou dost enamel and mold;
Thou makest the drying clout like a banner unfold;
And, thanks to thee, the mill wears a hat of gold,
A hive, his little mate,
A bonnet aureate.

«Glory to thee!» the fields and the vineyards cry.
Glory to thee on the gate, in the grasses high,
On the wing of the swan, in the lizard's glittering eye!
Thy broad art never fails
To show the least details.

Designing a lowly twin-sister dark as night,
Which lies outstretcht at the foot of everything bright,
Thou doublest in number the objects of our delight,
Adding a silhouette
To each, that's prettier yet.

O Sun, I adore thee! Thou fillest with roses the breeze,
With gods the woodland, with flames the brook as it flees;
Thou defiest, O Sun, the humble trees.
The world, without thy beam,
Would only be, not seem.

THE DAWN

PHEASANT — All things remain the same. . . .
Chanticleer — Nothing's the same!
Nowhere beneath the sun! The sun forbids!
She changes everything.
Pheasant — She! Who?
Chanticleer — The light!
The farmer's wife's geranium over there
Never shows twice the self-same red. That shoe,
That old, straw-spitting wooden shoe — how fair!
That wooden comb that hangs among the coats
With meadow hairs still clinging to its teeth!
The aged pitchfork in its corner there,
Still dreaming, in its penance, dreams of hay!
The tight-laced ten-pins, pretty girls who pout
When Towser comes and spoils their fine quadrilles.
The huge worm-eaten wooden bowling ball,
On which an ant, forever journeying,
With all an old globe-trotter's self-esteem
In eighty seconds travels round its world.
None of these things remains two winks unchanged.
And as for me, Madame, for many years
A leaning rake, a flower in a vase
Have driven me to chronic ecstasy,
And I have caught from looking at a weed
This wide-eyed wonder that will not come off.
Pheasant — I see you have a soul! How can a soul
Grow up so far from life and live events,
Behind a farm-wall where a house-dog sleeps?
Chanticleer — When we can see and suffer, we know all.
An insect's death reveals the whole world's pain.
One sky-lit crevice shows us all the stars.

CHANTICLEER'S AVOWAL

CHANTICLEER — I never sing until my eight good claws,
Tearing away the grass and stones, have found
A spot where I can reach the soft, black loam,
Then, close in contact with our mother earth,
I crow! And that itself is half the mystery,
O pheasant, half the secret of my song —
No song for which the singer racks his brain:
It mounts, like sap, up from the native soil!

The moment when this sap rises in me,
The hour when I am certain of my gift,
Is when dawn rallies on the dark sky's rim.
Then, quivering with the thrill of leaves and stalks,
Which fills my being to my pinions' tips,
I feel my mission, and I magnify
My trumpet posture and my clarion curve;
Then Earth resounds in me as in a horn.
Ceasing to be a common fowl, I then
Become the official mouthpiece, so to say,
Thro' which Earth's voice emerges to the sky.

Pheasant — Chanticleer!

Chanticleer — This cry that mounts from Earth,
This call, is such a cry of love for light,
A frantic and sonorous peal of love
For something golden which we call the Day,
Which nature craves, — the pine, to gild its bark;
The path uplifted by the writhing roots,
To light its moss; the corn, to deck its tips;
The tiny pebbles, for their tiny gleam, —
It is the cry of all the things that miss
Their tint, reflection, flame, their tuft, their pearl, —
The entreating cry with which the dewy field
Demands a rainbow on each point of grass;
The forest, at the end of every lane,
Begs for a ruddy glow to pierce the dark, —
This cry, which thro' my throat climbs to the blue,
Is such a call from everything that feels
Neglected in a dim and murky void,
Deprived of sunlight for some unknown crime,
A cry of cold, of fear, of weariness
From every thing made helpless by the Night —
The rose that shivers in the dark, alone;
The grain, longing to dry its wetness for the mill;
The tools forgotten by the husbandmen
And rusting in the grass; white-color'd things
So tired of hiding all their dazzling sheen —
'Tis such a cry from innocent dumb beasts
Which never need conceal the things they do;
From brooklets, eager to disclose their beds;
And even (thine own work disowns thee, Night!)
From puddles, hankering to reflect a ray,
From mud that wants to dry itself to earth —
'Tis such a grand appeal from all the land,

Aching to feel its wheat or barley grow;
From flowering trees desirous of more flowers;
From grapes that long to tinge with green their brown;
From trembling bridge that wants a passenger
And wants the shadows of the birds and twigs
Softly to dance once more upon its planks;
From all that fain would sing, quit mourning, live,
Do service, be a threshold, be a bank,
A good warm bench, a stone rejoiced to heat
A leaning hand or little prowling ant —
In short, a universal call for day
From all that's healthy, all that's beautiful,
From all that's fond of work in joy and light,
That wants to see its work and make it seen.
And when this mighty call surges in me,
My very soul expands and swells and grows
The more sonorous with its own increase, —
To make the great cry loud and louder still, —
So reverently, that ere I send it forth,
I hold the cry one instant in my soul;
Then, when, contracting, I let loose my note,
So certain am I that a deed is done,
I have such faith that this good crow of mine
Will make Night crumble like the walls of Jericho—

Pheasant — Chanticleer!

Chanticleer — Preluding victory,
My song bursts forth, so clear, so proud, so stern,
That the horizon, with a rosy thrill,
Obeys me!

Pheasant — Chanticleer!

Chanticleer — I crow! And Night
With twilight vainly seeks to compromise.
I crow! And all at once —

Pheasant — O Chanticleer!

Chanticleer — I start, surprised to see myself quite red,
For I, the cock, have made the sun to rise!

Pheasant — Then all the secret of thy song?

Chanticleer — Is this:
I dare to fear that if I do not call,
The East will never waken from its sleep.
My «cockadoodledoo!» is not designed
To make a waiting echo from afar
Repeat a feebler «cockadoodledoo!»
My thoughts are bent on light and not on fame.

Crowing, for me, is battle and belief.
And so my note is proudest of them all:
I sing so clear to make the heavens clear!

Pheasant — (His words are madness!) — Thou dost make the dawn?

Chanticleer — Which opens flowers and eyes, windows and souls!
That is the truth. My voice evokes the day.
A murky sunrise means my song was bad.

CHANTICLEER'S CONSOLATION

[The Hen Pheasant, jealous of her lover's devotion to the sun, tries to rid him of his illusion. Hiding the East from him at dawn, she distracts his attention until daybreak; then, showing him the light, she tauntingly cries:

«Thou seest the sun can rise without thy help!»

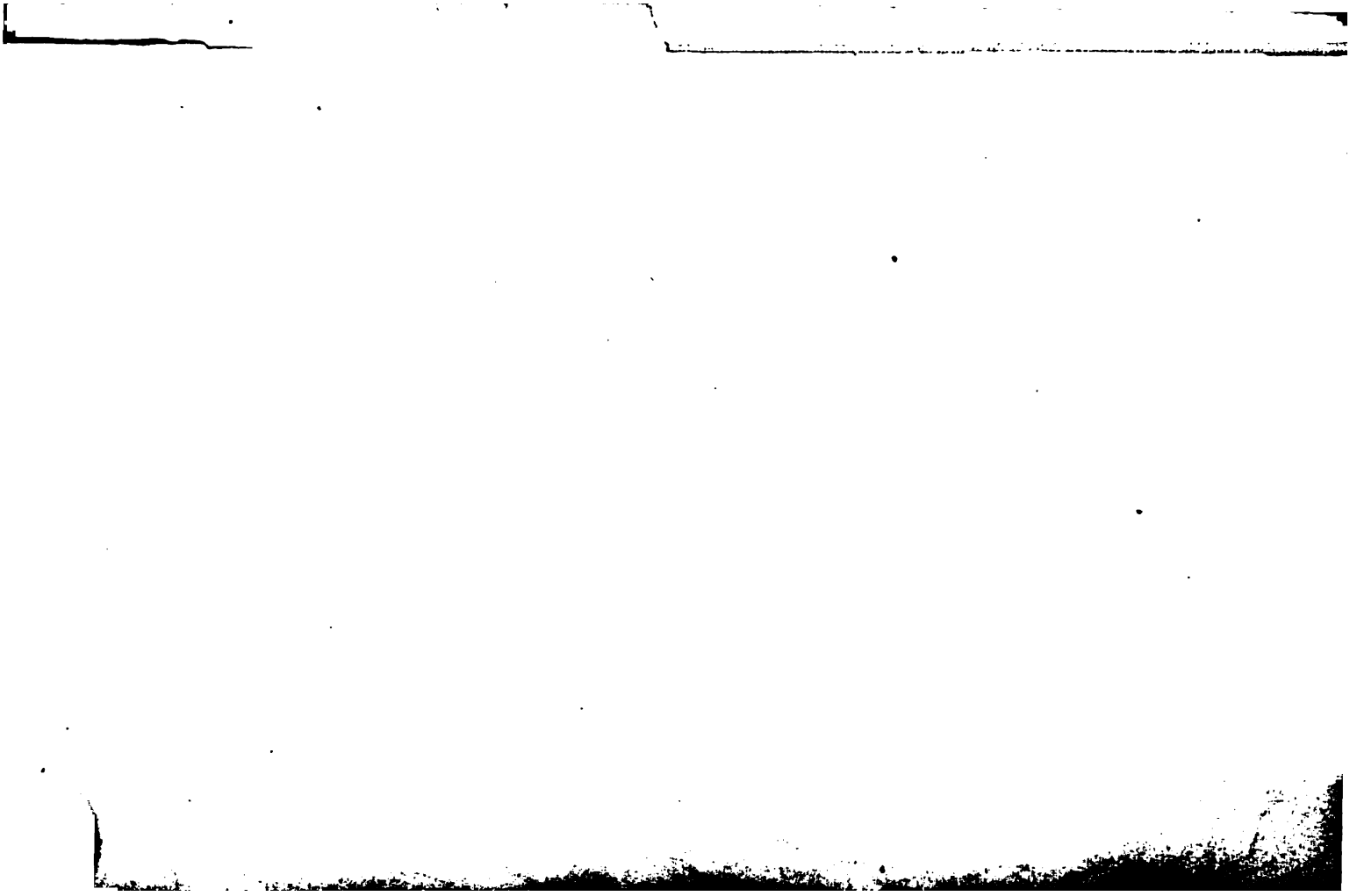
But in the face of evidence the Cock, after a moment of despair, renews his faith. Even though his individual ministry be not indispensable as he had thought, he is still a collaborator in some vast, mysterious mission destined to produce, in the vague future, greater good than he had ever before conceived.]

PHEASANT — Thou seest the sun can rise without thy help!

Chanticleer — The herald I of a remoter sun!
My cries, piercing Night's veil, inflict on her
Those stabs of daylight which we take for stars!
I ne'er shall see on spire and belfry gleam
That final heaven, of cluster'd orbs compact.
But if I crow, precise and loud, and if,
Long after me, in years to come, a Cock
Shall crow, loud and precise, in every farm,
Night will exist no more!

Pheasant — But when?

Chanticleer — Some day!



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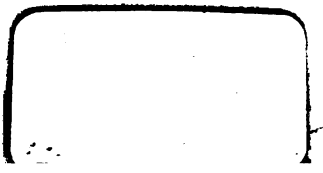
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